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THE
JACOBITE SONGS AND BALLADS
OF SCOTLAND.

THE
JACOBITE SONGS AND BALLADS
OF SCOTLAND

FROM 1688 TO 1746.

WITH

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AN APPENDIX OF MODERN JACOBITE SONGS.

EDITED BY

CHARLES MACKAY,



LONDON AND GLASGOW :
RICHARD GRIFFIN AND COMPANY,
PUBLISHERS TO THE UNIVERSITY OF GLASGOW.

1861.

PRINTED BY R. AND R. CLARK, EDINBURGH.

PREFACE.

THE groundwork of the following selection from the Jacobite Songs and Ballads of Scotland, is a little volume published by Messrs. Griffin and Co. of Glasgow, in the year 1829, under the title of "Jacobite Minstrelsy—with notes illustrative of the text—and containing historical details in relation to the House of Stuart from 1640 to 1784." Ten years previously the Ettrick Shepherd had published his first series of "Jacobite Relics," and had followed up the subject in 1821, by a second volume. Hogg's collection, though interesting, was untrustworthy. He made no distinction between the Cavaliers and the Jacobites, and none between English, Scottish, and Irish songs, though his volumes purported to contain only Scottish Relics. In addition to this, he admitted many modern songs and ballads—even some written by himself—into a collection which could have but little value, unless it justified its title. To inflate into two volumes a work that

would have been greatly better in one, he added seventy-eight "Whig songs" that had no proper place in a Jacobite collection ; and worse than all, he admitted effusions that had no more reference to Jacobitism, or the cause of the Stuarts, than to the siege of Troy. Among many that might be cited are the well known South Sea Ballad, "In London stands a famous hill," and the equally well known lines—

"There was a Presbyterian cat,
Was hunting for his prey,
And in the house he caught a mouse
Upon the Sabbath day."

An idea of the Shepherd's humour, as well as of his editorial fitness for his task may be gathered not only from the character of the pieces he admitted into his book, but from the notes which he appended to them. With regard to "The Devil's in Stirling," he says, "This ballad appears from its style to be of English original—the air is decidedly so ; *but as I got it among a Scots gentleman's MS.*, and found that it had merit, I did not choose to exclude it." In a note to "Freedom's Farewell," he says, "I inserted this song on account of its stupendous absurdity." Of his own song, "Donald Macgillavry," which he inserted as a genuine relic, he says, "*This*

is one of the best songs that ever was made." To another—"The Thistle of Scotland"—he appends the note—"This is a modern song, and the only one that is in the volume *to my knowledge*. It had no right to be here, for it is a national, not a Jacobite song; *but I inserted it out of a whim to vary the theme a little!*"

The collection published by Messrs. Griffin, was of much greater value, and less pretension, and was conscientiously and carefully edited by the late Robert Malcolm of Glasgow. As it did not profess to be exclusively devoted to the Jacobitism of Scotland, but included that of the British Isles in general, it admitted a few English as well as Irish effusions; but these were not in sufficient number to give anything like an adequate idea of the character, either of the English or the Irish Jacobite Muse of the period.

The design of the present volume—more limited than that of either of its predecessors—was to collect the Jacobite Minstrelsy of Scotland only. The task of the Editor was principally confined to the elimination of the Cavalier ballads and songs—most of them of a date half or quarter of a century earlier than the Revolution of 1688, when Jacobitism became the name of a party in the State—and of the

few English and Irish ballads that had found their way among the Scottish ones. He also endeavoured to distinguish the songs and ballads produced by the Jacobite bards and rhymers who were contemporaries of the actors in the two Rebellions of 1715 and 1745, and who witnessed the events which they celebrated or deplored—from the posthumous Jacobitism of such poets as Burns, Scott, Allan Cunningham and others, written three-quarters of a century afterwards. These effusions—good or bad, pathetic or humorous—are arranged chronologically; and all the modern Jacobitism—most of it written by men who had no sympathy with the cause, but who saw the beauty of its sentimental side as a vehicle for poetry—is inserted as an Appendix. Several ancient songs and ballads, not included in other collections, appear in this; and although the volume does not claim to be a complete and exhaustive gathering of all the poetical *disjecta membræ* of the Jacobite sentiment of the last century—for such a work would be both voluminous and wearisome,—it will, the Editor believes, be found to afford a fair and sufficient history of the time, as written by contemporary singers, at a period when the ballad and song performed more important functions than they do now, and supplied both to the urban and the

rural population, the literary and political element now provided by newspapers and leading articles. A volume of English Jacobite Minstrelsy collected upon the same principle, might be found equally if not more curious, as a contribution to the history of an important struggle long happily ended.

LONDON, *September* 1860.

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THE
JACOBITE SONGS AND BALLADS
OF SCOTLAND.

SCOTLAND is rich in the literature of song. The genius of the people is eminently lyrical. Although rigid in religion, and often gloomy in fanaticism, they have a finer and more copious music, are fonder of old romance and tradition, dance and song, and have altogether a more poetical aptitude and appreciation than their English brethren. For one poet sprung from the ranks of the English peasantry, Scotland can boast of ten, if not of a hundred. Ploughmen, shepherds, gardeners, weavers, tinkers, tailors, and even strolling beggars, have enriched the anthology of Scotland with thousands of songs and ballads of no mean merit. The whole land is as musical with the voice of song, as it is with torrents and waterfalls. Every mountain and

glen—every strath and loch—every river and stream—every grove and grassy knowe—every castle and almost every cottage, has its own particular song, ballad, or legend ; for which the country is not so much indebted to scholars and men of learned leisure and intellectual refinement, as to the shrewd but hearty and passionate common people. Though Scotland has always possessed this character, especially in the Lowlands, where the English language is spoken—for the modern Scottish dialect is but a variety of the old English—the existing songs and ballads, which it has been the business and the pleasure of antiquaries to collect and preserve, are not of a very ancient date. Many of the ballads may be ancient in subject and in name, but in their present form they can scarcely be considered older than the art of printing, whilst three-fourths of them are evidently not so ancient.

Prior to the time of James I. of Scotland, who wrote in English in imitation of Chaucer, then the fashionable poet, few genuine relics have come down to us, unless it be a few fragments in the Gaelic language left floating about among the Celtic population of the Highlands. And in this respect English and Scottish songs and ballads have a similar history. Few English songs are of a much older

date than Edward IV. ; few Scottish ones older than James V. ; still fewer older than James I. But subsequent to these periods the printing press began to preserve the songs of the people ; and older songs, remodelled or changed to suit the character of the times, were brought forward as new. Many of these later effusions also have been lost, but such as remain, both in English and in Scottish literature, throw valuable light upon the character and feelings of our ancestors, and help to make clear many points of history which, without their aid, would have been dark and unintelligible. Many of the most famous ballads of Scotland have the same Scandinavian origin as the people on the eastern coast, from Caithness to Berwick ; but the songs are more truly indigenous to the soil,—the natural and spontaneous products of the heart and fancy of a strong-minded and imaginative people.

In that rich field of literature, wherein so many collectors have gathered flowers and fruit for the delight of all who appreciate true poetry and humour, and who love to read history itself by the light of contemporary opinion, there is one fertile corner—more fertile perhaps than any other ;—the one which is sown with the seeds of Jacobite prejudice and feeling, and watered with Jacobite tears. Several

attempts have been made to weave a garland of these hardy blossoms, but the collectors, in the excess of their zeal, have too often admitted among them large numbers of the artificial flowers of modern fancy ;—spurious Jacobite ballads, which, however good in themselves, are mere imitations, and only represent a living truth to the same degree as the tragedy or the comedy of the stage represents actual fact. Amongst them the Ettrick Shepherd stands pre-eminent with his first and second series of the Jacobite Relics of Scotland. To his mind the task of collection was highly congenial, but he seems never to have drawn the distinction between the Cavaliers and the Jacobites ; and has admitted into his volumes many English as well as Scottish songs and ballads which had no reference whatever to the Jacobite cause ; [for there was no Jacobitism prior to the abdication and flight of James II.],—and others relative to the events of the Commonwealth and the Restoration. The first ballad in his collection is purely English, both in its poetry and music, and dates from the Protectorate ; and out of the first thirteen, only three are Jacobite. All was grist that came to the Shepherd's mill, and the result was an interesting but heterogeneous collection that by no means justifies its title. It would have puzzled the

Shepherd himself to have told what an English ballad on the collapse of the South Sea Bubble in 1720 had to do with the Jacobite minstrelsy of Scotland. To be of any value—as reflections of the character of that period of history which ended in the firm establishment of the House of Hanover upon the throne of these realms, and the consequent consolidation of those popular rights and liberties which the fated Stuarts madly strove to destroy—the real songs and ballads of the Jacobites, fresh as they came from the lips or the pens of their makers, when the passions were hottest, the fancy freest, the satire most cutting, the allusions most telling, and the whole composition most instinct with life and truth should be brought together. It will be found that this principle has been kept steadily in view in the present volume, and that the real Jacobitism of the time has been carefully kept apart from that sentimental and posthumous Jacobitism in which Burns, Scott, Hogg, and other modern poets took a pleasure in indulging. The last expiring wave of Jacobitism has long since broken, and left not even a ripple upon the shore ; and a poet, or a reader, may be a Jacobite in literature, without being in the smallest degree a Jacobite in politics. The effusions of that period, as well as the imitations which we owe to later bards, have

a vitality so much stronger than the cause they represent, that they are still the favourite songs of the people, and as dear to Scotchmen in all lands as the name and the memory of their country. Both the old and the new Jacobite songs have taken such a hold upon the popular affection, as to promise to be as undying as the language. This extraordinary popularity is not to be accounted for by their literary merits, for the oldest and most cherished amongst them are but way-side and street songs for the most part, and the compositions of men who, perhaps, were not able to write them down. The critic sitting in the judgment-seat is apt to consider the songs of a nation under the one aspect of art; but the people take a wider range, and appreciate the song and the ballad—not merely for their poetry and their music—but for circumstances in their own private history and feelings, which have endeared them to the memory, and twined them around the heart. The song sung by a mother at the cradle of our infancy, and dimly remembered after the lapse of years—the favourite lilt of the town or village where we were born—the ballad once the charm of a family circle, now broken up and dispersed—the love-song expressive of the expanding affections of our youth, and which recalls, whenever we hear it, the

joys and hopes, or it may be the sorrows, of a time when young love was the all-pervading idea and passion of the heart—or the patriotic march or war-like chant, suggesting all the past and present glories, or even the misfortunes of our native land, are not to be estimated solely by their literary excellence. They strike their roots far deeper than the intellect. They stir up the holiest emotions of our being, and make appeals both to our admiration and our sympathy which the passionless critic may refuse to hear ; but which are not to be resisted by the mass of mankind.

It is remarkable, though quite natural, that the losing cause in politics should always be associated with lovelier music and poetry than have ever been inspired by success. The defeat of Flodden was a nobler theme for the poets of the fifteenth century than the victory of Waterloo was for those of the nineteenth. Beranger could not sing songs about Napoleon robed in his purple and conquering the world ; or if he did, it was but to caricature him. But when the great Emperor was stripped of his crown, his power, and his liberty, and sent to die broken-hearted on the lonely rock of St. Helena, the heart of the poet was touched, and his harp-strings quivered to the tenderest and most ennobling music

of the time. So has it ever been. There is something in sorrow more akin to the course of human affairs than joy. The wail of grief is more sympathetic than the shout of triumph. Sorrow has ever produced more melody than mirth ; and the experience of suffering has been declared on the highest authority to be necessary to every poet who would touch the hearts of his fellow-creatures. The House of Hanover has never inspired a great poet to celebrate its glories. The House of Stuart was in the same predicament, until it fell upon evil days ; and then the sympathy of the poets was awakened, and their language gushed into song. Whatever the politician, the philosopher, and the lover of liberty may say of this unhappy family, no lover of poetry and music can speak of them without affectionate regret, and some degree of the respect which is due to misfortune.

“ For sorrow is a great and holy thing ;
We recognise its right, as king to king.”

Death from the daggers of assassins ; death upon the scaffold ; public shame and contumely ; poverty, misery, banishment,—all these were the appanage and inheritance of this illustrious race ; a race whom Fortune seemed to delight in persecuting and humiliating

—to whom she gave amiability only to bring them into sorrow, and make them acquainted with false friends, unwise advisers, and treacherous confidants—to whom she offered the cup of prosperity only to infuse gall and wormwood into it, or dash it untasted from their lips—to whom she gave wealth, only to take it away—power, only to make it a mockery and a disgrace—talents, only to lead them astray from the right path; and to whom even the gift of personal beauty, as in the case of Mary Queen of Scots, was but the means and the consummation of all other trial, calamity, and shame.

The abdication of James II. in the same manner as the execution of Charles I., and the banishment of Charles II. in a previous age, excited passions and animosities, in which the poets and ballad-makers participated—and which found their natural vent in song, in England as well as in Scotland; but in the latter country with a warmth of hate, and a tenderness of love, of which the muse of the less demonstrative South affords no examples. The old legendary ballads that were chanted or recited for the delight of the people by strolling minstrels, gave way to the newer effusions inspired by the troubles of the times; and the Muse of Scotland came forth from the shadowy regions of the Past,

to mingle in the strife of the Present. The Muse of Scotland then, as she is now, was not a classical beauty like the muses of Greece or Rome. She was not a crowned queen, nor a fine lady like her English sister, giving herself airs and affectations ; but a simple country lass, fresh, buoyant, buxom and healthy, full of true affections and kindly charities ; a bare-footed maiden, that scorned all false pretence and spoke her honest mind to all comers. If sometimes “high-kilted” in her language, her heart was pure. She never jested at virtue, though she had often a fling at hypocrisy. Her laughter was as refreshing as her tears, and her humour was as exquisite as her tenderness.

In the Jacobite songs more especially, the humour was far more conspicuous than the pathos. In the heat of the conflict, and when the struggle was as yet unended, and its results uncertain, ridicule and deprecation of the enemy were weapons more effective to stir the passions of the combatants than appeals to mere sentiment, even if the sentiment were as elevated as patriotism, or as tender as love and friendship. It was only when the Jacobite cause had become utterly hopeless, and when its most illustrious adherents had laid down their lives for it on the bloody moor of Culloden, or on the

cruel block of Tower Hill, or were pining in foreign lands in penury and exile, that the popular bards were so far inspired as to be able to strike the keynote of true poetry. As the age was, so were they. In their verse, as in a mirror, were reflected the events and the feelings of the time. When the time was hopeful, they were hopeful. When the time was ribald, insolent, jaunty, and reckless, they responded to its touch like the harp-string to the harper. From 1688 to 1746 was the day of the common rhymers of the street or the alehouse, or the lone farm-house among the hills—the day when the men of strong feelings, rude humour, and coarse wit, could “say their say” in language intelligible alike to the clansman and the chief, the ploughman and the gentleman. And they were disputants who could hit as hard in the battles of the tongue, as they could, if need were, in the battle of swords; and who could wield the musket and claymore in physical, as effectually as the sledge-hammer of invective in moral warfare. Satire with them was not “a polished razor keen,” but a cudgel or a battering ram; not a thing that merely drew blood, but that broke the skull and smashed the bones. But after the fatal fight of Culloden the voice of the coarse humorist, if not altogether silenced, was softened or

subdued. There had been a time to sing and to dance, but it had passed ; and the day of lamentation had succeeded it. The rhymers had flourished in the one epoch,—it was now the turn of the poets. Sorrow for the vanquished, and indignation against the victors, superseded all the lighter emotions which had hitherto found their expression in songs, ballads, and epigrams ; and the echoes of national music that came from Scotland, came from saddened hearts and from desolate and all but depopulated glens. The voice of the mourner of these days was as pathetic and often as vehement as the inspired strains of Isaiah and Jeremiah ; and partook of the phraseology as well as sentiment of the sacred writings. In the hour of their prosperity the Stuarts had been but common men ; but when adversity befell them, they were elevated to the rank of heroes and demigods. Popular sympathy crowned them with graces and virtues, which as throned kings they had never known ; and loyalty—wavering in the sunshine of fortune—became firm as the rocks in the tempests of calamity.

Though the greater portion of the early Jacobite songs are satirical, and wit and satire are born twins, it cannot be said that any of them are witty. Wit is of too thin and airy a texture, and appeals so

much more strongly to the fancy of the educated and refined than to the plain common sense and sturdy comprehension of the illiterate masses, that even if the popular minstrels had been capable of it, the shafts which they shot would have failed in the intended effect. But the Scotch people—even if they be not accessible to wit—or if they know only that grosser form of it, which Southern criticasters designate as “*wut*,” have keen eyes and ears for the reception of the humorous. Wit may be sad as well as jovial ; but humour is always merry. And in the depths of the bitterest sorrow, the Scottish minstrels who tuned their lyres in the praise of the Stuarts, were always merry when they had to speak of their opponents—whether it was William III.,—“Willie Winkie,” as they called him ; or the sovereigns of the House of Hanover, their queens, their princes, their mistresses, their statesmen or their generals. Even after the day of Culloden, the “Butcher Cumberland” was despatched (in song) to the “hettest neuk o’ hell,” with a wealth of humorous invective that English literature never attempted. But of wit there is little or no trace in the Jacobite minstrelsy ; for wit deals in phrases and forms of expression, and relates not to the thing said, so much as to the mode of saying it ; but

humour deals with things, persons, and events ; and the Scotch were so firmly and desperately in earnest even when they condescended to joke, that they had no time to play with words.

A brief recapitulation of the leading events in the history of the house of Stuart, from the abdication of James II. to the final overthrow of the young Pretender at Culloden—a period of fifty-seven years—may serve to refresh the reader's memory, and render more intelligible the series of popular songs, which records the hopes and fears, the indignation and sorrow of the Jacobite party, in all turns of good or evil fortune. During the reign of William III. the chief event was the bold attempt of the Viscount Dundee, stigmatised by the Covenanters as “the bloody Claverhouse,” to restore King James—an attempt which led to the fruitless victory of Killiecrankie—where Dundee won the day but lost his life ; and did no real service to the cause which he so gallantly supported. The songs of this period are either jubilations over this barren victory, or satires of King William, his measures, and his ministers. During the reign of Queen Anne—herself a Stuart—the Union of England and Scotland and the Act of Succession were the topics that principally excited the ire of the Jacobites. The English

adherents of the Stuarts had nothing to say against the Union ; but the Scottish Jacobites could scarcely find words sufficiently strong to express their hatred and horror of a measure which, to their excited patriotism, seemed to be the consummation of all ruin and disgrace, and the utter annihilation of Scotland, as a free and independent country. Queen Anne herself was more tenderly treated than William III. had been ; and though she was subjected to some amount of ridicule, the popular bards did not bear very heavily upon her. The worst they called her was “ that poor wench Anne ;” for they remembered that she was the daughter of him whom they recognised as their true and lawful king, and forbore to be too severe. Queen Mary her sister escaped for the same reasons. There were no epithets too contemptuous to be bestowed upon “ Willie Winkie ;” but his consort was either not mentioned at all, or mentioned without disrespect. But the accession of George I. changed the aspect of affairs, and infused a far greater amount of gall and bitterness into the Jacobite cup, than had been mixed in it while there was a Stuart upon the throne. The popular muse became rampant in its hate and scorn. The personal as well as public character of the first George was not such as to in-

spire much fervour of attachment or much decency of respect even among his friends ; while it was such as to excite both the animosity and the contempt of the Jacobites. Some of the most vigorous of the Jacobite satires belong to this period ; and such as the “ Wee wee German Lairdie,” would confer honour on the highest masters of either invective or of humour. The rising of 1715, under the Earl of Mar, and its calamitous consequences, turned for awhile the current of song into a nobler channel ; and the Jacobites had to mingle some sorrow for their unhappy friends with their scorn for their foes, and to temper their defiance with feelings more mournful and more appropriate to their circumstances. From 1715 to 1745 the Jacobite minstrels ran over the whole gamut of song, and struck every note of their lyre ; but as in previous songs, when no great enterprize was on foot to exalt the fortunes or restore the crown of the Stuarts, they seemed better pleased to keep up the spirits of the party by ridicule of the Whigs and Hanoverians, and by denunciation of their measures, than to make any appeals to higher sentiments. And as it had become dangerous to speak out too openly, the political allusions, which every one understood, were concealed in love songs—such as in the well

known ballad of "Somebody," which was quite as appropriate in the mouth of a fair maiden, longing for the return of her lover, as in that of a loyal Jacobite, pining for the return of a "Somebody," who might or might not be James VIII. At last came the landing of the young Pretender—"Bonnie Prince Charlie," "the Young Chevalier"—the darling of the ballad-makers. Then came the rising of the clans, the battle of Prestonpans, the march to Edinburgh, Carlisle, and Derby, the retreat to Scotland, the last attempt at battle, and total defeat of Culloden, and finally the wanderings of the Prince in the Highlands and islands—a homeless fugitive dwelling in caves of the rock—escaping in mean disguises, with a price upon his head—and undergoing hardships and sufferings, the recital of which, even after the lapse of more than a century, excites the warmest feelings of sympathy and commiseration, even in minds that detest Jacobite principles, and think the settlement of the Hanoverian succession the foundation or the bulwark of British constitutional liberty. These events gave rise to a new and better series of Jacobite minstrelsy; and their remembrance continued for more than thirty years after Jacobitism had become an utterly hopeless cause, to inspire the romance and song

writers with subjects that could not fail to become popular.

Having thus briefly stated the main events that gave birth to the Jacobite minstrelsy of Scotland, and as briefly epitomized the spirit and character of these hardy and hearty effusions, there only remain a few words to be said upon the similar compositions which exist in the Gaelic language. These, as far as they are known, are more uniformly plaintive and melancholy than their southern compeers. Comparatively little is known of them. Their language renders them a sealed book to three-fourths of their countrymen. Learned antiquaries understanding Erse are not many, and even these have not thought it worth their while to collect the scattered fragments of a rude literature which is no longer understood by the classes who purchase and read books. A few of them have been made known to the general public through the translations of the Ettrick Shepherd and others ; and where these have not been caricatured and marred by the ill taste of the translator in rendering them into the broken and imperfect jargon of a Highlander's first attempts to speak English, are creditable to the passion of the Celtic muse, and to the zeal of the people in behalf of their native princes. But they

form a very small portion of the collections that have hitherto been made. It is likely that many hundreds as good, if not much better, than those that have been thus preserved, have, for these reasons, been irrecoverably lost. If so, the muse of Jacobitism, Highland as she is, must go down to posterity in a Lowland dress.

JACOBITE SONGS AND BALLADS.



CARLE, AN' THE KING COME.

This was originally a Cavalier song of the days of Cromwell ; but as the words were applicable to almost every change of circumstances which occurred in the fortunes of the house of Stuart prior to the battle of Culloden, it has been more uniformly popular than any other. Perhaps the sweetness and originality of the air to which it is sung, may likewise have contributed to render it so permanently a favourite. The exclamation transferred from the carle to the cogie, in the last stanza, is particularly terse and humorous, and entirely Scottish.

CARLE, an' the king come,
Carle, an' the king come,
Thou shalt dance, and I will sing,
 Carle, an' the king come.
An' somebody were come again,
Then somebody maun cross the main,
And ev'ry man shall ha'e his ain,
 Carle, an' the king come.

I trow we swapp'd for the worse,
We ga'e the boot and better horse,

And that we'll tell them at the cross,
 Carle, an' the king come.
 When yellow corn grows on the rigs,
 And a gibbet's built to hang the Whigs,
 O then we will dance Scottish jigs,
 Carle, an' the king come.

Nae mair wi' pinch and drouth we'll dine,
 As we ha'e done—a dog's propine,
 But quaff our waughts o' bouzy wine,
 Carle, an' the king come.
 Cogie, an' the king come,
 Cogie, an' the king come,
 I'se be fou, and thou'se be toom,
 Cogie, an' the king come.

THE RESTORATION.

Though originally a birth-day ode of the Cavaliers, this song was at an early period of their evil fortunes adopted by the Jacobites, and made to do service in their cause. Being sung to a very fine air, it was long a favourite; though its "words" (it would be too undeserved a compliment to call them poetry) are both weak and vulgar.

To curb usurpation, by th' assistance of France,
 With love to his country, see Charlie advance!
 He's welcome to grace and distinguish this day,
 The sun brighter shines, and all nature looks gay.
 Your glasses charge high, 'tis in great Charles'
 praise!
 To his success your voices and instruments raise.

Approach, glorious Charles, to this desolate land,
And drive out thy foes with thy mighty hand ;
The nations shall rise, and join as one man,
To crown the brave Charles, the Chief of the Clan.

Your glasses, etc.

In his train see sweet Peace, fairest queen of the sky,
Ev'ry bliss in her look, ev'ry charm in her eye,
Whilst oppression, corruption, vile slav'ry, and fear,
At his wish'd-for return never more shall appear.

Your glasses, etc.

Whilst in Pleasure's soft arms millions now court
repose,

Our hero flies forth, though surrounded with foes ;
To free us from tyrants ev'ry danger defies,
And in Liberty's cause, he conquers or dies !

Your glasses, etc.

How hateful's the tyrant who lives by false fame,
To satiate his pride sets our country in flame,
How glorious the prince, whose great generous mind,
Makes true valour consist in relieving mankind !

Your glasses, etc.

Ye brave clans, on whom we just honour bestow,
O think on the source whence our dire evils flow !
Commanded by Charles, advance to Whitehall,
And fix them in chains who would Britons enthrall.

Your glasses, etc.

THE BLACKBIRD.

This song, evidently Jacobite, appears to have first seen the light in Allan Ramsay's "Tea Table Miscellany." Allan was usually cautious of offending the ruling powers, and perhaps did not see the political meaning of the song. Though a favourite in Scotland during and after the rebellion of 1715, it is probable that it is of Irish origin. Both in Ireland and in Scotland the old Pretender, from the darkness of his complexion, was familiarly known to his friends as the Blackbird. Mr. Samuel Lover says, in his "Lyrics of Ireland," that "the Hibernian origin of this song cannot be questioned for a moment by any one familiar with the phraseology and peculiar structure of Anglo-Irish songs. The air, moreover, to which it is sung is given in Bunting's last collection."

ONCE on a morning of sweet recreation,
 I heard a fair lady a-making her moan,
 With sighing and sobbing, and sad lamentation,
 Aye singing, "My Blackbird for ever is flown !
 He's all my heart's treasure, my joy, and my pleasure,
 So justly, my love, my heart follows thee ;
 And I am resolved, in foul or fair weather,
 To seek out my Blackbird, wherever he be.

" I will go, a stranger to peril and danger,
 My heart is so loyal in every degree ;
 For he's constant and kind, and courageous in mind.
 Good luck to my Blackbird, wherever he be !
 In Scotland he's loved and dearly approved,
 In England a stranger he seemeth to be ;
 But his name I'll advance in Britain or France ;*
 Good luck to my Blackbird, wherever he be.

* Mr. Lover's version has "Ireland or France."

"The birds of the forest are all met together,
 The turtle is chosen to dwell with the dove,
 And I am resolved, in foul or fair weather,
 Once in the spring-time to seek out my love.
 But since fickle Fortune, which still proves uncertain,
 Hath caused this parting between him and me,
 His right I'll proclaim, and who dares me blame?
 Good luck to my Blackbird, wherever he be!"

I HA'E NAE KITH, I HA'E NAE KIN.

The political allusions of this song seem to refer to the time of Queen Anne. When the Tory faction gained the ascendancy in her reign, the hopes of those who favoured the Stuarts were greatly excited; and it is not unlikely that the lines,

"The adder i' the corbie's nest,
 Aneath the corbie's wame,"

may be allegorical of some intrigue to further the Pretender's views.

I HA'E nae kith, I ha'e nae kin,
 Nor ane that's dear to me,
 For the bonny lad that I lo'e best,
 He's far ayont the sea.
 He's gane wi' ane that was our ain,
 And we may rue the day,
 When our king's ae daughter came here,
 To play sic foul play.

O gin I were a bonny bird,
Wi' wings that I might flee,
Then I wad travel o'er the main,
My ae true love to see ;
Then I wad tell a joyfu' tale
To ane that's dear to me,
And sit upon a king's window,
And sing my melody.

The adder lies i' the corbie's nest,
Aneath the corbie's wame,
And the blast that reaves the corbie's brood
Shall blaw our good king hame.
Then blaw ye east, or blaw ye west,
Or blaw ye o'er the faem,
O bring the lad that I lo'e best,
And ane I darena name !

MY LOVE HE WAS A HIGHLAND LAD.

This song, like the preceding one, breathes a mixture of love and politics that greatly increases the interest of it. The Ettrick Shepherd supposes both to be the composition of a lady, and remarks, "that the sympathy, delicacy, and vehemence which they manifest are strongly characteristic of the female mind, ever ardent in the cause it espouses."

My love he was a Highland lad,
And come of noble pedigree,
And nane could bear a truer heart,
Or wield a better brand than he.

And O, he was a bonny lad,
The bravest lad that e'er I saw !
May ill betide the heartless wight
That banish'd him and his awa.

But had our good king kept the field,
When traitors tarrow'd at the law,
There hadna been this waefu' wark,
The weariest time we ever saw.
My love he stood for his true king,
Till standing it could do nae mair :
The day is lost, and sae are we ;
Nae wonder mony a heart is sair.

But I wad rather see him roam
An outcast on a foreign strand,
And wi' his master beg his bread,
Nae mair to see his native land,
Than bow a hair o' his brave head
To base usurper's tyrannye ;
Than cringe for mercy to a knave
That ne'er was own'd by him nor me.

But there's a bud in fair Scotland,
A bud weel kend in glamourye ;
And in that bud there is a bloom,
That yet shall flower o'er kingdoms three ;
And in that bloom there is a brier,
Shall pierce the heart of tyrannye,
Or there is neither faith nor truth,
Nor honour left in our countrie.

THE HAUGHS OF CROMDALE.

In this song two events that happened at many years' distance from each other are jumbled together. The Ettrick Shepherd accounts for the anachronism by supposing that as the celebrated action in which 1500 brave Highlanders were surprised and defeated at Cromdale in Strathspey, on the 1st of May 1690, is the only battle on record that ever was fought there, it is more than probable that on that action the original song has been founded. The first twenty lines, he observes, contain a true description of that memorable defeat, and these twenty lines may be considered as either the whole or a part of the original song. As the words were good, and the air most beautiful, they had no doubt become popular; and hence some bard, partial to the Clans, and fired with indignation at hearing their disgrace sung all over the land, must have added to the original verses those which evidently refer to the battle of Auldearn, gained by Montrose and the Clans in 1645.

As I came in by Auchindown,
A little wee bit frae the town,
When to the Highlands I was boun,'
 To view the haughs of Cromdale.
I met a man in tartan trews,
I spier'd at him what was the news;
Quoth he, the Highland army rues
 That e'er we came to Cromdale.

We were in bed, sir, every man,
When the English host upon us came;
A bloody battle then began,
 Upon the haughs of Cromdale.

The English horse they were sae rude,
They bath'd their hoofs in Highland blood,
But our brave clans they boldly stood,
 Upon the haughs of Cromdale.

But alas ! we could no longer stay,
For o'er the hills we came away,
And sore we do lament the day
 That e'er we came to Cromdale.
Thus the great Montrose did say,
Can you direct the nearest way ?
For I will o'er the hills this day,
 And view the haughs of Cromdale.

Alas, my Lord, you're not so strong,
You scarcely have two thousand men,
And there's twenty thousand on the plain,
 Stand rank and file on Cromdale.
Thus the great Montrose did say,
I say, direct the nearest way,
For I will o'er the hills this day,
 And see the haughs of Cromdale.

They were at dinner, every man,
When great Montrose upon them came,
A second battle then began,
 Upon the haughs of Cromdale.
The Grant, Mackenzie, and Mackay,
Soon as Montrose they did espy,
O then they fought most valiantly,
 Upon the haughs of Cromdale.

The M'Donalds they returned again,
The Camerons did their standard join,

M'Intosh play'd a bloody game,
 Upon the haughs of Cromdale.
The M'Gregors fought like lions bold,
M'Phersons none could them controul,
M'Lauchlans fought with heart and soul,
 Upon the haughs of Cromdale.

M'Lean, M'Dougal, and M'Neal,
So boldly as they took the field,
And made their enemies to yield,
 Upon the haughs of Cromdale.
The Gordons foremost did advance,
The Frazers fought with sword and lance,
The Grahams they made the heads to dance,
 Upon the haughs of Cromdale.

The loyal Stewarts, with Montrose,
So fiercely set upon their foes,
They brought them down with Highland blows,
 Upon the haughs of Cromdale.
Of twenty thousand Cromwell's men,
Five hundred fled to Aberdeen,
The rest of them lie on the plain,
 Upon the haughs of Cromdale.

OVER THE SEAS AND FAR AWA.

This is one of the numerous Cavalier songs which were adopted by the Jacobites. It was originally a birth-day ode for Charles II., previous to the Restoration ; but was altered and added to from time to time as circumstances seemed to require. The mention of Noll and Will in the last stanza refers the present version to the reign of Queen Anne.

COME, all fast friends, let's jointly pray,
And pledge our vows on this great day ;
And of no man we'll stand in awe,
But drink his health that's far awa.

He's o'er the seas and far awa,
He's o'er the seas and far awa ;
Yet of no man we'll stand in awe,
But drink his health that's far awa.

Though he was banish'd from his throne,
By parasites who now are gone
To view the shades which are below,
We'll drink his health that's far awa.

He's o'er the seas, etc.

Ye Presbyterians, where ye lie,
Go home and keep your sheep and kye ;
For it were fitting for you a'
To drink his health that's far awa.

He's o'er the seas, etc.

But I hope he shortly will be home,
And in good time will mount the throne ;
And then we'll curse and ban the law
That keepit our king sae lang awa.

He's o'er the seas, etc.

Disloyal Whigs, dispatch, and go
 To visit Noll and Will below :
 'Tis fit you at their coal should blaw,
 Whilst we drink their health that's far awa.
 He's o'er the seas, etc.

· WHEN THE KING COMES OWER THE WATER.

Lady Mary Drummmond, daughter of the Earl of Perth, and wife of Lord Keith, was the heroine of this song. By some she is supposed to have been the authoress of it ; but this is doubtful. She was strongly attached to the Stuarts, and when her two sons returned to Scotland, she never ceased to importune them to engage actively in the cause of the exiled family. The song is sometimes called Lady Keith's Lament ; and is sung to the air of "The Boyne Water."

I MAY sit in my wee croo house,
 At the rock and the reel to toil fu' dreary ;
 I may think on the day that's gane,
 And sigh and sab till I grow weary.
 I ne'er could brook, I ne'er could brook,
 A foreign loon to own or flatter ;
 But I will sing a ranting sang,
 That day our king comes ower the water.

O gin I live to see the day,
 That I ha'e begged, and begged frae Heaven,
 I'll fling my rock and reel away,
 And dance and sing frae morn till even :

For there is ane I winna name,
That comes the reigning bike to scatter;
And I'll put on my bridal gown,
That day our king comes ower the water.

I ha'e seen the gude auld day,
The day o' pride and chieftain glory,
When royal Stuarts bare the sway,
And ne'er heard tell o' Whig nor Tory.
Though lyart be my locks and grey,
And eild has crook'd me down—what matter;
I'll dance and sing ae ither day,
That day our king comes ower the water.

A curse on dull and drawling Whig,
The whining, ranting, low deceiver,
Wi' heart sae black, and look sae big,
And canting tongue o' clishmaclaver
My father was a good lord's son,
My mother was an earl's daughter,
And I'll be Lady Keith again,
That day our king comes ower the water.

YOU'RE WELCOME, WHIGS, FROM BOTHWELL BRIGS.

Whenever the Jacobites lost ground, they revenged themselves by the bitterness of their satire. This song was written obviously just after the Revolution in 1688, and is accordingly full of gall and ill humour.

You're welcome, Whigs, from Bothwell Brigs,
Your malice is but zeal, boys;

Most holy sprites, the hypocrites,
 'Tis sack ye drink, not ale, boys;
I must aver, ye cannot err,
 In breaking God's commands, boys;
If ye infringe bishops' or kings',
 You've heaven in your hands, boys.

Suppose ye cheat, disturb the state,
 And steep the land with blood, boys;
If secretly your treachery
 Be acted, it is good, boys.
The fiend himsel', in midst of hell,
 The pope, with his intrigues, boys,
You'll equalize in forgeries;
 Fair fa' you, pious Whigs, boys.

You'll God beseech, in homely speech,
 To his coat-tail you'll claim, boys;
Seek lippies of grace frae his gawcie face,
 And bless and not blaspheme, boys.
Your teachers they can kiss and pray,
 In zealous ladies' closets;
Your wits convert by Venus' art;
 Your kirk has holy roset.

Which death will tie promiscuously,
 Her members on the vail, boys,
For horned beasts the truth attest,
 That live in Annandale, boys.
But if one drink, or shrewdly think
 A bishop ere was saved,
No charity from presbytrye,
 For that need once be craved.

You lie, you lust, you break your trust,
And act all kinds of evil,
Your covenant makes you a saint,
Although you live a devil.
From murders, too, as soldiers true,
You are advanced well, boys;
You fought like devils, your only rivals,
When you were at Dunkeld, boys.

Your wondrous things great slaughter brings,
You kill'd more than you saw, boys;
At Pentland hills ye got your fills,
And now you seem to crawl, boys.
Let wabsters * preach, and ladies teach
The art of cuckoldry, boys,
When cruel zeal comes in their tail,
Then welcome presbytrye, boys.

King William's hands, with lovely bands,
You're decking with good speed, boys;
If you get leave, you'll reach his sleeve,
And then have at his head, boys.
You're welcome, Jack, we'll join a plack,
To drink your last confusion,
That grace and truth we may possess
Once more without delusion.

* Some versions of this song read "Websters" for wabsters. There was a popular preacher in Edinburgh at the end of the seventeenth century named Webster, and Mr. Robert Chambers supposes that he is the person alluded to.

THE BATTLE OF KILLICRANKIE.

The battle of Killicrankie was fought on the 17th of July 1689, between a body of 3000 Highlanders, under the command of Graham of Claverhouse, Viscount Dundee, and an English and Scotch force, of from 4000 to 5000 men, commanded by General Hugh Mackay of Scoury. The two armies came in sight of one another about two o'clock of the day, but it was not till the evening that the battle began. Dundee, it is said, wished for the approach of night, which suited him either for victory or flight. Within an hour of sunset, therefore, the signal was given by the latter, and the Highlanders descended from the hill on which they were posted, in thick and separate columns to the attack. After a single desultory discharge, they rushed forward with the sword, before the regulars, whose bayonets were then inserted within the muskets, could be prepared to receive or resist their furious attack. Their columns soon pierced through the thin and straggling line, where Mackay commanded in person, and their ponderous swords completed the rout. Within a few minutes the victors and the vanquished, intermixed together in the field, in the pursuit, and in the river below, disappeared from view. Mackay, alone, when deserted by his horse and surrounded, forced his way with a few infantry to the right wing, where two regiments had maintained their ground. While the enemy were intent on plundering the baggage, he conducted these remaining troops in silence and in obscurity across the river, and continued his retreat through the mountains till he reached Stirling. But Dundee, whose pursuit he avoided, was himself no more. After a desperate and successful charge on the English artillery, while in the act of extending his arm, to encourage his men forward, at the moment of victory, he received a shot in his side, through an opening in his armour, and dropped from horseback as he rode off the field. He survived, however, to write a concise and dignified account of the battle to King James. With the loss of 900 of his men, 2000 of his opponents were killed or taken.

A rude stone was erected on the spot to mark the victory to future times. The two last stanzas of the ballad of Killiecrankie seem to have been added to the original composition. The five first verses are Lowland Scotch ; the last two a caricature of the Highland dialect.

CLAVERS and his Highlandmen,
Came down upon the raw, man,
Who, being stout, gave many a clout,
The lads began to claw then.
With sword and terge into their hand,
Wi' which they were na slaw, man,
Wi' mony a fearful heavy sigh,
The lads began to claw, then.

O'er bush, o'er bank, o'er ditch, o'er stank,
She flang amang them a', man ;
The Butter-box got mony knocks,
Their riggings paid for a' then.
They got their paiks, wi' sudden straiks,
Which to their grief they saw, man ;
Wi' clinkum clankum o'er their crowns,
The lads began to fa' then.

Her skipt about, her leapt about,*
And flang amang them a', man ;
The English blades got broken heads,
Their crowns were cleav'd in twa then.

* The Highlanders have only one pronoun, and as it happens to resemble the English word "her," it has caused the Lowlanders to have a general impression that they mistake the feminine for the masculine gender. It has even become a sort of nickname for them, as in the present case, and in a subsequent verse, where it is extended to "her nainsell."—*R. Chambers.*

The durk and door made their last hour,
 And prov'd their final fa', man ;
 They thought the devil had been there,
 That play'd them sic a paw then.

The solemn league and covenant,
 Cam whigging up the hills, man,
 Thought Highland trews durst not refuse
 For to subscribe their bills then :
 In Willie's* name they thought nae ane
 Durst stop their course at a', man,
 But her nain-sell, wi' mony a knock,
 Cried, " Furich, whigs awa', man."

Sir Evan-Dhu,† and his men true,
 Came linking up the brink, man ;
 The Hogan Dutch they feared such,
 They bred a horrid stink then.
 The true Maclean, and his fierce men,
 Came in amang them a', man ;
 Nane durst withstand his heavy hand,
 All fled and ran awa' then.

Och on a ri, och on a ri,
 Why should she lose King Shames, man ?
Och rig in di, och rig in di,
 She shall break a' her banes then ;
 With *furichinish*, and stay a while,
 And speak a word or twa, man,
 She's gi' a straik out o'er the neck,
 Before ye win awa' then.

* The Prince of Orange.

† Sir Evan Cameron of Lochiel.

O fy for shame, ye're three for ane,
 Hur nane-sell's won the day, man ;
 King Shames' red coats* should be hung up,
 Because they ran awa' then :
 Had bent their brows, like Highland trues,
 And made as lang a stay, man,
 They'd sav'd their king, that sacred thing,
 And Willie'd run away then.

KILLICRANKIE.—*Another Version.*

WHARE ha'e ye been sae braw, lad ?
 Whare ha'e ye been sae brankie, O ?
 Whare ha'e ye been sae braw, lad ?
 Came ye by Killicrankie, O ?
 An ye had been whare I ha'e been,
 Ye wadna been sae cantie, O ;
 An ye had seen what I ha'e seen,
 I' the braes o' Killicrankie, O.

I faught at land, I faught at sea,
 At hame I faught my auntie, O ;
 But I met the devil and Dundee,
 On the braes o' Killicrankie, O ;
 An ye had been, etc.

The bauld Pitcur fell in a furr,
 And Clavers gat a clankie, O,

* Irish recruits sent by King James to the assistance of Claverhouse.

Or I had fed an Athol gled
On the braes o' Killiecrankie, O.
An ye had been, etc.

O fie, Mackay, what gart ye lie
I' the bush ayont the brankie, O ?
Ye'd better kiss'd King Willie's loof,
Than come to Killiecrankie, O.
It's nae shame, it's nae shame,
It's nae shame to shank ye, O ;
There's sour slaes on Athol braes,
And deils at Killiecrankie, O.

BY CARNOUSIE'S AULD WA'S.

The beauty of the air to which this song was sung, made it long exceedingly popular among the Jacobites, but as its merits as a poetical composition were poor, Robert Burns tried his hand upon it, and the result was a song that superseded the old one, possessing all its original beauties, and adding many others. The present version, long supposed to have been lost, is taken from Peter Buchan's MS. collection.

By Carnousie's auld wa's, at the close of the day,
An auld man was singing, wi' locks thin and grey,
And the burden o' his sang, while the tears fast
did fa',
Was, there'll never be peace sin' Jamie's awa'.

Our kirk's gaen either to ruin again,
Our state's in confusion, and bravely we ken,
Tho' we darena weel tell wha's to blame for it a',
And we'll never see peace sin' Jamie's awa'.

Our auld honest master, the laird o' the lan',
He bauldly set off' at the head o' the clan,
But the knowes o' Carnousie again he ne'er saw,
An a's gaen to wreck sin' Jamie's awa'.

THERE'LL NEVER BE PEACE UNTIL
JAMIE COMES HAME.

Re-arranged by Robert Burns for Johnson's Museum. The original name of the tune appears to have been, "There's few gude fellows since Jamie's awa'".

By yon castle wa', at the close o' the day,
I heard a man sing, though his head it was grey ;
And as he was singing, the tears down came,
There'll never be peace until Jamie comes hame.
The church is in ruins, the state is in jars,
Delusions, oppressions, and murderous wars ;
We darena weel say't, but we ken wha's to blame ;
There'll never be peace until Jamie comes hame.

My seven braw sons for Jamie drew sword,
And now I greet round their green beds in the yird ;
It brak the sweet heart o' my faithfu' auld dame :
There'll never be peace until Jamie comes hame.
Now life is a burden that bows me down,
Sin' I tint my bairns, and he tint his crown ;
But till my last moments my words are the same,
There'll never be peace until Jamie comes hame.

THIS IS NO MY AIN HOUSE.

The flowing and elegant character of the air to which this song was sung rendered it a universal favourite. When Prince Charles, in the '45, descended upon the Lowlands in his triumphal progress to Edinburgh, he spent a night at Lude, the seat of a chieftain of the Clan Donachie, where, says Mr. Robert Chambers, in his "History of the Rebellion," he took his share in several dances. The first tune he called for was the well-known Jacobite one, "This is no my ain house," referring to the altered character of all political arrangements since 1688.

O THIS is no my ain house,
I ken by the biggin o't;
For bow-kail thrave at my door cheek,
And thistles on the riggin o't.
A carle came wi' lack o' grace,
Wi' unco gear and unco face;
And sin' he claim'd my daddy's place,
I downa bide the triggin o't.

Wi' routh o' kin, and routh o' reek,
My daddy's door it wadna steek;
But bread and cheese were his door-cheek,
And girdle cakes the riggin o't.
O this is no my ain house, etc.

My daddy bag his housie weel,
By dint o' head and dint o' heel,
By dint o' arm and dint o' steel,
And muckle weary prigginn o't.
O this is no my ain house, etc.

Then was it dink, or was it douce,
For ony cringing foreign goose
To claucht my daddie's wee bit house,
And spoil the hamely triggin o't?
O this is no my ain house, etc.

Say, was it foul, or was it fair,
To come a hunder mile and mair,
For to ding out my daddy's heir,
And dash him wi' the whiggin o't?
O this is no my ain house, etc.

KING WILLIAM'S MARCH.

A satire on King William's departure to join his army in Ireland previous to the battle of the Boyne.

O WILLIE, Willie Wanbeard,
He's awa' frae hame,
Wi' a budget on his back,
An' a wallet at his wame :
But some will sit on his seat,
Some will eat his meat,
Some will stand i' his shoon,
Or he come again.

O Willie, Willie Wanbeard,
He's awa' to ride,
Wi' a bullet in his bortree,
And a shabble by his side ;

But some will white* wi' Willie's knife,
Some will kiss Willie's wife,
Some will wear his bonnet
Or he come again.

O Willie, Willie Wanbeard,
He's awa' to sail,
Wi' water in his waygate,
An' wind in his tail,
Wi' his back boonermost,
An' his kyte downermost,
An' his flype hindermost,
Fighting wi' his kail.

O Willie, Willie Wanbeard,
He's awa' to fight;
But fight dog, fight bane,
Willie will be right:
An' he'll do, what weel he may,
An' has done for mony a day;
Wheel about, an' rin away,
Like a wally wight.

O saw ye Willie Wanbeard
Riding through the rye?
O saw ye Daddy Duncan
Praying like to cry?
That howe in a 'tato fur
There may Willie lie,

* White—the origin of the American expression—to white or whittle a stick with a knife.

Wi' his neb boonermost
And his doup downermost,
An' his flype hindermost,
Like a Pessie pie.

Play, piper, play, piper,
Play a bonny spring,
For there's an auld harper
Harping to the king,
Wi' his sword by his side,
An' his sign on his reade,
An' his crown on his head,
Like a true king.

IT WAS A' FOR OUR RIGHTFU' KING.

Captain Ogilvie, of the house of Inverquharity, is believed to have been the author of this song. He was with King James at the battle of the Boyne, and afterwards fell in an engagement on the Rhine. It is said also that he was one of the hundred gentlemen, all of good families, who volunteered to attend their royal master in his exile. James had afterwards the pain of seeing these devoted followers submit, voluntarily, to become private soldiers on his account in the French service, rather than return to their own country, with permission of the Government, although it was optional to them to do so. They were formed into one company, and fought both in Spain and on the Rhine with heroic valour and reputation. At the peace of 1696, only sixteen of them remained alive. Of the whole number only four were Catholics; the rest were Protestants of the Episcopalian persuasion,

and several of them had been bred as divines. What is perhaps still more curious, by far the greater portion of them were Lowlanders.

“It was a’ for our rightfu’ king
We left fair Scotland’s strand !
It was a’ for our rightfu’ king
We e’er saw Irish land, my dear,
We e’er saw Irish land.

Now a’ is done that men can do,
An’ a’ is done in vain :
My love an’ native land, fareweel,
For I maun cross the main, my dear,
For I maun cross the main.”

He turn’d him right an’ round about,
Upon the Irish shore,
An’ ga’e his bridle-reins a shake,
With, “Adieu for evermore, my dear,
With, Adieu for evermore.”

The sodger frae the wars returns,
The sailor frae the main ;
But I hae parted frae my love,
Never to meet again, my dear,
Never to meet again.

When day is gane, an’ night is come,
An’ a folk bound to sleep,
I think on him that’s far awa,
The lee-lang night, an’ weep, my dear,
The lee-lang night, an’ weep.

WILLIE THE WAG:

A complaint of King William's *intrusion*, as it was called by the Jacobites, at the Revolution in 1688, and of his ingratitude to his father-in-law James.

O, I HAD a wee bit mailin,
 And I had a good gray mare,
 And I had a braw bit dwalling,
 Till Willie the wag came here.
 He waggit me out o' my mailin,
 He waggit me out o' my gear,
 And out o' my bonny black gowny,
 That ne'er was the waur o' the wear.

He fawn'd and he waggit his tale,
 Till he poison'd the true well-e'e;
 And wi' the wagging o' his fause tongue,
 He gart the brave Monmouth die.
 He waggit us out o' our rights,
 And he waggit us out o' our law,
 And he waggit us out o' our king;
 O that grieves me the warst of a'.

The tod rules o'er the lion,
 The midden's aboon the moon,
 And Scotland maun cower and cringe
 To a fause and a foreign loon.
 O walyfu' fa' the piper
 That sells his wind sae dear!
 And O walyfu' fa' the time
 When Willie the wag came here!

O WHAT'S THE RHYME TO PORRINGER?

O WHAT'S the rhyme to porringer?
 Ken ye the rhyme to porringer?
 King James the Seventh had ae dochter,
 And he ga'e her to an Oranger.
 Ken ye how he requited him?
 Ken ye how he requited him?
 The lad has into England come,
 And ta'en the crown in spite o' him.

The dog, he sanna keep it lang,
 To flinch we'll make him fain again;
 We'll hing him hie upon a tree,
 And James shall hae his ain again.
 Ken ye the rhyme to grasshopper?
 Ken ye the rhyme to grasshopper?
 A hempen rein, and a horse o' tree,
 A psalm-book and a presbyter.

WILLIE WINKIE'S TESTAMENT.

Willie Winkie, Willie Wanbeard, and Willie the Wag, were all nicknames popularly bestowed on William III. Even after his death, the enmity of the Jacobites was not appeased, as appears from this song, evidently written after his fatal fall from his horse at Hampton Court.

O TELL me, Fader Dennison,*
 Do you tink dat my life be done?

* This is a misnomer, and refers to Dr. Thomas Tennison.

So be, den do I leave vit you
 My parshments and my trunks at Loo ;
 Von cup, von cloak, von coverlid,
 Von press, von black book, and von red ;
 Dere you vill find direction give,
 Vat mans shall die, and vat must live.

Dere you vill find it in my vill,
 Vat kings must keep deir kingdoms still,
 And, if dey please, who dem must quit ;
 Mine good vench Anne must look to it.
 Voe's me, dat I did ever sat
 On trone !—But now no more of dat.
 Take you, moreover, Dennison,
 De cursed horse dat broke dis bone.*

Take you, beside, dis ragged coat,
 And all de curses of de Scot,
 Dat dey did give me vonder vell,
 For Darien and dat Macdonnell.
 Dese are de tings I fain vold give,
 Now dat I have not time to live :
 O take dem off mine hands, I pray !
 I'll go de lighter on my vay.

Archbishop of Canterbury, who attended King William during his last illness. “Darien and Macdonell,” mentioned in the third verse, evidently allude to the Scots settlement at Darien, and the massacre of the Macdonalds at Glencoe, which are here made to hang heavy on the mind of William.

* King William's death was occasioned by his horse stumbling on a mole hill. “*The little gentleman in black velvet*,” or the mole, was afterwards a favourite toast with the Jacobites.

I leave unto dat poor vench Anne,
Von cap vold better fit von man,
And vit it all de firebrands red,
Dat in dat cap have scorch'd mine head.
All dis I hereby do bequeath,
Before I shake de hand vit death.
It is de ting could not do good,
It came vit much ingratitude.

And tell her, Dennison, vrom me,
To lock it by most carefully,
And keep de Scot beyond de Tweed,
Else I shall see dem ven I'm dead.
I have von hope, I have but von,
'Tis veak, but better vit dan none;
Me viss it prove not von intrigue—
De prayer of de selfish Whig.

ON THE ACT OF SUCCESSION.

The Earl of Marchmont having one day presented an act for settling the succession in the house of Hanover, it was treated with such contempt that some proposed it might be burnt, and others that it might be sent to the castle, and was at last thrown out of the house by a majority of fifty-seven voices.—*Lockhart's Memoirs*, p. 60.

I'LL sing you a song, my brave boys,
The like you ne'er heard of before;
Old Scotland at last is grown wise,
And England shall bully no more.

Succession, the trap for our slavery,
A true Presbyterian plot,
Advanc'd by by-ends and knavery,
Is now kicked out by a vote.

The Lutheran dame* may be gone,
Our foes shall address us no more,
If the treaty† should never go on,
She for ever is kick'd out of door.

To bondage we now bid adieu,
The English shall no more oppress us ;
There's something in every man's view
That in due time we hope shall redress us.

This hundred years past we have been
Dull slaves, and ne'er strove yet to mend ;
It came by an old barren queen,
And now we resolve it shall end.

But grant the old woman should come,
And England with treaties should woo us,
We'll clog her before she comes home,
That she ne'er shall have power to undo us.

Then let us go on and be great,
From parties and quarrels abstain ;
Let us English councils defeat,
And Hanover ne'er mention again.

Let grievances now be redress'd,
Consider, the power is our own ;

* Sophia, electress-dowager of Hanover, mother of George I.

† For the union of the two kingdoms.

Let Scotland no more be oppress'd,
Nor England lay claim to our crown.

Let us think with what blood and what care
Our ancestors kept themselves free ;
What Bruce, and what Wallace could dare ;
If they did so much, why not we ?

Let Montrose and Dundee be brought in,
As later examples before you ;
And hold out but as you begin,
Like them, the next age will adore you.

Here's a health, my brave lads, to the duke* then,
Who has the great labour begun ;
He shall flourish, whilst those who forsook him,
To Holland for shelter shall run.

Here's a health to those that stood by him,
To Fletcher† and all honest men ;
Ne'er trust the damn'd rogues that belie 'em,
Since all our just rights they maintain.

Once more to great Hamilton's health,
The hero that still keeps his ground ;

* James, Duke of Hamilton ; able and spirited, but unsteady. He was killed 15th November 1712, in a duel with Lord Mohun, and, as was suspected, received his death's wound from General Macartney, that nobleman's second ; he himself falling at the same time.

† Andrew Fletcher of Saltoun, a warm and strenuous advocate for republican government. He has left a volume of excellent political discourses.

To him we must own all our wealth :—
 Let the Christian liquor go round.

Let all the sham tricks of the court,
 That so often have foil'd us before,
 Be now made the country's sport,
 And England shall fool us no more.

SUCH A PARCEL OF ROGUES IN A NATION.

The legislative Union of Scotland with England was vehemently opposed by the Jacobites. This and the following song express both their hatred of the abettors of the measure, and their dread of the consequences that would ensue. They believed in all sincerity that the Union would be the ruin of Scotland ; that its very name would be effaced from the map ; that it would become a mere province of the more powerful kingdom ; and indulged in every kind of sinister predictions. Happily not one of them has been realized : but, on the contrary, from the measure so indignantly denounced, Scotland has derived nothing but benefit. The old song, touched by the master hand of Burns, assumed the following shape in Johnson's Musical Museum.

FAREWHEEL to a' our Scottish fame,
 Fareweel our ancient glory ;
 Fareweel e'en to the Scottish name,
 Sae fam'd in martial story.
 Now Sark rins ower the Solway sands,
 And Tweed rins to the ocean,
 To mark where England's province stands :
 Such a parcel of rogues in a nation !

What force or guile could not subdue,
 Through many warlike ages,
 Is wrought now by a coward few,
 For hireling traitor's wages.
 The English steel we could disdain,
 Secure in valour's station,
 But English gold has been our bane :
 Such a parcel of rogues in a nation !

• O would, or I had seen the day
 That treason thus could sell us,
 My auld gray head had lain in clay,
 Wi' Bruce and loyal Wallace !
 By pith and power, to my last hour
 I'll make this declaration,
 We're bought and sold for English gold :
 Such a parcel of rogues in a nation !

THE AWKWARD SQUAD.

This song is only of interest as comprising the names of all the leading Whigs who promoted the Union.

SHAME fa' my een,
 If e'er I have seen
 Such a parcel of rogues in a nation !
 The Campbell and the Graham
 Are equally to blame,
 Seduc'd by strong infatuation.

The Squadronie* and Whig
Are uppish and look big,
And mean for to rule at their pleasure ;
To lead us by the nose
Is what they now propose,
And enhance to themselves all our treasure.

The Dalrymples come in play,
Though they sold us all away,
And basely betrayed this poor nation ;
On justice lay no stress,
For our country they oppress,
Having no sort of commiseration.
No nation ever had
A set of men so bad,
That feed on its vitals like vultures :
Bargeny, and Glenco,
And the Union, do show
To their country and crown they are traitors.

Lord Annandale must rule,
Though at best a very tool,
Hath deceiv'd every man that did trust him ;
To promise he'll not stick,
To break will be as quick ;
Give him money, ye cannot disgust him.
It happen'd on a day,
“ Us cavaliers,” he'd say,

* The Marquis of Tweeddale and his party were called the *squadron volante*, from their pretending to act by themselves, and turn the balance of the contending parties in Parliament.

And drink all their healths in a brimmer ;
But now he's chang'd his note,
And again has turn'd his coat,
And acted the part of a limmer.

Little Rothés now may huff,
And all the ladies cuff ;
Caddie Black* must resolve to knock under ;
Belhaven hath of late
Found his father was a cheat,
And his speech on the Union a blunder ;
Haddington, that saint,
May roar, blaspheme, and rant,
He's a prop to the kirk in his station ;
And Ormiston may hang
The Tories all, and bang
Every man that's against reformation.

Can any find a flaw,
To Sir James Stuart's skill in law,
Or doubt of his deep penetration ?
His charming eloquence
Is as obvious as his sense ;
His knowledge comes by generation.
Though there's some pretend to say
He is but a lump of clay,
Yet these are malignants and Tories,
Who to tell us are not shy,
That he's much inclin'd to lie,
And famous for coining of stories.

* The Earl of Rothés fought in the street with a caddie or porter called Black, because in derision of the Whigs he wore a hat with white tracing.

Mr. Cockburn, with fresh airs,
Most gloriously appears,
Directing his poor fellow-creatures ;
And who would not admire
A youth of so much fire,
So much sense, and such beautiful features ?
Lord Polwarth need not grudge
The confinement of a judge,
But give way to his lusts and his passion,
Burn his linens every day,
And his creditors ne'er pay,
And practise all the vices in fashion.

Mr. Bailey's surly sense,
And Roxburgh's eloquence,
Must find out a design'd assassination ;
If their plots are not well laid,
Mr. Johnstoun will them aid,
He's expert in that nice occupation.
Though David Bailey's dead,
Honest Kersland's in his stead,*
His Grace can make use of such creatures ;
Can teach them how to steer,
'Gainst whom and where to swear,
And prove those he hates to be traitors.

Lord Sutherland may roar,
And drink as heretofore,

* David Bailey, and after his death, Kerr of Kersland, are said to have acted a double part in the politics of this period. They were employed by Queensberry for the Whigs, and by the leading Jacobites at the same time, and they are accused of having proved traitors to the latter by revealing all their secret proceedings to the Whig ministry.

For he's the bravo of the party ;
Was ready to command
Jeanie Man's trusty band,
In concert with the traitor M'Kertney.
Had not Loudon got a flaw,
And been lying on the straw,
He'd been of great use in his station :
Though he's much decay'd in grace,
His son succeeds his place,
A youth of great application.

In naming of this set,
We by no means must forget
That man of renown, Captain Monro ;
Though he looks indeed asquint,
His head's as hard as flint,
And he well may be reckon'd a hero.
Zealous Harry Cunninghame
Hath acquir'd a lasting fame
By the service he's done to the godly :
A regiment of horse
Hath been given away much worse
Than to him who did serve them so boldly.

The Lord Ross's daily food
Was on martyrs' flesh and blood,
And he did disturb much devotion :
Although he did design
To o'erturn King Willie's reign,
Yet he must not want due promotion.
Like a saint sincere and true,
He discover'd all he knew,
And for more there was then no occasion.
Since he made this godly turn,

His breast with zeal doth burn,
For the king and a pure reformation.

The Lady Lauderdale,
And Forfar's mighty zeal,
Brought their sons very soon into favour:
With grace they did abound,
The sweet of which they found,
When they for their offspring did labour.
There's Tweeddale and his club,
Who have given many a rub
To their honour, their prince, and this nation:
Next to that heavy drone,
Poor silly Skipness John,
Have establish'd the best reputation.

In making of this list,
Lord Ilay should be first,
A man most upright in spirit;
He's sincere in all he says,
A double part ne'er plays,
His word he'll not break, you may swear it.
Drummond, Warrender, and Smith,
Have serv'd with all their pith,
And claim some small consideration.
Give Hyndford his dragoons,
He'll chastise the Tory loons,
And reform ev'ry part of the nation.

Did ever any prince
His favours thus dispense -
On men of no merit nor candour?
Would any king confide

In men that so deride
All notions of conscience and honour?
Hath any been untold,
How these our country sold,
And would sell it again for more treasure?
Yet, alas! these very men
Are in favour now again,
And do rule us and ride us at pleasure.

THE UNION.

This is a parody on the well-known song, "Now fy let us a' to the Bridal." The two principal characters mentioned in it are the Duke of Queensberry and the Earl of Seafield. Queensberry had been created a Duke by James II., but nevertheless supported the interests of the Prince of Orange, and took the lead in promoting the union.

Seafield, son of the Earl of Findlater, was bred a lawyer, and at the convention in 1689, supported the cause of King James, but was afterwards brought over by the Duke of Hamilton to the interest of William, and in 1696 was made one of his secretaries of state. He was selfish, mean, and proud; and when the treaty of union, which terminated the independence of Scotland as a kingdom, was carried, he is said to have exclaimed, "There is the end o' an auld sang." This wanton insult to his country was not overlooked. His brother, Captain Ogilvie, who was a considerable farmer and cattle dealer, being reproved by him for engaging in a profession so mean, is said to have retorted, "True, brother, I dinna flee sae high as you, but we maun baith do as we dow—I only sell *nowt*, but ye sell *nations*." The other characters are sufficiently known by their names; but of the part some of them

took in bringing about that event, no notice is taken by any of the annalists of that period.

Now fy let us a' to the treaty,
For there will be wonders there,
For Scotland is to be a bride, sir,
And wed to the Earl of Stair.
There's Queensberry, Seafield, and Mar, sir,
And Morton comes in by the bye ;
There's Loudon, and Leven, and Weems, sir,
And Sutherland, frequently dry.

There's Roseberry, Glasgow, and Duplin,
And Lord Archibald Campbell, and Ross ;
The president, Francis Montgomery,
Wha ambles like ony paced horse.
There's Johnstoun, Dan Campbell, and Ross, lad,
Whom the court hath had still on their bench ;
There's solid Pitmedden and Forglan,
Wha design'd jumping on to the bench.

There's Ormistoun and Tillicoultrie,
And Smollett for the town of Dumbarton ;
There's Arnistoun, too, and Carnwathie,
Put in by his uncle, L. Warton ;
There's Grant, and young Pennicook, sir,
Hugh Montgomery, and Davy Dalrymple ;
There's one who will surely bear bouk, sir,
Prestongrange, who indeed is not simple.

Now the Lord bless the jimp one-and-thirty,
If they prove not traitors in fact,
But see that their bride be well drest, sir,
Or the devil take all the pack.

May the devil take all the hale pack, sir,
Away on his back with a bang;
Then well may our new-buskit bridie
For her ain first wooer think lang.

AWA, WHIGS, AWA.

None of the Jacobite songs have been more popular than this, chiefly on account of the beauty of its air. The piper to Claver's own troop of horse is reported to have played it with so much vigour and fury while standing on a bank of the Clyde, at the battle of Bothwell Bridge, that he attracted particular notice, and a Whig bullet accordingly sent him reeling into the flood below, where he was drowned. The fourth and fifth verses of this song are modern, and have been ascribed to Burns.

Awa, Whigs, awa,
Awa, Whigs, awa,
Ye're but a pack o' traitor loons,
Ye'll ne'er do good at a'.
Our thistles flourish'd fresh and fair,
And bonny bloom'd our roses;
But Whigs came like a frost in June,
And wither'd a' our posies.
Awa, Whigs, etc.

Our sad decay in kirk and state
Surpasses my describing;
The Whigs cam o'er us for a curse,
And we ha'e done wi' thriving.
Awa, Whigs, etc.

A foreign Whiggish loon brought seeds
In Scottish yird to cover,
But we'll pu' a' his dibbled leeks,
And pack him to Hanover.
Awa, Whigs, etc.

Our ancient crown's fa'n i' the dust,
Deil blind them wi' the stoure o't;
And write their names i' his black beuk,
Wha ga'e the Whigs the power o't.
Awa, Whigs, etc.

Grim vengeance lang has ta'en a nap,
But we may see him wauken;
Gude help the day when royal heads
Are hunted like a maukin!
Awa, Whigs, etc.

The deil he heard the stoure o' tongues,
And ramping cam amang us;
But he pitied us sae curs'd wi Whigs,
He turn'd and wadna wrang us.
Awa, Whigs, etc.

The deil sat grim amang the reek,
Thrang bundling brunstane matches;
And croon'd 'mang the beuk taking Whigs,
Scraps of auld Calvin's catches.
Awa, Whigs, awa,
Awa, Whigs, awa,
Ye'll run me out o' wun spunks,
Awa, Whigs, awa.

THE RIDING MARE.

This is a fair specimen of Jacobite wit. The *riding mare* is typical of the Government. William III., Queen Anne, and George I. are the sovereigns satirized. The joke of the Sow refers to the Countess of Darlington, mistress of George I. whom he brought over with him from Hanover. Having been excessively corpulent, she seldom received any other name from the Jacobites than the *Sow*. It is reported of this lady, that being insulted by a mob one day, she cried out of her coach in the best English she could command, "Coot peoples, vy do you wrong us? We be come for all your coots." "Yes," cried one of the crowd, "and for *all* our *chattels*, too, I think."

My daddy had a riding mare,
 And she was ill to sit,
 And by there came an unco loon,
 And slippit in his fit.
 He set his fit into the st'rup,
 And gripped sickerly;
 And aye sinsyne, my dainty mare,
 She flings and glooms at me.

This thief he fell and brain'd himsel',
 And up gat couthy Anne;
 She gripped the mare, the riding gear
 And halter in her hand:
 And on she rade, and fast she rade,
 O'er necks o' nations three;
 Feint that she ride the aiver stiff,
 Sin' she has geck'd at me!

The Whigs they ga'e my *Auntie* draps
 That hasten'd her away,

And then they took a cursed oath,
And drank it up like whey :
Then they sent for a bastard race,
Whilk I may sairly rue,
And for a horse they've got an ass,
And on it set a sow.

Then hey the ass, the dainty ass,
That cocks aboon them a' !
And hey the sow, the dainty sow,
That soon will get a fa' !
The graith was ne'er in order yet,
The bridle wasna worth a doit ;
And mony ane will get a bite,
Or cuddy gangs awa.

THE WEE, WEE GERMAN LAIRDIE.

The derision and contempt implied in this song are so familiarly ludicrous, that it has remained a general favourite even to the present day. The Ettrick Shepherd asserts that he composed the air to which it is generally sung.

WHA the deil hae we gotten for a king
But a wee, wee German lairdie !
An' when we gaed to bring him hame,
He was delving in his kail-yairdie :
Sheughing kail, and laying leeks,
But the hose and but the breeks ;
Up his beggar duds he clecks,
The wee, wee German lairdie !

And he's clapt down in our gudeman's chair,
The wee, wee German lairdie !
And he's brought fouth o' foreign trash,
And dibbled them in his yairdie :
He's pu'd the rose o' English loons,
And brake the harp o' Irish clowns,
But our Scots thistle will jag his thumbs
The wee, wee German lairdie.

Come up among the Highland hills,
Thou wee, wee German lairdie,
And see how Charlie's lang-kail thrive,
That he dibbled in his yairdie :
And if a stock ye daur to pu',
Or haud the yoking of a pleugh,
We'll break your sceptre o'er your mou',
Thou wee bit German lairdie !

Our hills are steep, our glens are deep,
No fitting for a yairdie ;
And our norlan' thistles winna pu',
Thou wee, wee German lairdie !
And we've the trenching blades o' weir,
Wad lib ye o' your German gear,
And pass ye 'neath the claymore's sheer,
Thou feckless German lairdie !

He'll ride nae mair on strae sonks,
For gawing his German hurdies ;
But he sits on our gude king's throne,
Amang the English lordies.
Auld Scotland ! thou'rt owre cauld a hole
For nursing siccan vermin ;
But the very dogs o' England's court
Can bark and howl in *German* !

THE SOW'S TAIL TO GEORDIE.

The humour of this satirical song almost atones for the grossness of it. Hogg says that when a boy he heard it frequently sung by an old woman, a determined Jacobite, who always accompanied it with the information that "it was a cried-down sang, but she didna mind that; and that baith it and *O'er Bogie* were cried down at Edinburgh cross on the same day." George the First's mistress, Lady Darlington, is here again designated by the *Sow*. This lady was a constant theme for lampoon. Horace Walpole's description of her is amusing. When contrasting her with another mistress of George's, he says, "Lady Darlington, whom I saw at my mother's in my infancy, and whom I remember by being terrified at her enormous figure, was as corpulent and ample, as the Duchess was long and emaciated. Two fierce black eyes, large and rolling beneath two lofty arched eyebrows; two acres of cheeks spread with crimson; an ocean of neck and bosom that overflowed, and was not distinguished from the lower part of her body, and no part restrained by stays." The air of this song has always been popular, and has afforded infinite scope for musical variations.

It's Geordie's now come hereabout,
O wae light on his sulky snout !
A pawky sow has found him out,
And turn'd her tail to Geordie.
The sow's tail is till him yet,
A sow's birse will kill him yet,
The sow's tail is till him yet,
The sow's tail to Geordie !

It's Geordie he came up the town,
Wi' a bunch o' turnips on his crown ;

“Aha!” quo’ she, “I’ll pull them down,
And turn my tail to Geordie.”
The sow’s tail is till him yet, etc.

It’s Geordie he gat up to dance,
And wi’ the sow to take a prance,
And aye she gart her hurdies flaunce,
And turn’d her tail to Geordie.
The sow’s tail is till him yet, etc.

It’s Geordie he gaed out to hang,
The sow came round him wi’ a bang :
“Aha!” quo’ she, “there’s something wrang ;
I’ll turn my tail to Geordie.”
The sow’s tail is till him yet, etc.

The sow and Geordie ran a race,
But Geordie fell and brake his face :
“Aha!” quo’ she, “I’ve won the race,
And turn’d my tail to Geordie.”
The sow’s tail is till him yet, etc.

It’s Geordie he sat down to dine,
And wha came in but Madam Swine?
“Grumph ! Grumph !” quo’ she, “I’m come
in time,
I’ll sit and dine wi’ Geordie.”
The sow’s tail is till him yet, etc.

It’s Geordie he lay down to die ;
The sow was there as weel as he :
“Umph ! Umph !” quo’ she, “he’s no for me,”
And turn’d her tail to Geordie.
The sow’s tail is till him yet, etc.

It's Geordie he gat up to pray,
 She mumpit round and ran away :
 "Umph ! Umph !" quo' she, "he's done for
 aye,"
 And turn'd her tail to Geordie.
 The sow's tail is till him yet, etc.

THE REBELLIOUS CREW.

This is a general satire levelled at the politics of the Whigs, and a particular one, in so far as it applies to the princes whom they supported on the throne. It was copied by the Ettrick Shepherd from a broadside in the collection of Sir Walter Scott.

YE Whigs are a rebellious crew,
 The plague of this poor nation ;
 Ye give not God nor Cæsar due ;
 Ye smell of reprobation.
 Ye are a stubborn perverse pack,
 Conceiv'd and nurs'd by treason ;
 Your practices are foul and black,
 Your principles 'gainst reason.

Your Hogan Mogan* foreign things,
 God gave them in displeasure ;

* Cant terms for the Dutch words *Hoghen Mogedige*, signifying high and mighty—a phrase applied to the senate by the stadtholder, in his formal addresses to that body.

Ye brought them o'er, and call'd them kings ;
They've drain'd our blood and treasure.
Can ye compare your king to mine,
Your Geordie and your Willie ?
Comparisons are odious,
A toadstool to a lily.

Our Darien can witness bear,
And so can our Glenco, sir ;
Our South Sea it can make appear,
What to your kings we owe, sir.
We have been murder'd, starv'd, and robb'd,
By those your kings and knav'ry,
And all our treasure is stock-jobb'd,
While we groan under slav'ry.

Did e'er the rightful Stuart's race
(Declare it, if you can, sir),
Reduce you to so bad a case ?
Hold up your face, and answer.
Did he whom ye expell'd the throne,
Your islands e'er harass so,
As these whom ye have plac'd thereon,
Your Brunswick and your Nassau ?

By strangers we are robb'd and shamm'd,
This you must plainly grant, sir,
Whose coffers with our wealth are cramm'd,
While we must starve for want, sir.
Can ye compare your kings to mine,
Your Geordie and your Willie ?
Comparisons are odious,
A bramble to a lily.

Your prince's mother did amiss,*
This ye have ne'er denied, sir,
Or why liv'd she without a kiss,
Confin'd until she died, sir?
Can ye compare your queen to mine?
I know ye're not so silly:
Comparisons are odious,
A dockan to a lily.

Her son is a poor matchless sot,
His own papa ne'er lov'd him;
And Feckie† is an idiot,
As they can swear who prov'd him.
Can ye compare your prince to mine,
A thing so dull and silly?
Comparisons are odious,
A mushroom to a lily.

* George I., while electoral prince, married his cousin Dorothea, only child of the Duke of Zell. She was very beautiful, but her husband treated her with neglect, and had several mistresses. This usage seems to have disposed her to retaliate, by indulging in a little external gallantry. The celebrated Swedish Count Koningsmark being at that period at Hanover, became the unfortunate object of her coquetry. and, although no criminal intercourse is said to have really existed between them, he was privately assassinated, and Dorothea suffered imprisonment during the remainder of her life. When George II. first visited Hanover, he ordered some alterations in the palace, and while repairing the dressing-room which belonged to his mother, the Princess Dorothea, the body of Koningsmark was discovered under the pavement, where he is supposed to have been strangled and buried.

† Frederick, Prince of Wales, father of George III.

PRINCE FEDE.

The preceding song endeavours to show the bad terms on which the various members of the Hanoverian family lived among each other. The following epitaph on "Prince Fede," called "Feckie," and "an idiot," by the writer of the "Rebellous Crew," was written at the time of his death, and circulated among the Jacobites in manuscript.

HERE lies Prince Fede,
Gone down among the dead,
Had it been his father
We had much rather;
Had it been his mother,
Better than any other;
Had it been his sister,
None would have missed her,
Had it been the whole generation,
Ten times better for the nation,
But since 'tis only Fred,
There's no more to be said.

THE CUCKOO.

This song is evidently Jacobite, though the Ettrick Shepherd says it is not easy to discover where the similarity existed between the Chevalier and the cuckoo. But the cuckoo is the harbinger of spring and summer; and the Jacobites, in the "winter of their discontent," may well have prayed for the return of the bonnie bird, and the fine weather that would accompany it.

THE cuckoo's a bonny bird, when he comes home,
The cuckoo's a bonny bird, when he comes home,

He'll fley away the wild birds that hank about the
throne,

My bonny cuckoo, when he comes home.

The cuckoo's the bonny bird, and he'll hae the day ;

The cuckoo's the royal bird, whatever they may say ;

Wi' the whistle o' his mou', and the blink o' his e'e,

He'll scare a' the unco birds away frae me.

The cuckoo's a bonny bird, when he comes home,

The cuckoo's a bonny bird, when he comes home,

He'll fley away the wild birds that hank about the
throne,

My bonny cuckoo, when he comes home.

The cuckoo's a bonny bird, but far frae his hame ;

I ken him by the feathers that grow upon his kame ;

And round that double kame yet a crown I hope to
see,

For my bonny cuckoo he is dear to me.

JAMIE THE ROVER.

It would appear from this song that the Chevalier's birth-day had been celebrated by the Northern Jacobites at Auchindown, 10th June 1714 ; and that, during the festival, they swore fealty to the house of Stuart. Auchindown, noticed in so many Jacobite songs, from the "*Haughs o' Cromdale*," downwards, is now a ruin. It was not properly a "town," but a romantic castle situated in the wilds of Glen Fiddich, in Banffshire.

OF all the days that's in the year,
The tenth of June I love most dear,

When our white roses will appear,
For sake of Jamie the Rover.
In tartans braw our lads are drest,
With roses glancing on their breast ;
For among them a' we love him best,
Young Jamie they call the Rover.

As I came in by Auchindown,
The drums did beat, and trumpets sound,
And aye the burden o' the tune
Was, Up wi' Jamie the Rover !
There's some wha say he's no the thing,
And some wha say he's no our king ;
But to their teeth we'll rant and sing,
Success to Jamie the Rover !

In London there's a huge black bull,
That would devour us at his will ;
We'll twist his horns out of his skull,
And drive the old rogue to Hanover.
And hey as he'll rout, and hey as he'll roar,
And hey as he'll gloom, as heretofore !
But we'll repay our auld black score,
When we get Jamie the Rover.

O wae's my heart for Nature's change,
And ane abroad that's forc'd to range !
God bless the lad, where'er he remains,
And send him safely over !
It's J. and S., I must confess,
Stands for his name that I do bless :
O may he soon his own possess,
Young Jamie they call the Rover !

JAMIE THE ROVER—(*Second version*).

From Peter Buchan's MS. Collection of the Songs and Ballads of the North of Scotland.

OF all the days that's in the year,
The tenth of June I love most dear,
With roses so white, I'll take my delight,
Along wi' Jamie the Rover.

If good luck and fortune wad once favour me,
Again to the abbey I fain wad be,
And there I'd remain to the day that I dee,
Along wi' Jamie the Rover.

With the soft down of feathers I'd make him a bed,
With the soft down of eider I'd pillow his head,
With the music so sweet I'll lull him asleep,
And watch all the night o'er my Rover.

For it's all in green tartan my love shall be drest,
With the bonnie trews all around his dear waist,
And he shall be counted as one of the best
To fight for Jamie the Rover.

Jamie is black, but Geordie is brown,
And Jamie's the rightful heir to the crown,
But Geordie is an ill favor'd loon,
Compared wi' Jamie the Rover.

THE AULD STUARTS BACK AGAIN.

The towns of Ayr, Troon, and Kilmarnock, and other towns in the west, were very active in raising men in defence of the Protestant succession at the Rebellion of 1715. This song seems to have been written in splenetic anger at their zeal on the occasion by a Jacobite. The latter part of the song refers to the famous hunting in the forest of Brae-Mar, contrived by the Earl of Mar as a pretence for bringing the nobles both of the South and the North together, to concert measures for the rising which immediately afterwards took place.

THE auld Stuarts back again,
The auld Stuarts back again ;
Let howlet Whigs do what they can,
The Stuarts will be back again.
Wha cares for a' their creeshy duds,
And a' Kilmarnock sowen suds ?
We'll whack their hydes and fyle their fuds,
And bring the Stuarts back again.

There's Ayr and Irvine, wi' the rest,
And a' the cronies i' the west,
Lord ! sic a scaw'd and scabbit nest,
How they'll set up their crack again !
But wad they come, or dare they come,
Afore the bagpipe and the drum,
We'll either gar them a' sing dumb,
Or "Auld Stuarts back again."

Give ear unto my loyal sang,
A' ye that ken the right frae rang,

And a' that look and think it lang
 For auld Stuarts back again.
 Were ye wi' me to chace the rae,
 Out owre the hills and far away,
 And saw the Lords were there that day,
 To bring the Stuarts back again.

There ye might see the noble Mar,
 Wi' Athol, Huntly, and Traquair,
 Seaforth, Kilsyth, and Auldubair,
 And mony mae, whatreck, again.
 Then what are a' their westland crews?
 We'll gar the tailors tack again :
 Can they forestand the tartan trews,
 And auld Stuarts back again ?

AT AUCHINDOWN.

This is commemorative of the festival held at Auchindown, on the Chevalier de St. George's birth-day, 10th June 1714. It is usually sung to the tune of *Cauld Kail in Aberdeen*.

At Auchindown, the tenth of June,
 Sae merry, blythe, and gay, sir,
 Each lad and lass did fill a glass,
 And drink a health that day, sir.
 We drank a health, and no by stealth,
 'Mang kimmers bright and lordly :
 " King James the Eighth ! for him we'll fight,
 And down wi' cuckold Geordie ! "

We took a spring, and dane'd a fling,
 A wow but we were vogie !

We didna fear, though we lay near
The Campbells, in Stra'bogie :
Nor yet the loons, the black dragoons,
At Fochabers a-raising :
If they durst come, we'd pack them home,
And send them to their grazing.

We fear'd no harm, and no alarm,
No word was spoke of dangers ;
We join'd the dance, and kissed the lance,
And swore us foes to strangers,
To ilka name that dar'd disclaim,
Our Jamie and his Charlie.
" King James the Eighth ! for him we'll fight,
And down the cuckold carlie !"

LOCHMABEN GATE.

This song is commemorative of Southland Jacobitism, and refers to a celebrated meeting of the Border partizans of the house of Stuart, which took place at Lochmaben in Dumfriesshire, on 29th May 1714, to ascertain their strength, and to concert measures in aid of the insurrection which was then in contemplation by the Earl of Mar and others in the north, and which took place the following year. The meeting was held under the pretence of horse-racing ; but the parties were at no pains to disguise the real object of it. Two plates, which were the prizes to be run for, had peculiar devices. The one had a woman with balances in her hand, the emblem of Justice, and over the head was "*Justitia*," and at a little distance, "*Suum cuique*." The other had several men in a tumbling posture, and one eminent person erected above the rest, with this inscription from Scripture, Ezekiel xxi. 27.

I will overturn, overturn, overturn it ; and it shall be no more, until he come whose right it is, and I will give it him." After the race, the leaders, and many more of the Jacobite gentry, such as the Maxwells of Tinwald, Johnston of Wamphray, Carruthers of Ramerscales, the Master of Burleigh, went to the cross, and in presence of hundreds, with drums beating and colours flying, drank their King's health upon their knees.

As I came by Lochmaben gate,
It's there I saw the Johnstons riding ;
Away they go, and they fear'd no foe,
With their drums a-beating, colours flying.
All the lads of Annandale
Came there, their gallant chief to follow ;
Brave Burleigh, Ford, and Ramerscale,
With Winton and the gallant Rollo.

I asked a man what meant the fray ?
" Good sir," said he, " you seem a stranger :
This is the twenty-ninth of May ;
Far better had you shun the danger.
These are rebels to the throne,
Reason have we all to know it ;
Popish knaves and dogs each one,
Pray pass on, or you shall rue it."

I look'd the traitor in the face,
Drew out my brand and ettled at him :
" Deil send a' the whiggish race
Downward to the dad that gat 'em !"
Right sair he gloom'd, but naething said,
While my heart was like to scunner,
Cowards are they born and bred,
Ilka whinging, praying sinner.

My bonnet on my sword I bare,
And fast I spurr'd by knight and lady,
And thrice I wav'd it in the air,
Where a' our lads stood rank'd and ready.
"Long live King James!" aloud I cried,
"Our nation's king, our nation's glory!"
"Long live King James!" they all replied,
"Welcome, welcome, gallant Tory!"

There I shook hands wi' lord and knight,
And mony a braw and buskin'd lady:
But lang I'll mind Lochmaben gate,
And a' our lads for battle ready.
And when I gang by Locher Brigs,
And o'er the moor, at een or morrow,
I'll lend a curse unto the Whigs,
That wrought us a' this dool and sorrow.

OVER THE SEAS AND FAR AWA.

There are many Scottish songs with this title; all of which appear to have been modelled upon that older composition, "Over the hills and far awa." The air being exceedingly flowing, and always a favourite, it was, at an early period of the Jacobite struggle, pressed into the cause,—the substitution of the word "seas" for "hills" being of itself sufficient to mark its purpose.

WHEN we think on the days of auld,
When our Scots lads were true as bauld,
O weel may we weep for our foul fa',
And grieve for the lad that's far awa!

Over the seas and far awa,
Over the seas and far awa,
O weel may we maen for the day that's gane,
And the lad that's banish'd far awa.

Some traitor lords, for love o' gain,
They drove our true king owre the main,
In spite o' right, and rule, and law,
And the friends o' him that's far awa.
Over the seas and far awa, etc.

A bloody rook frae Brunswick flew,
And gather'd devil's birds eneuch ;
Wi' kingmen's blude they gorge their maw' !
O dule to the louns sent Jamie awa !
Over the seas and far awa, etc.

And cruel England, leal men's dread
Doth hunt and cry for Scottish blude
To hack, and head, and hang, and draw,
And a' for the lad that's far awa.
Over the seas and far awa, etc.

There's a reade in heaven, I read it true,
There's vengeance for us on a' that crew,
There's blude for blude to ane and a'
That sent our bonnie lad far awa.
Over the seas and far awa,
Over the seas and far awa,
He'll soon be here that I loe dear,
And he's welcome hame frae far awa !

WEEL MAY WE A' BE

At the time when this song was written, Charles XII. of Sweden was making preparations to assist James to recover the throne of Britain. Hence the compliment to the Royal Swede, in the penultimate stanza. The air to which the song is sung is "Hey, tuttie taitie."

WEEL may we a' be,
Ill may we never see,
Here's to the king,
And this good company !
Fill fill your bumper high,
We'll drain our barrels dry ;
Out upon them, fie ! fie !
That winna do't again.

Here's to the king, boys !
Ye ken wha I mean, boys !
And every honest man, boys,
That will do't again !
Fill fill your bumper high, etc.

Here's to a' the chieftains
Of the gallant Scottish clans,
They hae done it mair than ance,
And they'll do't again.
Fill fill your bumper high, etc.

When the pipes begin to strum
Tuttie tattie to the drum,
Out claymore, and down the gun,
And to the knaves again.
Fill fill your bumper high, etc.

Here's to the royal Swede,
 Fresh laurels crown his head !
 Shame fa' every sneaking blade
 That winna do't again !
 Fill fill your bumper high, etc.

But to make a' things right now,
 He that drinks maun fight too,
 To show his heart's upright too,
 And that he'll do't again.
 Fill fill your bumper high, etc.

PETTICOATS LOOSE.

A satire on the immoralities of the Court of George I. Madame Schulemberg, Duchess of Kendal, and Madame Kilmansegge, Countess of Platen, are referred to under the appellations of *Kenny* and *Killy*. By *Feddy* and *Robin*, are meant Frederick Prince of Wales, and Sir Robert Walpole.

It's Hanover, Hanover, fast as you can over,
 Hey gudeman, away gudeman ;
 It's Hanover, Hanover, fast as you can over,
 Bide na here till day gudeman.
 For there is a harper down i' the north,
 Has play'd a spring on the banks o' Forth,
 And aye the owre-word o' the tune
 Is, Awa', gudeman, awa', gudeman.
 It's Hanover, Hanover, etc.

It's Feddy maun strap, and Robin maun string,
 And Killy may wince, and fidge, and fling,

For Kenny has loos'd her petticoat string,
Gae tie't again, gae tie't again.
It's Hanover, Hanover, etc.

O Kenny my kitten, come draw your mitten,
And dinna be lang, and dinna be lang ;
For petticoat's loose, and barrie is slitten,
And a's gane wrang, and a's gane wrang.
It's Hanover, Hanover, etc.

O WHAT'S THE MATTER WI' THE WHIGS ?

This song seems to have been written on the accession of the Whigs to power in the beginning of the reign of George I. The story of the indiscretion of his Queen, the Princess Dorothea of Zell, with regard to Count Koningsmark, owed its currency rather to the jealousy of the King than to any real guilt on the part of the Princess. The ground of George's suspicions, and the revenge he took, are related by Horace Walpole :—" Dorothea was the only child of the Duke of Zell, and cousin to George I., who married her from convenience, and with a view to reunite the dominions of the family. Though she was very handsome, the Prince, who was extremely amorous, had several mistresses; which provocation, and his absence in the army of the confederates, probably disposed the Princess to indulge some degree of coquetry. At that moment arrived at Hanover the famous and beautiful Count Koningsmark, the charms of whose person ought not to have obliterated the memory of his vile assassination of Mr. Thynne. His vanity, the beauty of the electoral Princess, and the neglect under which he found her, encouraged his presumption to make his addresses to her, not covertly; and she, though believed not to have transgressed her duty, did receive them too indiscreetly. The

old Elector flamed at the insolence of so stigmatised a pretender, and ordered him to quit his dominions at a day's warning. The Princess, surrounded by women too closely connected with her husband, and consequently enemies to the lady they injured, was persuaded by them to suffer the Count to kiss her hand before his abrupt departure; and he was actually introduced by them into her bed-chamber the next morning before she rose. From that moment he disappeared; nor was it known what became of him, till on the death of George I., when his son, the new king, went over to Hanover, and some alterations on the Palace being ordered by him, the body of Koningsmark was discovered under the floor of the electoral Princess's dressing-room. It is probable that the Count was strangled, and his body secreted there the instant he left her. The Princess was never after admitted even to the nominal honours of her rank, being thenceforward always styled Duchess of Halle."

O WHAT'S the matter wi' the Whigs ?

I think they're all gone mad, sir ;

By dancing one-and-forty jigs,

Our dancing may be bad, sir.

The revolution principles

Have set their head in bees, then ;

They've fallen out among themselves !

Shame fa' the first that grees them !

Did ye not swear, in Anna's reign,

And vow, too, and protest, sir,

If Hanover were once come o'er,

Then we should all be blest, sir ?

Since you got leave to rule the roast,

Impeachments throve a while, sir ?

Our lords must steer to other coasts,
Our lairds may leave the isle, sir.

Now Britain may rejoice and sing,
'Tis now a happy nation,
And governed by a German thing,
Our sovereign by creation.

And whensoe'er this sovereign fails,
And pops into the dark, sir,
O then we have a prince of Wales,
The brat of Koningsmark, sir.

Our king he has a cuckold's luck,
His praises we will sing, sir.
For from a petty German duke,
He's now become a king, sir.

He was brought o'er to rule the greese,
But, faith, the truth I'll tell, sir ;
When he takes on his good dame's gees,
He canna rule himsel', sir.

And was there ever such a king
As our brave German prince, sir ?
Our wealth supplies him every thing,
Save that he wants—good sense, sir.

Whilst foreigners traverse our isle,
And drag our peers to slaughter,
This makes our gracious king to smile,
Our prince burst out in laughter.

Our jails with British subjects cramm'd,
Our scaffolds reek with blood, sir ;

And all but Whigs and Dutch are damn'd
By the fanatic crowd, sir.

Come, let us sing our monarch's praise,
And drink his health in wine, sir ;
For now we have braw happy days,
Like those of forty-nine, sir.

THE CHEVALIER'S MUSTER ROLL.

On the accession of George I., in 1714, the dismissal of the Tory ministry, and the rancour with which its members were prosecuted, greatly increased the number of the disaffected. The Earl of Mar, who had held the office of Secretary of State during the late administration, finding himself neglected by the government, threw himself into the arms of the Jacobites, and being a man of talent and experience, he soon became their leader. On his arrival at his seat in Kildrummy in Aberdeenshire, in August 1715, a number of the noblemen and gentlemen of that party repaired thither, among whom were the Marquises of Huntly and Tullibardine ; the Earls of Marishall, Nithsdale, Traquair, Errol, Southesk, Carnwath, Seaforth, and Linlithgow ; the Viscounts Kilsyth, Kenmure, Kingston, and Stormont ; the Lords Rollo, Duffus, and Drummond ; and many gentlemen of great interest, whose names are enumerated in the poem. They there resolved on setting up the Chevalier's standard, and to support his claims to the crown, with all their vassals ; accordingly, early in September, they proclaimed him in all the principal towns between Perth and Inverness, establishing their head-quarters at the former place.

LITTLE wat ye wha's coming,
Little wat ye wha's coming,

Little wat ye wha's coming,
Jock an' Tam an' a's coming.

Duncan's coming, Donald's coming,
Colin's coming, Ronald's coming.
Dougal's coming, Lauchlan's coming,
Alaster and a's coming.

Little wat ye wha's coming,
Jock an' Tam an' a's coming.

Borland and his men's coming,
Cameron and M'Lean's coming,
Gordon and M'Gregor's coming,
Ilka dunywastle's* coming,
Little wat ye wha's coming,
M'Gillivray and a's coming.

Wigton's coming, Nithsdale's coming,
Carnwarth's coming, Kenmure's coming,
Derwentwater† and Forster's‡ coming,
Widdrington§ and Nairn's|| coming,
Little wat ye wha's coming,
Blithe Cowhill¶ and a's coming.

* *Dhuin vailse*, i. e., Highland lairds or gentlemen.

† Earl Derwentwater, a nobleman universally esteemed. He was taken prisoner at Preston, tried, and beheaded on Tower-hill, along with Viscount Kenmure.

‡ Thomas Forster junior, of Etherston, Member of Parliament for Northumberland, was commander of the rebel English army. He was taken prisoner at Preston, but made his escape to the continent.

§ The Earl of Widdrington.

|| The Lord Nairn, brother to the Duke of Athole. He was also taken prisoner at Preston, tried, and condemned, but afterwards liberated by virtue of the Act of Indemnity in 1717.

¶ A gentleman of Dumfriesshire.

The Laird of M'Intosh is coming,
M'Crabie an' M'Donald's coming,
M'Kenzie and M'Pherson's coming,
And the wild M'Craw's coming.
 Little wat ye wha's coming,
 Donald Gun and a's coming.

They gloom, they glour, they look sae big,
At ilka stroke they'll fell a Whig :
They'll fright the fuds o' the Pockpuds,*
For mony a buttock bare's coming.
 Little wat ye wha's coming,
 Jock and Tam an' a's coming.

THE BATTLE OF SHERIFFMUIR.

When it was known in London that the Earl of Mar had erected the standard of rebellion, government instantly dispatched the Duke of Argyle to Scotland, as commander-in-chief, to draw the military force of the kingdom together, and to take other measures to counteract the efforts of the disaffected. This was no easy task, however; for many of the nobility and gentry had already joined Mar, or secretly abetted him, and the muster of the clans by this time amounted to several thousand men; while, on the other hand, the whole of the regular military did not exceed 1500 horse and foot. The Duke's personal interests in this case were perhaps the saving of the existing government. The clans were, for the most part, his mortal enemies, and he knew that if Mar's enterprise succeeded, it would be the ruin of the House of

* A name of derision given to the English, from their supposed attachment to pudding.

Argyle. He was therefore prompted to make every effort to meet so pressing an emergency, and, accordingly, soon increased the national force to 3500 men, which he concentrated at Stirling. The Duke was a man of undaunted courage and resolution, and when he understood that Mar was on his march to penetrate into the south, he quitted Stirling, and led his small army northwards to attack him. On the 12th of November, Argyle encamped at Dumblain. The rebels approached that night within two miles of him. Both armies drew up in order of battle, and remained under arms till day-break. In the morning, after mutually reconnoitring each other's position, the action began. The Duke placed himself on the right, at the head of the cavalry; General Whitham commanded the left; and Major-General Wightman the centre. The Earl of Mar led on the clans under the Captain of Clan-Ronald, Glengarry, Sir John M'Lean, and Campbell of Glenlyon, who made such a furious charge on the left wing of the royal army, "that in seven or eight minutes," says an account of the engagement, published shortly after at Perth, under the authority of the Earl of Mar, "we could neither perceive the form of a battalion or squadron of the enemy before us." The Highlanders on the left were not so successful. The Duke of Argyle charged them with such vigour at the head of the cavalry, that they were obliged to retire, which they did in the greatest order, rallying ten times in the space of two miles. Having, however, succeeded in pushing them across the water of Allan, he returned to the field, where, being joined by General Wightman with three battalions of foot, he took possession of some mud-walls and inclosures to cover himself from the threatened attack of the enemy's right wing, which, on hearing of the defeat of their left, stopped the pursuit, and came up to its support; but either through jealousy that the left had not done its duty, or awed by the imposing front which Argyle's troops presented, the Highlanders did not renew the action. Both armies fronted each other till the evening, when the Duke retired to Dumblain, and the Earl of Mar to Ardoch. The carnage on both sides was nearly equal; about eight hundred of the rebels were

killed and wounded, while the loss of the royal army was upwards of six hundred. The victory was claimed by both parties, from the circumstance of the right wing of each army being victorious; but all the advantages remained with the Duke of Argyle, who not only returned to the field next day and carried off the wounded to Stirling, but by this action arrested the progress of the enemy to the southward, and destroyed their hopes of success by the delay which it occasioned.

This ballad, the authorship of which is ascribed by Burns to the Rev. Murdoch M'Lellan, minister of Crathie, on Deeside, accords so well with the facts which were afterwards reported by the respective parties, that if it had no other merit, it would be valuable for its truth. According to the authority of the Ettrick Shepherd, the tune to which it is most commonly and appropriately sung is very old. "It was played," says he, "at the taking away of every bride for centuries before that period, and was called *She's yours, she's yours, she's nae mair ours.*" It also got the name of *John Paterson's Mare*, from a song that was made on a wedding broose, or horse-race for the bride's napkin; and this is the name by which it is most commonly known at the present day.

THERE'S some say that we wan,
Some say that they wan,
And some say that nane wan at a', man;
But one thing I'm sure,
That at Sherramuir,
A battle there was, that I saw, man:
And we ran, and they ran,
And they ran, and we ran,
And we ran, and they ran awa', man.

Argyle and Belhaven,
Not frightened like Leven,
Which Rothes and Haddington saw, man;

For they all, with Wightman,
Advanc'd on the right, man,
While others took flight, being raw, man :
And we ran, and they ran, etc.

Lord Roxburgh was there,
In order to share
With Douglas, who stood not in awe, man ;
Volunteerly to ramble
With Lord Loudoun Campbell,
Brave Ilay did suffer for a', man :
And we ran, and they ran, etc.

Sir John Schaw, that great knight,
With broadsword most bright,
On horseback he briskly did charge, man ;
A hero that's kold,
None could him withhold,
He stoutly encountered the targemen :
And we ran, and they ran, etc.

For the cowardly Whittam,
For fear they should cut him,
Seeing glittering broadswords with a pa', man,
And that in such thrang,
Made Baird aide-de-camp,
And from the brave clans ran awa, man :
And we ran, and they ran, etc.

The great Colonel Dow
Gade foremost, I trow,
When Whittam's dragoons ran awa, man :

Except Sandy Baird,
And Naughtan the laird,
Their horse shaw'd their heels to them a', man :
And we ran, and they ran, etc.

Brave Mar and Panmure
Were firm, I am sure,
The latter was kidnapt awa, man,
With brisk men about,
Brave Harry retook
His brother, and laugh'd at them a', man :
And we ran, and they ran, etc.

Brave Marshall and Lithgow,
And Glengarry's pith too,
Assisted by brave Loggia, man,
And Gordons the bright,
So boldly did fight,
That the red-coats took flight and awa', man :
And we ran, and they ran, etc.

Strathmore and Clanronald,
Cry'd still, "Advance, Donald,"
Till both of these heroes did fa', man ;
For there was such hashing,
And broadswords a clashing,
Brave Forfar himself got a claw, man :
And we ran, and they ran, etc.

Lord Perth stood the storm,
Seaforth but lukewarm,
Kilsyth and Strathallan not slaw, man ;

And Hamilton pled,
The men were not bred,
For he had no fancy to fa', man :
And we ran, and they ran, etc.

Brave gen'rous Southesk,
Tullibardine was brisk,
Whose father, indeed, would not draw, man,
Into the same yoke,
Which serv'd for a cloak,
To keep the estate 'twixt them twa, man :
And we ran, and they ran, etc.

Lord Rollo not fear'd,
Kintore and his beard,
Pitsligo and Ogilvie, a', man,
And brothers Balfours,
They stood the first show'rs,
Clackmannan and Burleigh did claw, man :
And we ran, and they ran, etc.

But Cleppan fought pretty,
And Strowan the witty,
A poet that pleases us a', man ;
For mine is but rhyme,
In respect of what's fine,
Or what he is able to draw, man :
And we ran, and they ran, etc.

For Huntly and Sinclair,
They both play'd the tinkler,
With consciences black as a crow, man ;

Some Angus and Fifemen,
They ran for their life, man,
And ne'er a Lot's wife there at a', man :
And we ran, and they ran, etc.

Then Laurie the traitor,
Who betray'd his master,
His king and his country, and a', man,
Pretending Mar might,
Give orders to fight,
To the right of the army awa', man :
And we ran, and they ran, etc.

Then Laurie for fear,
Of what he might hear,
Took Drummond's best horse and awa', man,
'Stead of going to Perth,
He crossed the Firth,
Alongst Stirling bridge, and awa', man :
And we ran, and they ran, etc.

To London he press'd,
And there he profess'd,
That he behav'd best of them a', man :
And so, without strife,
Got settled for life,
An hundred a-year to his fa', man :
And we ran, and they ran, etc.

In Borrowstounness
He resides with disgrace,
Till his neck stand in need of a thraw, man,

And then, in a tether,
He'll swing from a ladder,
And go off the stage with a pa', man :
And we ran, and they ran, etc.

Rob Roy there stood watch
On a hill, for to catch
The booty, for aught that I saw, man,
For he ne'er advanc'd,
From the place he was stanc'd,
Till no more was to do there at a', man :
And we ran, and they ran, etc.

So we all took the flight,
And Moubray the wright,
And Lethem the smith was a bra' man,
For he took a fit,
Of the gout, which was wit,
By judging it time to withdraw, man :
And we ran, and they ran, etc.

And trumpet M'Lean,
Whose breeks were not clean,
Thro' misfortune he happen'd to fa', man,
By saving his neck,
His trumpet did break,
And came off without musick at a', man :
And we ran, and they ran, etc.

So there such a race was,
As ne'er in that place was,
And as little chase was at a', man ;

From each other they run
Without touk of drum,
They did not make use of a paw, man :
And we ran, and they ran, etc.

Whether we ran, or they ran,
Or we wan, or they wan,
Or if there was winning at a', man,
There no man can tell,
Save our brave Genarell,
Who first began running of a', man,
And we ran, and they ran, etc.

Wi' the Earl o' Seaforth,
And the Cock o' the North ; *
But Florence ran fastest of a', man,
Save the laird o' Phinaven,
Who sware to be even
Wi' any general or peer o' them a', man,
And we ran, and they ran, etc.

SHERIFFMUIR. *Second Version.*

W. O CAM ye here the fight to shun,
Or herd the sheep wi' me, man ?
Or were ye at the Sherramuir,
Or did the battle see man ?
T. I saw the battle sair and teugh,
And reeking red ran mony a sheugh :
My heart for fear ga'e sough for sough,

* The Duke of Gordon.

To hear the thuds, and see the cluds
O' clans frae woods, in tartan duds,
Wha glaum'd at kingdoms three, man.

The redcoat lads, wi' black cockades,
To meet them warna slaw, man ;
They rush'd, and push'd, and blood out gush'd,
And mony a bouk did fa', man.
The great Argyle led on his files,
I wat they glanc'd for twenty miles ;
They hough'd the clans like ninepin kyles,
They hack'd and hash'd, while braid swords clash'd,
And through they dash'd, and hew'd, and smash'd,
Till fey men died awa, man.

But had ye seen the philabegs,
And skyrin tartan trews, man,
When in the teeth they dar'd our Whigs,
And covenant true blues, man ;
In lines extended lang and large,
When baigonets o'erpower'd the targe,
And thousands hasten'd to the charge ;
Wi' Highland wrath, they frae the sheath
Drew blades o' death, till, out o' breath,
They fled like frightened dows, man.

W. O how deil, Tam, can that be true ?
The chance gaed frae the north, man ;
I saw mysell, they did pursue
The horseman back to Forth, man,
And at Dumblane, in my ain sight,
They took the brig wi' a' their might,
And straight to Stirling wing'd their flight ;

But, curs'd lot ! the gates were shut,
And mony a huntit, poor redcoat,
For fear amais't did swarf, man.

T. My sister Kate cam up the gate
Wi' crowdie unto me, man ;
She swore she saw some rebels' run
To Perth and to Dundee, man.
Their left hand gen'ral had nae skill,
The Angus lads had nae gude will,
That day their neighbours' blude to spill ;
For fear by foes that they should lose
Their cogues o' brose, they scar'd at blows,
And hameward fast did flee, man.

They've lost some gallant gentlemen
Amang the Highland clans, man :
I fear my Lord Panmure is slain,
Or in his en'mies' hands, man.
Now wad ye sing this double flight,
Some fell for wrang, and some for right,
And mony bade the warld gude-night,
Say pell and mell, wi' muskets knell,
How Tories fell, and Whigs to hell
Flew aff in frighted bands, man.

BOGIE SIDE ; OR, HUNTLY'S RAIDE.

This song contains many bitter personalities against the Gordons, and is an inveterate party production. It was probably written by one of the Grants, who were always envious and jealous of their more potent neighbours, the Gordons. It

meanly violates the truth with respect to the latter; for, though the Marquis of Huntly was on the left wing at the head of a body of horse, and among the gentlemen that fled, yet two battalions of Gordon's vassals behaved as well as any upon the field, and were particularly instrumental in breaking the Whig cavalry and driving them back among the foot.

FROM Bogie side to Bog o' Gight,
The Gordons did conveen, man,
For battle fight, wi' a' their might,
Wi' courage stout and keen, man ;
To set their king upon the throne,
And to protect the church, man :
But, fie for shame ! they soon turn'd hame,
And left him in the lurch, man.
And wow as the marquis rade,
And wow as he ran :
And hey as the marquis rade,
A-coming frae Dumblane !

The marquis' horse were first set on,
Glen-Bucket's men to back them,
Who swore that great feats they would do,
If rebels durst attack them.
Wi' great huzzas to Huntly's praise
They mov'd Dunfermline green, man ;
But fifty Grants, and deil ane mae,
Turn'd a' their beets to sheen, man.*
And wow, etc.

Out cam the knight o' Gordonston,
Forth stepping on the green, man :

* This stanza seems to refer to an engagement that took place at Dollar, a fortnight before the battle of Sheriffmuir.

He had a whisp in ilka hand,
To dight the marquis clean, man ;
For the marquis he befyl'd himsel,
The Enzie was na clean, man ;
And wow as the marquis rade,
A-coming frae Dumblane, man !
And wow, etc.

Their chief he is a man of fame,
And doughty deeds has wrought, man,
Which future ages still shall name,
And tell how well he fought, man :
For when the battle was begun,
Immediately his Grace, man,
Put spurs to Florence,* and so ran,
By a' he wan the race, man.
And wow, etc.

When they went into Sherramuir,
Wi' courage stout and keen, man,
Wha wad hae thought the Gordons gay
That day wad quat the green, man ?
Auchluncart and Auchanochie,
Wi' a' the Gordon tribe, man,
Like their great marquis, they could not
The smell o' powder bide, man.
And wow, etc.

Glen-Bucket cried, "Curse on you a'!"
For Gordons do nae gude, man ;
The first o' them that ran awa,
Was o' the Seton blood, man.

* The name of a celebrated horse belonging to the Marquis of Huntly.

Glassturam swore it wasna sae,
And that he'd make appear, man;
For he a Seton stood that day,
When Gordons ran for fear, man.
And wow, etc.

Sir James of Park he left his horse
In the middle of a wall, man,
And wadna stay to take him out,
For fear a knight should fall, man.
Magon he let the reird gae out,
Which shows a panic fear, man;
Till Craigiehead swore he was shot,
And curs'd the chance o' weir, man.
And wow, etc.

Clunie play'd a game at chess,
As well as ony thing, man,
But, like the knavish Gordon race,
Gave check unto the king, man.
He plainly saw, without a queen,
The game would not recover,
So therefore he withdrew his knight,
And join'd the rock Hanover,
And wow, etc.

The master, wi' the bully's face,
And wi' the coward's heart, man,
Wha never fail'd, to his disgrace,
To act a coward's part, man.
He join'd Dunbog, the greatest rogue
In a' the shire o' Fife, man,
Wha was the first the cause to leave,
By counsel o' his wife, man.
And wow, etc.

A member o' the tricking tribe,
An Ogilvie by name, man,
'Counseller was to th' Grumbling Club,
To his eternal shame, man.
Wha wad hae thought, when he went out,
That ever he would fail, man ?
Or like that he wad eat the cow,
And worry on the tail, man ?
And wow, etc.

At Poincle Boat great Frank Stewart,
A valiant hero stood, man,
In acting of a royal part,
'Cause of the royal blood, man :
But when he fand, at Sherramuir,
That battling wadna do it,
He, brother-like, did quit the ground,
But ne'er came back unto it.
And wow, etc.

Brimstone swore it wasna fear
That made him stay behin', man,
But that he had resolv'd that day
To sleep in a hale skin, man.
The gout, he said, made him take bed,
When first the fray began, man ;
But when he heard the marquis fled,
He took to's heels and ran, man,
And wow, etc.

Methven Smith, at Sherramuir,
Made them believe he fought, man,
But weel I wat it wasna sae,
For a' he did was nought, man :

For towards night, when Mar drew off,
Smith was put in the rear, man ;
He curs'd, he swore, he bullied off,
And durstna stay for fear, man.
And wow, etc.

At the first he did appear
A man of good renown, man ;
But lang ere a' the play was play'd,
He prov'd an arrant loon, man.
For Mar against a loyal war,
A letter he did forge, man ;
Against his prince he wrote nonsense,
And swore by German George, man.
And wow, etc.

The Gordons they are kittle flaws,
They fight wi' courage keen, man,
When they meet in Strathbogie's ha's
On Thursday's afterneen, man :
But when the Grants came down Spey side,
The Enzie shook for fear, man,
And a' the lairds ga'e up themsels,
Their horse and riding gear, man.
And wow as the marquis rade,
And wow as he ran,
And hey as the marquis rade,
A-coming from Dunblane ! *

* This stanza obviously refers to the final submission of the Gordons to the Government, which was made through the Grants and the Earl of Sutherland.

UP AND WARN A', WILLIE.

This song is written in a similar political strain to the one immediately preceding. It is difficult to account for the chorus, unless we are to suppose it adopted for the sake of the favourite old tune of "*Up an' waur them a', Willie*," since there was not a Willie of any note in the whole Jacobite army.

UP and warn a', Willie,
Warn, warn a' ;
To hear my canty Highland sang
Relate the thing I saw, Willie.

When we gaed to the braes o' Mar,
And to the weapon-shaw, Willie,
Wi' true design to serve our king,
And banish Whigs awa', Willie.
Up and warn a', Willie,
Warn, warn a' ;
For lords and lairds came there bedeen,
And wow but they were braw, Willie.

But when the standard was set up,
Right fierce the wind did blaw, Willie ;
The royal nit upon the tap
Down to the ground did fa,* Willie.

* This stanza refers to an incident which happened at the great Jacobite meeting, which took place at Brae-Mar, just before the rebellion broke out. The Earl of Mar erected the Chevalier's standard there, on the 6th of September 1715, and proclaimed him King of Scotland, England, France, and Ire-

Up and warn a', Willie,
 Warn, warn a' ;
 Then second sighted Sandy said,
 We'd do nae gude at a', Willie.

But when the army join'd at Perth,*
 The bravest e'er ye saw, Willie,
 We didna doubt the rogues to rout,
 Restore our king an' a', Willie.
 Up and warn a', Willie,
 Warn, warn a' ;
 The pipers play'd frae right to left,
 O whirry Whigs awa', Willie.

land. This standard, supposed to be made by the Earl's lady, was very elegant ; the colour was blue, having on the one side the Scottish arms wrought in gold, and on the other the Scottish thistle, with these words beneath, "*No Union*," and on the top the ancient motto, "*Nemo me impune lacesset*." It had pendants of white ribbon, one of which had these words written upon it—" *For our wronged King and oppressed country*." The other ribbon had—" *For our lives and liberties*." It is reported that when this standard was first erected, the ornamental ball on the top fell off—a circumstance which greatly depressed the spirits of the Highlanders, whose superstitious prejudices led them to regard it as ominous of misfortune to the cause.

* At the setting up of the standard of the Chevalier, the Earl of Mar had not above 500 foot and horse ; yet, in a few days, his army increased to between three and four thousand, and was able by a detachment to take possession of Perth, where he pitched his head-quarters. The Earl of Seaforth, having, in the meantime, secured the important pass of Inverness, Mar found himself in a short time at the head of no contemptible army, and in possession of three parts out of four of the country, and no army near to oppose him.

But when we march'd to Sherramuir,
And there the rebels saw, Willie ;
Brave Argyle attacked our right,
Our flank and front. and a', Willie.
Up and warn a', Willie,
Warn, warn a' ;
Traitor Huntly soon gave way,
Seaforth, St. Clair, and a', Willie.

But brave Glengarry on our right,
The rebels' left did claw, Willie,
He there the greatest slaughter made
That ever Donald saw, Willie.
Up and warn a', Willie,
Warn, warn a' ;
And Whittam fyl'd his breeks for fear,
And fast did rin awa, Willie.

For he ca'd us a Highland mob,
And swore he'd slay us a', Willie ;
But we chas'd him back to Stirling brig,
Dragoons and foot and a', Willie.
Up and warn a', Willie,
Warn, warn a' ;
At length we rallied on a hill,
And briskly up did draw, Willie.

But when Argyle did view our line,
And them in order saw, Willie,
He straight gaed to Dumblane again,
And back his left did draw, Willie.
Up and warn a', Willie,
Warn, warn a' ;

Then we to Auchterarder march'd
To wait a better fa', Willie.

Now if ye speir wha wan the day,
I've tell'd you what I saw, Willie,
We baith did fight, and baith were beat,
And baith did rin awa', Willie.
Up and warn a', Willie,
Warn, warn a' ;
For second sighted Sandy said
We'd do nae good at a', Willie.

O MY KING.

This is the lament of one of the Highland Chieftains who went into exile shortly after the battle of Sheriffmuir. He strongly deprecates the defection of Huntly and Seaforth, who went over to the Brunswick interest, to which Huntly remained firm ; but on the landing of James in the neighbourhood of Aberdeen, Lord Seaforth again espoused his cause, which he never afterwards deserted.

HARD fate, that I should banish'd be,
And rebel call'd with scorn,
For serving of the kindest prince
That ever yet was born.
O my king, God save my king,
Whatever me befall !
I would not be in Huntly's case,
For honours, lands, and all.

My target and my good claymore
Must now lie useless by ;

My plaid and trews I heretofore
Did wear most cheerfully.
O my king, etc.

So cheerfully our king came o'er,
Sent Ecklin to the north ;
But treach'rously he was betray'd
By Huntly and Seaforth.
O my king, etc.

O the broom, the bonny bonny broom,
The broom of the Cowdenknowes !
I wish these lords had staid at hame,
And milked their minnies' ewes,
O my king, etc.

O wretched Huntly, hide thy head !
Thy king and country's gone,
And many a valiant Scot hast thou
By villany undone,
O my king, etc.

Farewell, Old Albion, I must take
A long and last adieu ;
Or bring me back my king again,
Or farewell hope and you.
O my king, etc.

Set our true king upon the throne
Of his ancestors dear,
And send the German cuckold home
To starve with his small gear.
O my king, etc.

Then happy days in peace we'll see,
And joy in every face ;
Confounded all the Whigs shall be,
And honest men in place,
O my king, God save my king,
Whatever me befall !
I would not be in Huntly's case,
For honours, lands, and all.

O KENMURE'S ON AND AWA.

About the time that the Earl of Mar erected the standard of James at Brae-Mar, a simultaneous movement took place, on the part of the disaffected, in the South of Scotland. This song records the rising of Viscount Kenmure and his followers to join the English Jacobites, who had already assembled on the Borders. The Earl of Mar being apprised of this diversion in his favour dispatched Brigadier Mackintosh, with 1500 Highlanders, to join the party in the South. Mackintosh crossed the Firth of Forth, eluding the vigilance of the squadron then lying in the Roads—marched to Edinburgh, in hopes that the capital would surrender at his appearance. Being disappointed in this, he returned to Leith, and fortified himself in the Citadel. The Duke of Argyle, with a few regulars, the militia of Edinburgh, and adjacent counties, attempted to dislodge him. Mackintosh was summoned to surrender, but returned a resolute answer, and convinced the Duke that he must not pretend to attack him without cannon. His Grace retired, intending to return next day, with artillery sufficient to effect his purpose. However, the old Brigadier knew better than to stand a bombardment, and effected a soldier-like retreat to Seaton Palace, the seat of the Earl of Wintoun, where he fortified himself till he received Mar's positive orders to join the rebels in the south. They had advanced as far as

Kelso, when Mackintosh and his party joined them. Here a difference of opinion arose among the English and Scotch; the former were for marching into England, where they said twenty thousand men were ready to join them; and the latter were for marching up in the Duke of Argyle's rear, while Mar attacked him in front; and when they had dispersed his forces, then the whole body was to march into England. This last, though the most rational scheme, was not listened to by the English, and the Scotch were for a long time obstinately resolved to adhere to it; and in the long-run, when they were over-persuaded, above five hundred of them returned home. In the meantime, the rest of the body, in number about three thousand, continued their march southward, till they came to the town of Preston, where they were surrounded by the King's troops; and after making a gallant defence, wherein they had the advantage of the royalists, their chiefs agreed to surrender.

O KENMURE'S on and awa, Willie,
O Kenmure's on and awa;
And Kenmure's lord's the bravest lord
That ever Galloway saw.
Success to Kenmure's band, Willie!
Success to Kenmure's band!
There's no a heart that fears a Whig,
That rides by Kenmure's hand.

His lady's cheek was red, Willie,
His lady's cheek was red,
When she saw his steely jupes put on,
Which smell'd o' deadly feud.
Here Kenmure's health in wine, Willie.
Here's Kenmure's health in wine;
There ne'er was a coward o' Kenmure's blude,
Nor yet o' Gordon's line.

There's a rose in Kenmure's cap, Willie,
There's a rose in Kenmure's cap,
He'll steep it red in ruddie heart's blude,
Afore the battle drap.
Here's him that's far awa, Willie,
Here's him that's far awa,
And here's the flower that I lo'e best,
The rose that's like the snaw.

O Kenmure's lads are men, Willie,
O Kenmure's lads are men,
Their hearts and swords are metal true,
And that their faes shall ken.
They'll live, or die wi' fame, Willie,
They'll live or die wi' fame ;
And soon wi' sound o' victorie
May Kenmure's lord come hame.*

* Lord Kenmure was one of the noblemen who surrendered at Preston. He was afterwards tried in Westminster Hall, where, being advised to plead guilty, he was condemned, and along with the Earl of Derwentwater, executed on Tower-Hill 29th February, 1715. The scaffold was scarcely dry from the blood of that unfortunate Earl, than Lord Kenmure was brought out, accompanied by his son and some friends, and attended by two clergymen of the Church of England, in which communion he professed to die. He made no formal speech, but testified his sorrow for pleading guilty at his trial, acknowledged the Pretender's title to the crown, and wished he might one day ascend the throne of his ancestors. Being assisted to undress by his friends, he kneeled and laid his head on the block, then raised it, gave the executioner some money, and told him he would give no sign, but when he laid down his head again, he might do his office. After remaining a short time in prayer, he resolutely laid down his head, which at two blows was severed from his

WHAT NEWS TO ME, CARLIN ?

The particulars of the escape of Lord Nithsdale from the Tower of London, where he lay condemned to death, are related by his heroic wife ; and are to be found in her own simple and touching language, in the notes to Cromek's Remains of Nithsdale and Galloway Song. The joy of the peasantry on the Nithsdale estates was unbounded, when they heard of his Lordship's escape. This is one of the songs published and sung every where at the time.

“ WHAT news to me, carlin ?

What news to me ? ”

“ What news ! ” quo’ the carlin,

“ The best that God can gie.”

“ Has our true king come hame ?

Or the duke hang’d himsel ?

Or ta’en frae his daddie

The hettest neuk o’ hell ? ”

“ The duke’s hale and fier, carle,

The duke’s hale and fier,

And our ain Lord Nithsdale

Will soon be ’mang us here.”

“ Brush me my coat, carlin,

Brush me my shoon ;

body.—After his execution, a letter was found in his pocket addressed to the Pretender, by the title of King James, declaring that he died for his faithful services to *his Majesty*, but hoped the cause would flourish after his death ; and as he died for his service, he trusted his Majesty would provide for his wife and children.

I'll awa and meet Lord Nithsdale,
When he comes to our town."

"Alake-a-day!" quo' the carlin,
"Alake-the-day!" quo' she,
"He's owre in France, at Jamie's hand,
Wi' only ae pennie."
'We'll sell a' our corn, carlin,
We'll sell a' our bear,
And we'll send to Lord Nithsdale
A' our settle gear.

"Make the piper blaw, carlin,
Make the piper blaw,
And make the lads and lasses baith
Their souple legs shaw.
We'll a' be glad, carlin,
We'll a' be glad,
And play 'The Stuarts back again,'
To put the Whigs mad."

DERWENTWATER'S FAREWELL.

This song was communicated to the Ettrick Shepherd by Robert Surtees, Esq., of Mainsforth, with the following commentary:—"I send you all I can recover of this, just as I had it. As it seems to me that there is an hiatus at the end of the first twelve lines, there certainly needs some connection to bring in 'Then fare thee well, brave Witherington,' etc.—Perhaps the following lines may nearly express the sentiments that would have arisen in unison with the preceding ideas:—

'And who shall deck the hawthorn bower
Where my fond childhood strayed?
And who, when spring shall bid it flower,
Shall sit beneath the shade?

With me the Radcliff's name must end,
And seek the silent tomb,
And many a kinsman, many a friend,
With me must meet their doom.' "

Of the victims who perished in this rash enterprise, none fell more lamented than the young and generous Derwentwater. It is usually supposed that the unfortunate Earl's last request, that of burial with his ancestors, was refused from a fear of exciting some popular movement in the north, and that the body was, in consequence, interred in the churchyard of St. Giles, Holborn. However, either a sham burial took place, or the corpse was afterwards removed; for it was certainly carried secretly by his friends, resting by day and travelling only by night, into Northumberland, and deposited with the remains of his father, in the chapel at Dilston.

"With viewless speed by night they pass,
By day a silent vigil keep;
No priest to chaunt the holy mass,
But Tynedale peasants wake and weep."

A little porch before the farm-house of Whitesmocks is still pointed out as the exact spot where the Earl's corpse rested, thus avoiding the city of Durham. The most extraordinary part is yet untold. Some years ago the coffin which contained the Earl's remains was, from curiosity or accident, broken open; and the body, easily recognized by the suture round the neck, by the appearance of youth, and by the regularity of the features, was discovered in a state of remarkable preservation. The teeth were all perfect, and several of them were drawn by a blacksmith, and sold for half-a-crown a-piece, till the trustees, or their agent, ordered the vault to be closed again. The *aurora borealis*, which appeared remarkably vivid on the night of the unfortunate Earl's execution, is still known in that part of the country by the name of *Lord Derwentwater's Lights*.

FAREWELL to pleasant Ditson Hall,
 My father's ancient seat ;
 A stranger now must call thee his,
 Which gars my heart to greet.
 Farewell each kindly well-known face,
 My heart has held so dear :
 My tenants now must leave their lands,
 Or hold their lives in fear.

No more along the banks of Tyne,
 I'll rove in autumn grey ;
 No more I'll hear, at early dawn,
 The lav'rocks wake the day :
 Then fare thee well, brave Witherington,*
 And Forster ever true.
 Dear Shaftsbury † and Errington,‡
 Receive my last adieu.

* The Widdringtons of Cheeseburn Grange were deeply implicated in the rebellion of 1715. Ralph Widdrington, Esq., was imprisoned and under sentence of death at Liverpool; but he and his servant escaped out of the gaol by means of a rope thrown across the fosse. Mr. Widdrington retired to the Continent; and on his return, though he lived long after 1745, was never molested.

† Mr. Surtees says that Shaftsbury should have been written *Shafto*. The Shaftoes of Bavington forfeited their estate in 1715, which was repurchased from the Crown by their relation, Admiral Delaval, and restored to the family. One of the Shaftoes is buried in the great church at Brussels, with an epitaph expressing his loyalty to James III.

‡ Lancelot Errington, and his nephew Mark, literally unassisted, secured Holy Island Castle, and hoisted the white flag, but receiving no assistance were obliged to escape over the walls, were fired at, wounded (whilst swimming) and taken. They afterwards *burrowed* themselves out of Berwick

And fare thee well, George Collingwood,
Since fate has put us down,
If thou and I have lost our lives,
Our king has lost his crown.
Farewell, farewell, my lady dear,
Ill, ill thou counsell'dst me :
I never more may see the babe
That smiles upon thy knee.

And fare thee well, my bonny grey steed,
That carried me aye so free ;
I wish I had been asleep in my bed,
The last time I mounted thee.
The warning bell now bids me cease ;
My trouble's nearly o'er ;
Yon sun that rises from the sea,
Shall rise on me no more.

Albeit that here in London town
It is my fate to die,
O carry me to Northumberland,
In my father's grave to lie :
There chant my solemn requiem
In Hexham's holy towers,
And let six maids of fair Tynedale
Scatter my grave with flowers.

jail, were concealed nine days in a peat stack near Bam-
borough Castle (then General Forster's seat), reached Gates-
head House, and sailed from Sunderland for France. Both of
them returned to England, and one of them lived long in
Newcastle, but is said to have died of grief at the results of
the year 1746.

And when the head that wears the crown,
Shall be laid low like mine,
Some honest hearts may then lament
For Radcliff's fallen line.
Farewell to pleasant Ditson Hall,
My father's ancient seat ;
A stranger now must call thee his,
Which gars my heart to greet.

THE WHITE COCKADE.

This was always one of the most popular of the Jacobite songs. Perhaps it is indebted for this distinction to the tune, which is a favourite to the present day.

My love was born in Aberdeen,
The bonniest lad that e'er was seen :
But now he's made our hearts fu' sad,
He's taen the field wi' his white cockade.
O he's a ranting roving blade !
O he's a brisk and bonny lad !
Betide what may, my heart is glad
To see my lad wi' his white cockade.

O leeze me on the philabeg,
The hairy hough and garten'd leg !
But aye the thing that blinds my e'e
Is the white cockade aboon the bree.
O he's a ranting roving blade, etc.

I'll sell my rock, I'll sell my reel,
My rippling-kame, and spinning-wheel,

To buy mysel' a tartan plaid,
A braid sword, durk, and white cockade.
O he's a ranting roving blade, etc.

I'll sell my rokely and my tow,
My good gray mare and hawkit cow,
That every loyal Scottish lad
May take the field wi' his white cockade.
O he's a ranting roving blade !
O he's a brisk and bonny lad !
Betide what may, my heart is glad,
To see my lad wi' his white cockade.

HERE'S A HEALTH TO THE VALIANT SWEDE

George I. having joined the famous confederacy against Charles XII., the latter vowed revenge, and entered into arrangements with the Stuart party to invade England, and reinstate James on the throne. Hence the compliment paid to the "*Valiant Swede*." So alarmed was the English monarch, and so convinced was he of Charles's hostile intentions, that he caused the Swedish ambassador to be secured, and his papers seized—a proceeding which excited the astonishment, and roused the remonstrances of all the other foreign ministers, as a gross violation of the law of nations. At George's instigation, similar measures were adopted against the Swedish minister at the Hague, Baron Gortz. The Baron owned he had projected the invasion, but justified it by the King of England's own conduct, who, he said, had entered the confederacy against Charles, without the slightest provocation.

HERE's a health to the valiant Swede,
He's not a king that man hath made ;
May no oppressors him invade ;
Then let this health go round.
A running bumper crown this toast ;
We'll take it off, whate'er it cost.
A fig for those that rule the roast !
We'll ne'er in liquor drown.

Here's a health to the royal seed,
And to the king that's king indeed ;
If not ill ta'en, it's not ill said :
Then let this toast go round.
A running bumper, etc.

To all our injur'd friends in need,
On this side and beyond the Tweed ;
May each man have his own with speed :
Then let this health go round.
A running bumper, etc.

Here's a health to the mysterious Czar ;
I hope he'll send us help from far,
To end the work begun by Mar :
Then let this health go round.
A running bumper, etc.

May our affairs abroad succeed,
And may the king return in speed ;
May each usurper shake for dread :
Let all these healths go round.
A running bumper, etc.

COME, LET US DRINK A HEALTH, BOYS.

This song seems to have been written after the death of the Princess Sophia, Electress Dowager of Hanover, granddaughter of James VI. and mother of George I., in 1714. The Jacobites calculated largely on that event, as loosening the connection between the house of Hanover and the British throne.

COME, let us drink a health, boys,
 A health unto our king ;
 We'll drink no more by stealth, boys,
 Come let our glasses ring.
 For England must surrender
 To him they call Pretender :
 God save our faith's defender,
 And our true lawful king.

The royal youth deserveth
 To fill the sacred place ;
 'Tis he alone preserveth
 The Stuarts' ancient race.
 Since 'tis our inclination
 To call him to the nation,
 Let each man, in his station,
 Receive his king in peace.

With heart and hand we'll join, boys,
 To set him on his throne ;
 We'll all combine as one, boys,
 Till this great work be done.
 We'll pull down usurpation,
 And, spite of abjuration,
 And force of stubborn nation,
 Great James's title own.

We'll no more, by delusion,
With Hogan Mogan join;
Nor will we, with profusion,
Waste both our blood and coin:
But for our king we'll fight, then;
Who is our heart's delight, then,
Like Scots, in armour bright, then,
We'll all cross o'er the Tyne.

Sophia's dead and gone, boys,
Who thought to have been queen;
The like befall her son, boys,
Who thinks o'er us to reign.
We'll root out usurpation
Entirely from the nation
And cause the restoration
Of James, our lawful king.

But let the Duke of Brunswick
Sit still upon his bum;
He's but a perfect dunseke,
If e'er he meant to come.
The rogues who brought him over,
They plainly may discover
'Twere better for Hanover
He'd stay'd and drunk his mum.

Ungrateful Prince Hanover,
Go home now to thy own!
Thou act'st not like a brother
To him who owns the crown.
There's thirty of that race, man,
Before that thou take place, man;
It were a great disgrace, man,
Thy title yet to own.

Let our brave loyal clans, then,
Their ancient Stuart race
Restore, with sword in hand, then,
And all their foes displace.
All unions we'll o'erturn, boys,
Which caus'd our nation mourn, boys ;
Like Bruce at Bannockburn, boys,
The English home we'll chase.

Our king they do despise, boys,
Because of Scottish blood ;
But for all their oaths and lies, boys,
His title still is good,
Ere Brunswick sceptre wield, boys ;
We'll all die in the field, boys ;
For we will never yield, boys,
To serve a foreign brood.

PERFIDIOUS BRITAIN.

' This is an appeal to the loyalty of the nation in behalf of the exiled Prince, and the allusions, the sentiments, and the style would betoken it a composition of Queen Anne's reign. With characteristic *naïveté*, the Ettrick Shepherd says, " I do not always understand what the bard means ; but as he seems to have been an ingenious though passionate writer, I take it for granted that he knew perfectly well himself what he would have been at, so I have not altered a word from the manuscript."

PERFIDIOUS Britain, plung'd in guilt,
Rebellious sons of loyal race,

How long, how long will ye insult
Your banish'd monarch suing peace?
What floods of native blood are spilt!
What sewers of treason drain our land!
How many scourges have we felt
In the late aspiring tyrant's hand!

An age is past, the age is come,
When we from bondage must be freed;
Hundreds have met an unjust doom,
And right or slav'ry must succeed.
Ye powers omnipotent, declare
Your justice—guard the British throne—
Protect the good, the righteous heir;
And to no stranger give the crown.

The heavens their vengeance now begin;
The thunder's dart shall havoc bring:
Repent, repent that hell-born sin!
Call home, call home your injur'd king!
His great progenitors have sway'd
Your sceptre nigh the half of time,
And his lov'd race will be obey'd,
Till time its latest ages claim.

O think, ye daring Scots, what right
This long succession does entail;
Think how your gallant fathers fought,
That Fergus' line might never fail.
Let England's worthies blush to own,
How they their only prince withstood
Who now remains to grace the throne
Of their Edwards' and their Henrys' blood.

But glorious James, of royal stem,
 Your God's vicegerent and your king,
 Your peace, your all combin'd in him,
 Haste, Britons, home your monarch bring;
 James, Heaven's darling and its care,
 The brightest youth of mortal frame,
 For virtue, beauty, form, and air:
 Call home your rightful king for shame!

THE CHEVALIER'S BIRTH-DAY.

This is a warm effusion of ultra-Jacobite loyalty. What is wanting in poetical spirit is made up in political wrath. Hogg procured the song from a collection of similar relics in the possession of Mr. Steuart of Dalguise.

LET every honest British soul
 With cheerful loyalty be gay;
 With James's health we'll crown the bowl,
 And celebrate this glorious day.
 Let no one care a fig
 For the vile rebellious Whig,
 That insect of usurpation;
 Fill a bumper every one
 To the glorious tenth of June,
 And a speedy restoration.

What though the German renegades
 With foreign yokes oppress us?
 Though George our property invades,
 And Stuart's throne possesses?
 Yet remember Charles's fate,

Who roam'd from state to state,
Kept out by a fanatic nation,
Till at length came a day
Call'd the twenty-ninth of May,
Still renown'd for a true restoration.

Britons, be loyal once again,
Ye've a precedent before ye ;
This day, crown'd with a Stuart's reign,
Shall blaze in future story.
Be resolute and brave,
Your country ye may save,
If once ye dare to be loyal :
Then at honesty's call
Let us conquer or fall
In the cause of our old line royal.

What though th' usurper's cause prevail ?
Renew your constitution,
Expel that race, the curst entail
Of Whiggish revolution.
Be bought and sold no more
By a sordid German power ;
Is it like our old proud-hearted nation ?
Let King James then be the toast,
May he bless our longing coast
With a speedy and a just restoration.

LET MISERS TREMBLE O'ER THEIR WEALTH.

Those who still observe the old custom of giving toasts and sentiments after dinner, will discover from this song that

“ *All we wish and all we want,*” was originally a Jacobite *double entendre*.

LET misers tremble o'er their wealth,
 And starve amidst their riches ;
 Let statesmen in deceit grow old,
 And pine with envious wishes.
 But we whom no vain motive sway,
 Our mirth from wine arising,
 Our nobler passions will obey,
 Both knaves and fools despising.

Let them lament who have betrayed
 Their king and bleeding nation ;
 The rich they always are afraid,
 However high their station.
 But we will chant, and we will sing,
 And toast our bonny lasses :
 To all we wish, and all we want,
 We'll circulate our glasses.

Fill up once more the sparkling bowl,
 The brave feel no disaster,
 No bold informer dare control,
 Here's a health to our lawful master.
 Our loyalty we will maintain,
 And drink to every true heart ;
 We'll ever honour and obey
 The royal race of Stuart.

SOMEBODY.

The air to which these verses are sung is familiar to every Scottish ear. The song would hardly be recognized as Jacobite, were it not found in all the old collections of that description.

My heart is sair, I daurna tell,
My heart is sair for somebody ;
I would walk a winter's night,
For a sight o' somebody.
Och hon for somebody !
Och hey for somebody !
I wad do—what wad I not,
For the sake o' somebody ?

If somebody were come again,
Then somebody maun cross the main,
And ilka ane will get his ain,
And I will see my somebody.
Och hon, etc.

What need I kame my tresses bright
Or why should coal or candle-light
E'er shine in my bower day or night,
Since gane is my dear somebody ?
Och hon, etc.

Oh ! I hae grutten mony a day
For ane that's banish'd far away :
I canna sing, and maunna say,
How sair I grieve for somebody.
Och hon, etc.

THOUGH GEORDIE REIGNS IN JAMIE'S STEAD.

As the air of this song is exceedingly pleasing, it has always been popular. In the Jacobite times it was peculiarly so: but it afterwards acquired tenfold influence, when, during the French revolutionary period, Burns adapted to it his admirable song of "A man's a man for a' that."

THOUGH Geordie reigns in Jamie's stead,
I'm griev'd, yet scorn to shaw that ;
I'll ne'er look down, nor hang my head
To rebel Whig, for a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
And thrice as muckle's a' that,
He's far beyond Dumblane the night,
That shall be king for a' that.

He wears a broadsword by his side,
And weel he kens to draw that ;
The target and the Highland plaid,
The shoulder belt, and a' that :
A bonnet bound with ribbons blue,
The white cockade and a' that,
The tartan hose and philabeg,
Which makes us blythe, for a' that.

The Whigs think a' that weal is won,
But, faith, they maunna fa' that ;
They think our loyal hearts dung down,
But we'll be blythe, for a' that,
For still we trust that Providence
Will us relieve from a' that,

And send us hame our gallant prince ;
Then we'll be blythe, for a' that.

But O what will the Whigs say syne,
When they're mista'en in a' that ?
When Geordie maun fling by the crown,
And hat, and wig, and a' that ?
The flames will get baith hat and wig,
As often they've done a' that ; *
Our Highland lad will get the crown,
And we'll be blythe, for a' that,

Then will your braw militia lads
Rewarded be for a' that,
When they fling by their black cockades ;
A hellish badge I ca' that.
As night is banish'd by the day,
The white shall drive awa that ;
The sun shall then his beams display,
And we'll be blythe, for a' that.

THE YOUNG MAXWELL.

Contributed to Cromek's Remains by Mrs. Copland of Dabeattie. The ballad, says Cromek, is founded on fact. A young gentleman of the family of Maxwell, being an adherent of the Stuarts, suffered in the general calamity of his friends. After seeing his paternal house reduced to

* *The flames will get baith hat and wig* is in allusion to a well-known ludicrous custom of King George I. ; who, when suddenly irritated, was wont to pull off his wig, and throw it with great rage into the fire.

ashes, his father killed in its defence, his only sister dying with grief for her father and three brothers slain, he assumed the habit of a shepherd, and in one of his excursions singled out an individual who had been instrumental in the ruin of his family. After upbraiding him for his cruelty, he slew him in single combat. The period of the civil wars was productive of numerous acts of similar heroism and retaliatory justice. Of those which distinguished the later Jacobite times the following may be given as an affecting specimen. In the rising of 1745, a party of Cumberland's dragoons was hurrying through Nithsdale in search of rebels. Hungry and fatigued they stopped at a lone widow's house and demanded refreshment. Her son, a youth of sixteen, dressed up a dish of *lang kale and butter* for them, and the good woman brought new milk, which she told them was all her stock. One of the party inquired, with seeming kindness, how she managed to live. "Indeed," said she, "the cow and the kale-yard, wi' God's blessing's a' my *mailen*." Without another word being spoken, the heartless trooper then rose and with his sabre killed the cow and destroyed all the kale. The poor woman and her son were thus in a moment thrown destitute upon the world. She herself soon died of a broken heart, and the disconsolate youth wandered away beyond the inquiry of friends or the search of compassion. In the continental war which followed some years after, when the British army had gained a great and signal victory, some of the soldiery were one day making merry with wine, and recounting their exploits. A dragoon roared out, "I once starved a Scotch witch in Nithsdale. I killed her cow and destroyed her greens; but," added he, "she could live for all that, on her God, as she said." "And don't you rue it?" cried a young soldier, starting up at the moment, "Don't you rue it?" "Rue it! rue what?" said the other; "Why should I rue aught like that?" "Then, by Heaven, you shall rue it," exclaimed the youth, unsheathing his sword, "that woman was my mother! Draw, you brutal villain, draw!" They fought on the instant. The youth passed his sword twice through the dragoon's body, and, while he turned him over in the throes of death, exclaimed,

*“ Wretched man ! had you but rued it, you should have only
been punished by your God ! ”*

“ WHARE gang ye, thou silly auld carle,
And what do ye carry there ? ”

“ I’m gaun to the hill-side, thou sodger man,
To shift my sheep their lair.”

Ae stride or twa took the silly auld carle,
And a gude lang stride took he :

“ I trow thou be a feck auld carle,
Will ye shaw the way to me ? ”

And he has gane wi’ the silly auld carle
Adown by the green-wood side :

“ Light down and gang, thou sodger man,
For here ye canna ride.”

He drew the reins o’ his bonny grey steed,
And lightly down he sprang ;
Of the comeliest scarlet was his weir coat,
Whare gowden tassels hang.

He has thrown aff his plaid, the silly auld carle,
An’ his bonnet frae boon his bree ;
An’ wha was it but the young Maxwell !
And his gude broadsword drew he.

“ Thou killed my father, thou vile Southron !
An’ ye killed my brethren three !
Whilk brake the heart o’ my ae sister,
I lov’d as the light o’ my e’e.

“ Draw out yere sword, thou vile Southron !
Red wat wi’ the blood o’ my kin !

That sword it crappit the bonniest flower
E'er lifted its head to the sun !

“ There's ae sad stroke for my dear auld father !
There's twa for my brethren three !
An' there's ane to thy heart for my ae sister,
Wham I lov'd as the light o' my e'e ! ”

GEORDIE WHELP'S TESTAMENT.

A bitter and vulgar satire on the dissensions that reigned in the family of George I., in consequence of his jealousy of the queen and his well-known dislike of his son.

WAE worth the time that I came here,
To lay my fangs on Jamie's gear !
For I had better staid at hame,
Than now to bide sae muckle blame.
But my base, poltroon, sordid mind,
To greed o' gear was still inclin'd,
Which gart me fell Count Koningsmark,
For his braw claes and holland sark.

When that was done, by slight and might
I hitch'd young Jamie frae his right,
And, without ony fear or dread,
I took his house out-owre his head,
Pack'd up his plenishing sae braw,
And to a swine-sty turn'd his ha'.
I connach'd a' I couldna tak,
And left him naething worth a plack.

But a' this couldna me content :
I hang'd his tenants, seiz'd their rent :
And to my shame it will be spoke,
I harried a' his cotter-folk.
But what am I the richer grown ?
A curse comes aye wi' things that's stown !
I'm like to time it a' belyve,
For wrangous gear can never thrive.

But care and wonder gars me greet,
For ilka day wi' skaith I meet,
And I maun hame to my ain craft :
The thoughts o' this hae put me daft.
But yet, ere sorrow break my heart,
And Satan come to claim his part,
To punish me for dreary sin,
I'll leave some heirship to my kin.

Ane auld black coat, baith lang and wide,
Wi' snishen barken'd like a hide,
A skeplet hat, and plaiden hose,
A jerkin, clartit a' wi' brose,
A pair o' sheen that wants a heel,
A periwig wad fleg the deil,
A pair o' breeks that wants the doup,
Twa cutties, and a timmer stoup.

A mutchkin cog, twa rotten caps,
Set o' the bink to keep the draps,
Some cabbage growing i' the yard,
Ane pig, ane pock, ane candle-sherd,
A heap o' brats upo' the braise,
Some tree-clouts and foul wisps o' strae,
A rusty sword that lies there ben,
Twa chickens and a clockin hen.

A rickle o' peats out-owre the knowe,
A gimmer, and a doddit yowe,
A stirky and a hummle cow,
Twa grices, and my dear black sow,
A rag to dight her filthy snout,
A brecham, and a carding-clout,
A bassie, and a bannock-stick :
There's gear enough to make ye sick.

Besides a mare that's blind and lame,
That us'd to bear a cuckold hame,
A thraw-crook, and a broken gaud :
There's gear enough to put ye mad.
A lang-kail-knife, an auld sheer-blade,
A dibble, and a flauchter-spade.
Tak part hereof, baith great and sma' ;
Mine heirs, it weel becomes you a'.

But yet, before that a' be done,
There's something for my graceless son,
That awkward ass, wi' filthy scouk ;
My malison light on his bouk !
And farther for his part o' gear,
I leave the horns his dad did wear ;
But yet I'd better leave the same
To Whigs, to blaw my lasting shame.

To the same Whigs I leave my curse,
My guilty conscience, and toom purse :
I hope my torments they will feel,
When they gang skelpin to the deil.
For to the times their creed they shape ;
They grin, they glour, they scouk, and gape,
As they wad gaunch to eat the starns.
The muckle deil ding out their harns !

Wi' my twa Turks I winna sinder,
For that wad my last turney hinder;
For baith can speer the nearest gate,
And lead me in, though it be late,
Where Oliver and Willie Buck
Sit o'er the lugs in smeeky muck,
Wi' hips sae het, and beins sae bare;
They'll e'en be blythe when Geordie's there.

To Fisslerump and Kilmansack,
Wha aft hae gart my curpin crack,
To lika Dutch and German jade,
I leave my sceptre to their trade.
But O, my bonny darling Sow,
How sair my heart's to part wi' you,
When I think on the happy days
That we hae had 'mang fat and fleas.

My darling, daunted, greasy dame,
I leave thee fouth o' sin and shame,
And ane deil's brander, when I'm gone,
To fry thy sonsy hurdies on.
But to my lean and skrinkit witch
I leave damnation and the itch.
To a' my friends, where'er they be,
The curse of heav'n eternally.

WHURRY WHIGS AWA.

This is a sort of historical recapitulation in rhyme of what the Jacobites held to be the political sins of the Whigs. It commences with the Marquis of Montrose's wars against the

Covenanters, and closes with the accession of George I. The principal events of the intermediate period are touched with spirit.

WHERE are the days that we hae seen,
When Phcebus shone so bright, man ?
How blythe and merry we hae been,
When ev'ry ane gat right, man !
But gloomy clouds do overshadow,
And spread wide over a', man ;
Ill-boding comets blaze o'er head.
O whurry Whigs awa, man !

Now ill appears wi' face fu' bare,
In high and low degree, man,
And wild confusion every where,
Which every ane may see, man.
The blind are chosen for our guides ;
I fear we'll get a fa', man,
There's nane need wonder though we slide.
O whurry Whigs awa, man !

Of primitive simplicity,
Some in our church was left, man ;
But now of truth and verity,
Alas, we are bereft, man !
Rebellion's horns do loudly tout,
Wi' whining tone, and blaw, man ;
Yet deeds o' grace they leave without.
O whurry Whigs awa, man !

New upstarts only now succeed,
Our nation's misery, man ;
We're bound in slavery heel to head,
Yet deav'd wi' liberty, man.

But when did e'er the Whigs prevail
'Gainst liberty and law, man ?
At a' but treachery they fail.
O whurry Whigs awa, man !

Montrose convened the gallant Graham,
The loyal clans arose, man,
To fight the Covenanter lambs,
Wha did the right oppose, man.
At Aldearn, Alford, and Kilsythe,
Their bouks got mony a claw, man :
The loyal hearts like sheep did drive
The whurry Whigs awa, then.

King Charlie being foully slain,
For which than Whiggery, man,
Then Cromwell in his place did reign,
The Whigs anointed he, man.
That mushroom monarch Presbyt'ry
Established by law, man,
And overturn'd old Prelacy.
O whurry Whigs awa, man !

King Charles the Second did resort
Unto our loving isles, man ;
His father's head took frae the port,
And set up gley'd Argyle's, man.
Abolish'd was the Covenant,
He lik'd not it ava, man,
But rear'd true kingly government.
O whurry Whigs awa, man !

The restless Whigs, with their intrigues,
Themselves they did convene, man,

At Pentland Hills and Bothwell Brigs,
To fight against the king, man ;
Till brave Dalyell came forth himsel,
With loyal troops in raws, man,
To try a match with powther and ball :
Then saints turn'd windlestraws, man.

The brave Dalyell stood i' the field,
And fought for king and crown, man ;
Made rebel Whigs perforce to yield,
And dang the traitors down, man.
Then some ran here, and some ran there,
And some in field did fa', man,
And some to hang he didna spare,
Condemned by their ain law, man.

Yet that would not the carles please.
Did you not hear the news, man,
How, at Drumclog, behind the bog,
They ga'e the deil his dues, man ?
With blessed word and rusty sword
They wrought a wondrous feat, man ;
For ten to ane they wan the day,
And wow but they were great, man !

But, wae's my heart ! it was nae sport,
Though they were set on ill, man,
To see them fa' like silly sheep,
That day on Bothwell Hill, man.
The royal Duke his men forsook,
And o'er the field did ride, man,
And cried aloud to spare their blude,
Whatever might betide, man.

But Colonel Graham of noble fame,
Had sworn to have his will, man,
No man to spare in armour there,
While man and horse could kill, man.
O then the Whigs from Bothwell Brigs,
Were led like dogs to die, man :
In Heaven's might they couldna fight,
But rais'd a horrid cry, man.

By hill and dale they gart them skale,
It's there to bind a blink, man,
Till in sic case, to their disgrace,
They rais'd a dolefu' stink, man.
Their necks were crosst, but fear or doubt,
Their malice prov'd their fa' man,
While every honest heart cried out,
O whurry whigs awa, man !

Next we gat owre an Orange king,
That play'd wi' parties baith, man,
A hogan-mogan foreign thing,
Who wrought a world o' skaith, man.
When he came owre our rights to see,
His father, friend and a', man,
By his Dutch guards he drove to sea,
Then swore he ran awa, man.

The fifth day of November he
Did land upon our coast, man,
But those who lived his reign to see
Of it they did not boast, man.
Seven years of famine did prevail,
The people hopeless grew, man ;

But dearth and death did us assail,
And thousands overthrew, man.

But Willie's latter end did come ;
He broke his collar bone, man ;
He chose another, dainty Anne,
And set her on the throne, man.
O then we had baith meal and malt,
And plenty over a', man ;
We had nae scant o' sin nor saint.
O whurry Whigs awa, man.

We then sought out a German thing
Call'd George, and brought him here, man,
And for this beggar, cuckold king,
Sore taxes we maun bear, man.
Our blood is shed without remead,
Our rights are scorned at a', man ;
For beggars boast and rule the roast.
O whurry Whigs awa, man.

Our fathers grieved are with this yoke.
The time it's drawing near, man,
That vengeance breeds for tyrants' heads,
The land no more can bear, man.
May God preserve our rightfu' king
From traitor's cursed claw, man,
Or long we may have cause to sing,
O whurry Whigs awa, man.

THE WIND HAS BLAWN MY PLAID AWA.

The Jacobite allusion in this song is dark and allegorical, but bursts out significantly in the last stanza. The air, "Ower the hills and far awa," has always been a favourite.

OWER the hills and far away,
It's over the hills and far away ;
Over the hills and ower the sea
The wind has blawn my plaid frae me.
My tartan plaid, my ae good sheet,
That keepit me frae wind and weet,
And held me bien baith night and day,
Is over the hills and far away.

There was a wind it cam to me,
Ower the south and ower the sea,
And it has blawn my corn and hay,
Ower the hills and far away.
It blew my corn, it blew my gear,
It neither left me kid nor steer,
And blew my plaid, my only stay,
Ower the hills and far away.

But though 't has left me bare indeed,
And blawn my bonnet off my head,
There's something hid in Highland brae ;
It hasna blawn my sword away.
Then ower the hills and ower the dales,
Ower all England and through Wales,
The broadsword yet shall bear the sway,
Ower the hills and far away.

THE GATHERING OF THE HAYS.

This song was first published by Mr. J. H. Allan, who copied it from an odd leaf pasted into an old MS. History of the Hays of Errol. It is written to the tune of a Highland pibroch, the most correct of which imitate in their measure and cadence, the call and gather to battle, the march, the conflict, and the wail for the slain and wounded. Mr. Allan says:—"The two long stanzas of the Gathering of the Hays are said to be of considerable antiquity; of the first I have seen a version in Gaelic, but of what date, or if the original of, or a translation from the English copy, it is impossible to determine. The second stanza cannot, however, be older than the year 1746, for Hay of Yester did not receive the title of Tweeddale till that period. But it is probable that the part of the song in question was composed about the same time, from the mention made of Killour and Buccleugh, which were then the nearest branch and alliance of the chief's house, and for that reason no doubt were the first chosen to be mentioned after the chief and highest chieftain of the family in the call of its friends. The Killour was the nearest branch of the house of Errol from 1585 to 1674; and about 1630, Mary, fourth daughter of the ninth earl, married Walter, Earl of Buccleugh. The first Drumelzier was a son of the first Earl of Tweeddale, and received his lands from his father about 1638. The rest of the Gathering after the two first stanzas is said to have been written by Captain James Hay in 1715, when the Earl of Errol attended the erecting of Prince James's standard in the braes of Mar. I have altered nothing of the original copy, but a few words necessary to smoothen the measure of some of the lines."

GATHERING.

Mac Garadh ! Mac Garadh, red race of the Tay,
Ho ! gather ! ho ! gather ! like hawks to the prey.

Mac Garadh, Mac Garadh, Mac Garadh, come fast,
The flame's on the beacon, the horn's on the blast.
The standard of Errol unfolds its white breast,
And the falcon of Luncartie stirs in her nest.
Come away, come away, come to the tryst,
Come in Mac Garadh from east and from west.

Mac Garadh ! Mac Garadh ! Mac Garadh come forth,
Come from your bowers from south and from north,
Come in all Gowrie, Kinnoul, and Tweeddale,
Drunelzier and Naughton come locked in your mail,
Come Stuart, come Stuart, set up thy white rose,
Killour and Buccleugh bring thy bills and thy bows,
Come in Mac Garadh, come armed for the fray,
Wide is the war-cry, and dark is the day.

QUICK MARCH.

The Hay ! the Hay ! the Hay ! the Hay ! *
Mac Garadh is coming, give way ! give way !
The Hay ! the Hay ! the Hay ! the Hay !
Mac Garadh is coming, give way.
Mac Garadh is coming, clear the way,
Mac Garadh is coming, hurra ! hurra !
Mac Garadh is coming, clear the way,
Mac Garadh is coming, hurra !

* The war-cries of ancient families were often their own names. That of the Douglasses was, "A Douglas ! a Douglas !" and that used by the Hays, at one period, was "the Hay ! the Hay !" The war-cry was always hereditary to the family ; but, like the crest, it was sometimes disused or changed by the humour of a chief.

Mac Garadh is coming, like beam of war ;
The blood-red shields are glinting far ;
The Stuart is up, his banner white
Is flung to the breeze like a flake of light.
Dark as the mountain's heather wave,
The rose and the thistle are coming brave,
Bright as the sun which gilds its thread,
King James's tartan is flashing red,
Upon them Mac Garadh bill and bow,
Cry, Holleu ! Mac Garadh ! holleu ! holleu ! *

CHARGE.

Mac Garadh is coming ! like stream from the hill,
Mac Garadh is coming, lance, claymore, and bill,
Like thunder's wide rattle
Is mingled the battle,
With cry of the falling, and shout of the charge,
The lances are flashing,
The claymores are clashing,
And ringing the arrows on buckler and targe.

BATTLE.

Mac Garadh is coming ! the banners are shaking,
The war-tide is turning, the phalanx is breaking,
The Southrons are flying,
“ Saint George ! ” vainly crying,
And Brunswick's white horse on the field is borne
down,
The red cross is shattered,
The red roses scattered,
And bloody and torn the white plume in its crown.

* “ Holleu, Mac Garadh ! ” was the ancient slogan or war-cry of the Hays of Errol.

PURSUIT.

Far shows the dark field like the streams of Cairn-
Gorm,

Wild, broken, and red in the skirt of the storm :

Give the spur to the steed,

Give the war-cry its hollo,

Cast loose to wild speed,

Shake the bridle, and follow.

The rout's in the battle,

Like blast in the cloud,

The flight's mingled rattle

Peals thickly and loud.

Then holleu ! Mac Garadh ! holleu, Mac Garadh !

Holleu ! holleu ! holleu, Mac Garadh !

THE KING'S ANTHEM.

Much controversy has been excited on the question—yet undecided—who was the author of the poetry, and who of the music of the national anthem of “God save the King.” That the song was originally Jacobite appears probable. The following two first stanzas have been ascribed, but upon no sufficient authority, to Henry Carey, the author of “Sally in our Alley.” The four last stanzas are of Scottish origin.

God bless our lord the king !

God save our lord the king !

God save the king !

Make him victorious,

Happy and glorious,

Long to reign over us :

God save the king !

God send a royal heir !
God bless the royal pair,
Both king and queen ;
That from them we may see
A royal progeny,
To all posterity
Ever to reign !

God bless the prince, I pray,
God bless the prince, I pray,
Charlie I mean ;
That Scotland we may see
Freed from vile Presbyt'ry,
Both George and his Feckie.
Even so. Amen.

God bless the happy hour !
May the Almighty Power
Make all things well ;
That the whole progeny
Who are in Italy
May soon and suddenly
Come to Whitehall.

God bless the church, I pray,
God save the church, I pray,
Pure to remain,
Free from all Whiggery,
And Whigs' hypocrisy,
Who strive maliciously
Her to defame.

Here's to the subjects all,
God send them, great and small,
Firmly to stand,
That would call home the king
Whose is the right to reign:
This is the only thing
Can save the land.

BRITONS WHO DARE TO CLAIM.

Another Jacobite song to the tune of the King's Anthem,
and as unworthy of the air as the preceding.

BRITONS, who dare to claim
That great and glorious name,
Rouse at the call!
See English honour fled,
Corruption's influence spread,
Slavery raise its head,
And freedom fall!

Church, king, and liberty,
Honour and property,
All are betray'd:
Foreigners rule the land,
Our blood and wealth command,
Obstruct, with lawless hand,
Justice and trade.

Shall an usurper reign,
And Britons hug the chain?
That we'll deny.

Then let us all unite
To retrieve James's right;
For church, king, and laws we'll fight;
Conquer or die.

Join in the defence
Of James our lawful prince
And native king:
Then shall true greatness shine,
Justice and mercy join,
Restor'd by Stuart's line,
Virtue's great spring.

Down with Dutch politics,
Whigs, and all fanatics,
The old Rump's cause!
Recall your injur'd prince,
Drive Hanoverians hence,
Such as rule here against
All English laws.

Borne on the wings of fame,
James's heroic name
All his foes dread.
He'll from his father's throne
Pull the usurper down;
Glorious success shall crown
His sacred head.

OUR AIN BONNY LADDIE.

By William Meston, of Midmar, in Aberdeenshire, some time preceptor to the young Earl Marshall, and his brother,

the celebrated Marshall Keith. By their interest, he was promoted to the professorship of Philosophy in Marischal College, which he lost in consequence of following their fortunes in 1715. After the battle of Sheriffmuir, he lurked, till the Act of Indemnity was passed, with a few fugitive associates, for whose amusement he wrote several burlesque poems, to which he gave the title of *Mother Grim's Tales*. The Countess of Elgin supported him during the decline of his days.

How lang shall our land thus suffer distresses,
Whilst traitors, and strangers, and tyrants oppress us?
How lang shall our old, and once brave warlike nation,
Thus tamely submit to a base usurpation?
Thus must we be sad, whilst the traitors are vaudie,
Till we get a sight of our ain bonny laddie.
Thus must we be sad, whilst the traitors are vaudie,
Till we get a sight of our ain bonny laddie.

How lang shall we lurk, how lang shall we languish,
With faces dejected, and hearts full of anguish?
How lang shall the Whigs, perverting all reason,
Call honest men knaves, and loyalty treason?
Thus must we be sad, whilst the traitors are vaudie,
Till we get a sight of our ain bonny laddie.
Thus must we be sad, etc.

O Heavens, have pity! with favour present us;
Rescue us from strangers that sadly torment us,
From Atheists, and Deists, and Whiggish opinions;
Our king return back to his rightful dominions:
Then rogues shall be sad, and honest men vaudie,
When the throne is possess'd by our ain bonny laddie.
Then rogues shall be sad, etc.

Our vales shall rejoice, our mountains shall flourish ;
Our church, that's oppressed, our monarch will
nourish ;

Our land shall be glad, but the Whigs shall be sorry,
When the king gets his own, and Heaven the glory.
The rogues shall be sad, but the honest men vaudie,
When the throne is possess'd by our ain bonny laddie.

The rogues shall be sad, etc.

GATHERING OF ATHOL.

This is one of the first songs which gave note of preparation for the great rising of 1745. The hero of it was Lord George Murray, fifth son of the first Duke of Atholl. He and his brother, the Marquis of Tullibardine, had been engaged in the rebellion of 1715, but after the battle of Glenshiel they escaped abroad. Having passed several years as an officer in the Sardinian service, Lord George applied for and obtained a pardon. He then returned to Britain, and was presented to the King, but ineffectually solicited a commission in his army. It was probably that refusal which afterwards prompted him to side with the Pretender. Joining Prince Charles's standard at Perth, in September 1745, he was appointed Lieutenant-General of his forces, and acted in this capacity at the battle of Prestonpans, Falkirk, and Culloden. He was attainted of high treason by Act of Parliament, but escaped to the Continent. On his arrival at Rome, in 1747, he was received with great distinction by Prince Charles, who fitted up an apartment for him in his Palace, and introduced him to the Pope. He died at Medenblinck, in Holland, 11th October 1760. The air to which this song is usually sung is a very fine one, and has been supposed to be exclusively a Highland melody, but Hogg asserts that it has been familiar to the Borderers for ages. The Border name of the tune is "Crowdy." In Strathmore it is called "the Atholl Gathering."

WHa will ride wi' gallant Murray ?
Wha will ride wi' Geordie's sel ?
He's the flow'r o' a' Glenisla,
And the darlin o' Dunkel'.
See the white rose in his bonnet !
See his banner o'er the Tay !
His gude sword he now has drawn it,
And has flung the sheath away.

Every faithful Murray follows ;
First of heroes ! best of men !
Every true and trusty Stewart
Blythely leaves his native glen.
Athol lads are lads of honour,
Westland rogues are rebels a' ;
When we come within their border,
We may gar the Campbells claw.

Menzies he's our friend and brother ;
Gask and Strowan are nae slack !
Noble Perth has ta'en the field,
And a' the Drummonds at his back,
Let us ride wi' gallant Murray,
Let us fight for Charlie's crown ;
From the right we'll never sinder,
Till we bring the tyrants down.

Mackintosh, the gallant soldier,
Wi' the Grahams and Gordons gay,
They have ta'en the field of honour,
Spite of all their chiefs could say.
Bend the musket, point the rapier,
Shift the brog for Lowland shoe,
Scour the durk, and face the danger ;
Mackintosh has all to do.

GATHERING OF THE MACDONALDS.

This is the translation of a Highland song, which was communicated to the Ettrick Shepherd by a lady of the clan Macdonnell. The principal chieftains referred to are Gengarry, Clan-Ronald, and Keppoch.

COME along, my brave clans,
There's nae friends sae staunch and true ;
Come along, my brave clans,
There's nae lads sae leal as you.
Come along, Clan-Donuil,
Frae 'mang your birks and heather braes.
Come with bold Macalister,
Wilder than his mountain raes.

Gather, gather, gather,
From Loch Morar to Argyle ;
Come from Castle Tuirim,
Come from Moidart and the isles.
Macallan is the hero
That will lead you to the field.
Gather, bold Siolallain,
Sons of them that never yield.

Gather, gather, gather,
Gather from Lochaber glen :
Mac-Mic-Rannail calls you ;
Come from Taroph, Roy, and Spean.
Gather, brave Clan-Donuil,
Many sons of might you know ;
Lenochan's your brother,
Aughterechtan and Glencoe.

Gather, gather, gather,
'Tis your prince that needs your arm :
Though Macconnel leaves you,
Dread no danger or alarm.
Come from field and foray,
Come from sickle and from plough,
Come from cairn and correi,
From deer-wake and driving to.

Gather, bold Clan-Donuil ;
Come with haversack and cord ;
Come not late with meal or cake,
But come with dirk, and gun, and sword.
Down into the Lowlands,
Plenty bides by dale and burn,
Gather, brave Clan-Donuil,
Riches wait on your return.

COME, LET US BE JOVIAL.

Selected from the collection of Mr. Hardy of Glasgow by
the Ettrick Shepherd.

COME, here's to the knights of the true royal oak,
Whose hearts still are loyal, and firm as a rock,
Who will fight to the last for their country and king,
Let the health of our heroes pass quick round the
ring.

Come, let us be jovial, social, and free ;
Come join hand in hand, in full chorus with me :
God bless Charlie Stuart, the pride of our land,
And send him safe o'er to his own native strand !

My noble companions be patient a while,
And we'll soon see him back to our brave British
isle ;

And he that for Stuart and right will not stand,
May smart for the wrong by the Highlander's brand.
Come, let us be jovial, etc.

Though Hanover now over Britain bears sway,
The day of his glory is wearing away.
His minions of slavery may march at his tail ;
For, God with the righteous, and who shall prevail ?
Come, let us be jovial, etc.

And when James again shall be placed on the throne,
All mem'ry of ills we have borne shall be gone.
No tyrant again shall set foot on our shore.
But all shall be happy and blest as before.

Then let us be jovial, social, and free ;
Lay your hands on your hearts, and sing chorus
with me ;

God prosper King James, and the German con-
found,

And may none but true Britons e'er rule British
ground.

GATHERING RANT.

President Forbes, who chiefly managed the politics of government in Scotland, in 1745, confessed that he 'was more afraid of the Jacobite sympathies of the ladies and the poets than of the fierce Highlanders. All the fair ladies, he said, were Jacobites, and they made innumerable converts among the

gentlemen, while the song-writers everywhere roused the passions of the multitude. The Prince landed almost alone at Boradale, in Lochaber but in less than three weeks he had an army of 1800 Highlanders; and in three weeks more he was in possession of Edinburgh, with a force of upwards of 3000 men.

WE a' maun muster soon the morn,
We a' maun march right early
O'er misty mount and mossy muir,
Alang wi' royal Charlie.
Yon German cuif that fills the throne,
He clamb to't most unfairly;
Sae aff we'll set and try to get
His birthright back to Charlie.

Yet, ere we leave this valley dear,
Those hills o'erspread wi' heather,
Send round the usquebaugh sae clear;
We'll tak a horn thegither.
And listen, lads, to what I gie;
Ye'll pledge me roun' sincerely:
To him that's come to set us free,
Our rightful ruler, Charlie.

Oh! better lov'd he canna be;
Yet when we see him wearing
Our Highland garb sae gracefully,
'Tis aye the mair endearing.
Though a' that now adorns his brow
Be but a simple bonnet,
E're lang we'll see of kingdoms three
The royal crown upon it.

But ev'n should fortune turn her heel
Upon the righteous cause, boys,
We'll shaw the warld we're firm and leal,
And never will prove fause, boys.
We'll fight while we hae breath to draw
For him we love sae dearly,
And ane and a' we'll stand or fa',
Alang wi' royal Charlie.

O'ER THE WATER TO CHARLIE.

The warm feelings of the women of Scotland for the cause of the young Pretender, are strongly evinced in this song. Ray, the volunteer, states in his journal, that he uniformly found the ladies most violent on behalf of the young Chevalier—"they would listen," says he, "to no manner of reason." The air as well as the song has long been and still continues to be popular.

COME boat me o'er, come row me o'er,
Come boat me o'er to Charlie;
I'll gie John Ross anither bawbee
To ferry me o'er to Charlie.
We'll o'er the water, we'll o'er the sea,
We'll o'er the water to Charlie;
Come weel, come wo, we'll gather and go,
And live or die wi' Charlie.

It's weel I lo'e my Charlie's name,
Though some there be abhor him;
But O to see Auld Nick gaun hame,
And Charlie's faes before him!
We'll o'er the water, etc. .

I swear by moon and stars sae bright,
And sun that glances early,
If I had twenty thousand lives,
I'd gie them a' for Charlie.
We'll o'er the water, etc.

I ance had sons, but now hae nane ;
I bore them toiling sairly ;
And I wad bear them a' again,
And lose them a' for Charlie ;
We'll o'er the water, we'll o'er the sea,
We'll o'er the water to Charlie ;
Come weel, come wo, we'll gather and go,
And live or die wi' Charlie.

MACLEAN'S WELCOME.

Versified from the Gaelic by the Ettrick Shepherd.

COME o'er the stream, Charlie, dear Charlie, brave
Charlie,
Come o'er the stream, Charlie, and dine with
Maclean ;
And though you be weary, we'll make your heart
cheery.
And welcome our Charlie and his loyal train.
We'll bring down the track deer, we'll bring down
the black steer,
The lamb from the breckan, and doe from the glen :
The salt sea we'll harry, and bring to our Charlie,
The cream from the bothy, and curd from the pen.

Come o'er the stream, Charlie, etc.
And you shall drink freely the dews of Glen-Sheerly,
That stream in the star-light when kings do not
ken,
And deep be your meed of the wine that is red,
To drink to your sire, and his friend the Maclean,

Come o'er the stream, Charlie, etc.
O'er heath-bells shall trace you, the maids to embrace you,
And deck your blue bonnet with flowers of the
brae;
And the loveliest Mary in all Glen M'Quarry
Shall lie in your bosom till break of the day.

Come o'er the stream, Charlie, etc.
If aught will invite you, or more will delight you,
'Tis ready, a troop of our bold Highlandmen
Shall range on the heather with bonnet and feather,
Strong arms and broad claymores three hundred
and ten.

THE HIGHLAND LADDIE.

This song was communicated originally by Allan Cunningham to Mr. Cromek, who published it in his *Remains of Nithsdale and Galloway Song*, as taken down from the mouth of a young girl, who learned it from an old woman, a Roman Catholic. Hogg says there are six different airs under the name of *The Highland Laddie*, and in his *Relics* he has given what he calls the oldest, which is sung to a very ancient song, beginning

“ I canna get my mare ta'en,
Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie,
Master had she never nane,
My bonnie Highland laddie.

PRINCELY is my lover's weed,
Bonny laddie, Highland laddie ;
Fu' his veins o' princely blude,
My bonnie laddie, Highland laddie.

The gay bonnet circles roun',
Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie,
Brows wad better fa' a crown,
My bonnie laddie, Highland laddie.

There's a hand the sceptre bruiks,
Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie,
Better fa's the butcher's creuks,
My bonnie laddie, Highland laddie.

There's a hand the braidsword draws,
Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie,
The gowden sceptre seemlier fa's,
My bonnie laddie, Highland laddie.

He's the best piper i' the north,
Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie ;
An' has dung a' ayont the Forth,
My bonnie laddie, Highland laddie.

Soon as the Tweed he mints to blaw,
Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie ;
Here's the lad ance far awa' !
The bonnie laddie, Highland laddie !

There's nae a Southron fiddler's hum,
Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie,
Can bide the war-pipe's deadlie strum,
My bonnie laddie, Highland laddie.

An' he'll raise sic an eldritch drone,
 Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie ;
 He'll wake the snorers round the throne,
 My bonnie laddie, Highland laddie.

And the targe and braidsword's twang,
 Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie,
 To hastier march will gar them gang,
 My bonnie laddie, Highland laddie.

Till frae his daddie's chair he'll blaw,
 Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie ;
 "Here's the lad ance far awa',"
 My bonnie laddie, Highland laddie.

TO DAUNTON ME.

Communicated to Mr. Cromek by Mrs. Copland, of Dalbeattie.

To daunton me an' me sae young,
 An' gude King James's eldest son !
 O that's the thing that ne'er can be,
 For the man's unborn that'll daunton me !
 O set me ance on Scottish land
 An' gie me my braidsword in my hand,
 Wi' my bonnet blue aboon my bree,
 An' shaw me the man that'll daunton me.

It's nae the battle's deadlie stoure,
 Nor friends pruiued fause that'll gar me cower ;
 But the reckless hand o' povertie,
 O ! that alane can daunton me.

High was I born to kingly gear,
But a cuif came in my cap to wear,
But wi' my braidsword I'll let him see
He's nae the man to daunton me.

O I'hae scarce to lay me on,
Of kingly fields were ance my ain ;
Wi' the moorcock on the mountain-bree,
But hardship ne'er can daunton me.
Up came the gallant chief Lochiel,
An' drew his glaive o' nut-brown steel,
Says, " Charlie, set your fit to me,
An' shaw me wha will daunton thee ! "

TO DAUNTON ME. *Second Version.*

To daunton me, to daunton me,
O ken ye what it is that'll daunton me?—
There's eighty-eight and eighty-nine,
And a' that I hae born sinsyne,
There's cess and press and Presbytrie,
I think will do meikle to daunton me.

But to wanton me, to wanton me,
O ken ye what it is that wad wanton me? —
To see gude corn upon the rigs,
And banishment amang the Whigs,
And right restored whare right sud be,
I think would do meikle to wanton me.

But to wanton me, to wanton me,
O ken ye what maist wad wanton me?—
To see king James at Edinbrugh cross,
Wi fifty thousand foot and horse,
And the usurper forc'd to flee,
O this is what maist wad wanton me.

YOUNG CHARLIE IS A GALLANT LAD.

Written and publicly sung shortly after the landing of
Prince Charles in Lochaber.

YOUNG Charlie is a gallant lad,
As e'er wore sword and belted plaid ;
And lane and friendless though he be,
He is the lad that shall wanton me.
At Moidart our young prince did land,
With seven men at his right hand,
And a' to conquer nations three :
That is the lad that shall wanton me.

O wae be to the faithless crew
That frae our true king took his due,
And banish'd him across the sea ;
Nae wonder that should daunt on me.
But, Charlie lad, ere it be lang,
We'll shaw them a' the right frae wrang ;
Argyle and a' our faes shall see
That nane on earth can daunt on thee.

Then raise the banner, raise it high ;
For Charles we'll conquer or we'll die :

The clans a' leal and true men be,
And shaw me wha will daunton thee !
Our gude King James shall soon come hame,
And traitors a' be put to shame ;
Auld Scotland shall again be free ;
O that's the thing wad wanton me !

LEWIE GORDON.

Written by Dr. Alexander Geddes, to the air of the original or northern set of "*Tarry Woo.*" Lord Lewis Gordon, third son of the Duke of Gordon was bred to the sea service, but he entered so zealously into the cause of the Prince, that he raised two regiments for him and fought with great gallantry in his service. On the 23d of September 1745, he commanded the detachment which defeated the King's forces at Inverury, under the Laird of M'Leod ; upon which he marched to Perth, and joined the Prince, who was then on his way to Edinburgh. After the battle of Culloden, he escaped to the Continent. He was attainted in 1746, and died at Martreuil, in France, on the 15th of June 1754.

OH ! send Lewie Gordon hame,
And the lad I daurna name ;
Though his back be at the wa',
Here's to him that's far awa !
Och hon ! my Highland man,
Och, my bonny Highland man ;
Weel would I my true-love ken,
Amang ten thousand Highland men.

Oh ! to see his tartan-trews,
 Bonnet blue, and laigh-heel'd shoes ;
 Philabeg aboon his knee ;
 That's the lad that I'll gang wi' !
 Och hon ! etc.

The princely youth of whom I sing,
 Is fitted for to be a king ;
 On his breast he wears a star ;
 You'd tak him for the god of war.
 Och hon ! etc.

Oh to see this princely one
 Seated on a royal throne !
 Disasters a' would disappear,
 Then begins the jub'lee year !
 Och hon ! etc.

BE VALIANT STILL.

This song is sung to the same tune as the *Song of the Chevalier*, or *To Daunt me* ; which was the most fashionable air of the year 1745-6, in Edinburgh.

WHILE thus I view fair Britain's isle,
 And see my sovereign in exile.
 A tyrant sitting on his throne,
 How can I but our fate bemoan ?
 Be valiant still, be valiant still,
 Be stout, and be bold, and be valiant still :
 There's right in the cause, and might in the
 will,
 To the bonny bonny lad that is valiant still.

I hope we yet shall see the day,
When Whigs shall dree the dule they ga'e,
Shall yield their proud necks to the laws,
And bow beneath the righteous cause.
Be valiant, etc.

Here's to the lads who dare be free,
The lads who true and constant be ;
A health to all the loyal few,
And curses on the Whiggish crew.
Be valiant, etc.

May Neptune waft our prince soon o'er,
To join our clans on Albion's shore !
May England soon her error see,
And aid the cause of heaven and me !
Be valiant, etc.

Let Charlie lead us owre the lea,
To meet the Whigs as one to three,
And soon we'll see upon the field,
What side shall be the first to yield.
Be valiant, etc.

Then let us join with one consent,
(Tis better late than ne'er repent),
To drive th' usurper o'er the main,
And welcome Charlie back again.
Be valiant, etc.

HE COMES, HE COMES, THE HERO COMES.

A poor parody on the well-known lines of Dryden "See the Conquering Hero Comes," and sung to the same air.

HE comes, he comes, the hero comes!
Sound your trumpets, beat your drums :
From port to port let cannons roar,
He's welcome to the British shore.

Prepare, prepare, your songs prepare,
Loudly rend the echoing air ;
From pole to pole his fame resound,
For virtue is with glory crown'd.

To arms, to arms, to arms repair !
Bravely now your wrongs declare :
See godlike Charles, his bosom glows
At Albion's fate and bleeding woes.

Away, away, fly, haste away !
Crush the bold usurper's sway !
Your lawful king at last restore,
And Britons shall be slaves no more.

HE'S COMING HERE.

The first verse and the burden of this song only are ancient. The rest is from the pen of Mr. R. Jamieson. It is an imitation of a song on the same subject, in Gaelic.

Be kind to me as lang's I'm yours,
 I'll maybe wear awa yet,
 He's coming o'er the Highland hills,
 May tak me frae you a' yet.
 He's coming here, he will be here ;
 He's coming here for a' that,
 He's coming o'er the Highland hills,
 May tak me frae you a' yet.

The arm is strong where heart is true,
 And loyal hearts are a' that ;—
 Auld love is better aye than new ;—
 Usurpers maunna fa' that.
 He's coming here, etc.

The king is come to Moideart bay,
 And mony bagpipes blaw that ;
 And Caledon her white cockade,
 And gude claymore may shaw yet.
 He's coming here, etc.

Then loudly let the pibroch sound,
 And bauld advance each true heart ;
 The word be "*Scotland's King and Law!*"
 And "*Death or Charlie Stuart!*"
 He's coming here, etc.

KANE TO THE KING.

From the Gaelic. The explanation of the line—" *But gently deal with the lady of Moy,*" is to be found in the circumstance that Mrs. Mackintosh of Moy joined the Prince at the head of two hundred of her clan. Her husband, the laird, refused to engage in the cause.

HARK the horn !
Up i' the morn,
Bonny lad, come to the march to-morrow.
Down the glen,
Grant and his men,
They shall pay kane to the king the morn.
Down by Knockhaspie,
Down by Gillespie,
Mony a red runt nods the horn,
Waken not Callum,
Rouky nor Allan ;
They shall pay kane to the king the morn.

Round the rock,
Down by the knock,
Monnaughty, Tannachty, Moy, and Glentrive,
Brodie and Balloch,
And Ballindalloch,
They shall pay kane to the king belyve.
Let bark and brevin
Blaze o'er Strathaven,
When the red bullock is over the bourn :
Then shall the maiden dread,
Low on her pillow laid,
Who's to pay kane to the king the morn.

Down the glen,
True Highlandmen,
Ronald, and Donald, and ranting Roy,
Gather and drive,
Spare not Glentrive,
But gently deal with the lady of Moy.
Appin can carry through,
So can Glengarry too,

And fairly they'll part to the hoof and the horn ;
But Keppoch and Dunain too,
They must be look'd unto,
Ere they pay kane to the king the morn.

Rouse the steer
Out of his lair,
Keep his red nose to the west away ;
Mark for the seven,
Or sword of heaven ;
And loud is the midnight sough o' the Spey.
When the brown cock crows day,
Upon the mottled brae,
Then shall our gallant prince hail the horn
That tells both to wood and cleuch,
Over all Badenoch,
Who's to pay kane to the king the morn.

ROYAL CHARLIE.

This is one of the numerous versions of "*Welcome, Royal Charlie*," so popular at the time of the Prince's landing.

WHEN France had her assistance lent,
Our darling prince to us she sent,
Towards the north his course he bent,
His name was Royal Charlie.
But, O, he was lang o' coming,
O, he was lang o' coming,
O, he was lang o' coming ;—
Welcome Royal Charlie !

When he upon the shore did stand,
The friends he had within the land
Came down and shook him by the hand,
And welcom'd Royal Charlie.
Wi' "O, ye've been lang o' coming," etc.

The dress that our Prince Charlie had
Was bonnet blue and tartan plaid ;
And O he was a handsome lad !
Few could compare wi' Charlie.
But O, he was lang o' coming, etc.

LOWLAND LASSIE

There are several songs with this title. The following version is made up partly from those which are to be found in every collection, and partly from a manuscript copy, communicated to the Ettrick Shepherd by Mr. Stuart, younger of Dalguise.

THE LADDIE.

THE cannons roar and trumpets sound,
Bonnie lassie, Lowland lassie,
And a' the hills wi' Charles resound,
Bonnie lassie, Lowland lassie,
Glory and honour now unite,
Bonnie lassie, Lowland lassie,
For freedom and our prince to fight,
Bonnie lassie, Lowland lassie.

THE LASSIE.

In vain you strive to sooth my pain,
Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie,
With that much lov'd and glorious name,
Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie ;
I, too fond maid, gave you a heart,
Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie,
With which you now so freely part,
Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie.

THE LADDIE.

No passion can with me prevail,
Bonnie lassie, Lowland lassie,
When king and country's in the scale,
Bonnie lassie, Lowland lassie,
Though this conflict in my soul,
Bonnie lassie, Lowland lassie,
Tells me love too much does rule,
Bonnie lassie, Lowland lassie,

THE LASSIE.

Ah, chill pretence ! I'd sooner die,
Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie,
Than see you thus inconstant fly,
Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie,
And leave me to th' insulting crew,
Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie,
Of Whigs to mock for trusting you,
Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie.

THE LADDIE.

Tho', Jenny, I my leave maun take,
Bonnie lassie, Lowland lassie,

I never will my love forsake,
Bonnie lassie, Lowland lassie,
Be now content, no more repine,
Bonnie lassie, Lowland lassie,
The Prince shall reign, and ye's be mine,
Bonnie lassie, Lowland lassie.

THE LASSIE.

While thus abandon'd to my smart,
Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie,
To one more fair you'll give your heart,
Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie,
And what still gives me greater pain,
Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie,
Death may for ever you detain,
Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie.

THE LADDIE.

None else shall ever have a share,
Bonnie lassie, Lowland lassie,
But you and honour, of my care,
Bonnie lassie, Lowland lassie :
And death no terror e'er can bring,
Bonnie lassie, Lowland lassie,
While I am fighting for my king,
Bonnie lassie, Lowland lassie.

THE LASSIE.

The sun a backward course shall take,
Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie,
Ere aught your manly courage shake,
Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie ;

My fondness shall no more control,
Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie,
Your gen'rous and heroic soul,
Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie.

THE LADDIE.

Your charms, your sense, your noble mind,
Bonnie lassie, Lowland lassie,
Would make the most abandoned kind,
Bonnie lassie, Lowland lassie :
For you and Prince I'll freely fight,
Bonnie lassie, Lowland lassie,
No object else can give delight,
Bonnie lassie, Lowland lassie.

THE LASSIE.

Go, for yourself procure renown,
Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie,
And for your lawful king his crown,
Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie ;
And, when victorious, you shall find,
Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie,
A Jenny constant to your mind,
Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie.

NOW CHARLES ASSERTS HIS FATHER'S
RIGHT.

Written immediately after the battle of Prestonpans. The Chevalier's partizans must have been very sanguine of success, to give the title of " rebel foe " to their opponents, at so early a period of the struggle.

Now Charles asserts his father's right,
 And thus establishes his own,
 Braving the dangers of the fight,
 To cleave a passage to the throne.
 The Scots regain their ancient fame,
 And well their faith and valour show,
 Supporting their young hero's claim
 Against a pow'rful rebel foe.

The God of battle shakes his arm,
 And makes the doubtful victory shine ;
 A panic dread their foes disarm :
 Who can oppose the will divine.
 The rebels shall at length confess
 Th' undoubted justice of the claim,
 When lisping babes shall learn to bless
 The long-forgotten Stuart's name.

WHA WADNA FIGHT FOR CHARLIE.

A specimen of the enthusiasm which prevailed among the Jacobites, from the landing in Boradale till the return of Charles's expedition into England. Among the singular events which marked it, none of the least singular was the spirit displayed by some of the Higbland ladies. In a preceding note, it has been mentioned that the wife of the Laird of Moy joined the Prince in opposition to the wishes of her husband ; but the spirit of that lady was equalled, if not surpassed, by the famous Miss Jenny Cameron of Glendesery, who not only promptly joined Charles with a body of men, but attended him afterwards in all his exploits. Miss Cameron, when she heard the news of the Prince's arrival, having a vain endeavour to induce her nephew, the laird, a minor, to take arms in his cause, set about rousing the men herself. When a summons was sent by Lochiel to her nephew, she set

off to Charles's head-quarters, at the head of two hundred and fifty followers of the clan well armed. She herself was dressed in a sea green riding habit, with a scarlet lapell, trimmed with gold, her hair tied behind in loose buckles, with a velvet cap, and scarlet feathers; she rode on a bay gelding, decked with green furnishing, which was fringed with gold; instead of a whip, she carried a naked sword in her hand, and in this equipage arrived at the camp. A female officer was a very extraordinary sight, and it being reported to the Prince, he went out of the lines to meet the heroine. Miss Jenny rode up to him without the least symptom of embarrassment, gave him a soldier-like salute, and then addressed him in words to the following effect:—"That as her nephew was not able to attend the royal standard, she had raised his men, and now brought them to his Highness; that she believed them ready to hazard their lives in his cause, and though at present they were commanded by a woman, yet she hoped they had nothing womanish about them; for she found that so glorious a cause had raised in her breast every manly thought, and quite extinguished the woman; what an effect then," added she, "must it have on those who have no feminine fear to combat, and are free from the incumbrance of female dress? These men, Sir, are yours; they have devoted themselves to your service; they bring you hearts as well as hands: I can follow them no further, but I shall pray for your success." This address being over, she ordered her men to pass in review before the Chevalier, who expressed himself pleased with their appearance, but much more so with the gallantry of their female leader. He conducted her to his tent, and treated her in the most courteous manner. Her natural temper being extremely frank and open, she was as full of gaiety as a girl of fifteen. The Prince was, therefore, much delighted with her conversation, and while she continued in the camp, he spent many of his leisure hours with her. He used frequently to style her Colonel Cameron, and by that title she was often jocularly distinguished afterwards. She continued with the army till they marched into England, and joined it again in Annandale on its return; and being in the battle fought on

Falkirk-muir, she was there taken prisoner, and committed to the castle of Edinburgh.

WHA wadna fight for Charlie ?
 Wha wadna draw the sword ?
 Wha wadna up and rally,
 At their royal prince's word ?

Think on Scotia's ancient heroes,
 Think on foreign foes repell'd,
 Think on glorious Bruce and Wallace,
 Wha the proud usurpers quell'd.

Wha wadna, etc.
 Rouse, rouse, ye kilted warriors !
 Rouse, ye heroes of the north !
 Rouse, and join your chieftain's banners,
 'Tis your prince that leads you forth !

Wha wadna, etc.
 Shall we basely crouch to tyrants ?
 Shall we own a foreign sway ?
 Shall a royal Stuart be banish'd,
 While a stranger rules the day ?

Wha wadna, etc.
 See the northern clans advancing !
 See Glengary and Lochiel !
 See the brandish'd broad swords glancing !
 Highland hearts are true as steel.

Wha wadna, etc.
 Now our prince has rear'd his banner ;
 Now triumphant is our cause ;
 Now the Scottish lion rallies ;
 Let us strike for prince and laws.

CHARLIE IS MY DARLING.

A touching anecdote of the love, strong in death, entertained by Sir Walter Scott for his country, is recorded by Sir Wm. Gell, in reference to this song. Wearied out with the hard struggles of his brilliant and honourable life, with the exhausting mental labour to which in the twilight of his days he doomed himself, that he might pay off the debts brought unexpectedly upon him, by the commercial crash and panic of 1825, he was taken to Italy for change of air and scene. But no change of air or scene could restore him. The delicate machinery of the brain was injured. The sweet bells of reason jangled out of tune. He took no interest in the lovely scenery around him; was scarcely conscious of a friend's presence, or of a friendly word. At length when toiling up a steep road near Naples, he saw a crag that reminded him of Scotland. The fast fading intelligence shot up into his eyes, and he repeated with a strong Scottish accent, a fragment of this Jacobite ballad, which shewed where his heart was.

“Up the heathery mountain,
And down the scraggy glen,
We daurna gang a milking
For Charlie and his men.”

He never again awakened to similar consciousness, till he grasped the hand of his faithful servant and attached friend, William Laidlaw, in his own country.

’T WAS on a Monday morning,
Right early in the year,
That Charlie came to our town,
The young Chevalier.
And Charlie he’s my darling,
My darling, my darling,
And Charlie he’s my darling,
The young Chevalier.

As he was walking up the street,
The city for to view,
O there he spied a bonnie lass,
The window looking through.
And Charlie he's my darling, etc.

Sae light's he jumped up the stair,
And tirl'd at the pin;
And wha sae ready as hersel
To let the laddie in!
And Charlie he's my darling, etc.

He set his Jenny on his knee,
All in his Highland dress;
For brawly weel he kend the way
To please a bonnie lass.
And Charlie he's my darling, etc.

It's up yon heathery mountain,
And down yon scraggy glen,
We daurna gang a milking
For Charlie and his men.
And Charlie he's my darling, etc.

CHARLIE IS MY DARLING. *Modern Version.*

This is the Ettrick Shepherd's version of the preceding song. The Shepherd says it was written at the request of a friend, who complained that the original verses were not to his taste. It is hard to say which of the two versions is the better or the worse.

'Twas on a Monday morning,
Right early in the year,
That Charlie came to our town,
The young Chevalier.
And Charlie he's my darling,
My darling, my darling,
And Charlie he's my darling,
The young Chevalier.

As Charlie he came up the gate,
His face shone like the day:
I grat to see the lad come back,
That had been lang away.
And Charlie he's my darling, etc.

And ilka bonnie lassie sang,
As to the door she ran,
Our king shall hae his ain again,
And Charlie is the man.
And Charlie he's my darling, etc.

Out-owre yon moory mountain,
And down yon craigy glen,
Of naething else our lasses sing,
But Charlie and his men.
And Charlie he's my darling, etc.

Our Highland hearts are true and leal,
And glow without a stain;
Our Highland swords are metal keen,
And Charlie he's our ain.
And Charlie he's my darling, etc.

JOHNNIE COPE

This song has always been a favourite with every class of Scotsmen. Perhaps the signal nature of the engagement which it records may have contributed to this, as the result was highly flattering to the national vanity; but the tune, which is much older than the year of the rebellion, and was formerly known as "Hye to the Hills in the morning," had doubtless a larger share in its popularity.

SIR JOHN COPE trode the north right far,
Yet ne'er a rebel he cam naur,
Until he landed at Dunbar,
Right early in the morning.

Hey, Johnnie Cope, are ye wauking yet?
Or are ye sleeping, I would wit?
O haste ye, get up, for the drums do beat:
O fye, Cope, rise in the morning!

He wrote a challenge from Dunbar,
"Come fight me, Charlie, an ye daur;
If it be not by the chance of war,
I'll give you a merry morning."

Hey, Johnnie Cope, etc.

When Charlie look'd the letter upon,
He drew his sword the scabbard from,
"So heaven restore to me my own,
I'll meet you, Cope, in the morning."

Hey, Johnnie Cope, etc.

Cope swore with many a bloody word,
That he would fight them gun and sword;

But he fled frae his nest like a weel-scar'd bird,
And Johnnie he took wing in the morning.

Hey, Johnnie Cope, etc.

It was upon an afternoon,
Sir John march'd in to Preston town,
He says, "My lads, come lean you down,
And we'll fight the boys in the morning."

Hey, Johnnie Cope, etc.

But when he saw the Highland lads
Wi' tartan trews and white cockades,
Wi' swords and guns, and rungs and gauds,
O Johnnie took wing in the morning !

Hey, Johnnie Cope, etc.

On the morrow when he did rise,
He look'd between him and the skies ;
He saw them wi' their naked thighs,
Which fear'd him in the morning.

Hey, Johnnie Cope, etc.

O then he fled into Dunbar,
Crying for a man of war ;
He thought to have pass'd for a rustic tar,
And gotten awa in the morning.

Hey, Johnnie Cope, etc.

Sir John then into Berwick rade,
Just as the deil had been his guide ;
Gi'en him the world, he wadna staid
T' have foughten the boys in the morning.

Hey, Johnnie Cope, etc.

Said the Berwickers unto Sir John,
“O what’s become of all your men?”
“In faith,” says he, “I dinna ken;
I left them a’ this morning.”

Hey, Johnnie Cope, etc.

Says Lord Mark Kerr, “Ye are na blate,
To bring us the news o’ your ain defeat,
I think you deserve the back o’ the gate:
Get out o’ my sight this morning.”

Hey, Johnnie Cope, etc.

JOHNNIE COPE. *Second Version.*

This version of Johnnie Cope as well as Tranent Muir which follows, have both been attributed to Mr. Adam Skirving, a wealthy farmer in Haddingtonshire. The phrase “gang to the coals i’ the morning,” requires explanation. By some it is asserted to be a senseless corruption of the old chorus, “gang to the hills i’ the morning,” and by others to be a local phrase for early rising.

COPE sent a challenge frae Dunbar,
“Come, Charlie, meet me an ye dare,
And I’ll teach you the art of war,
If you’ll meet wi’ me i’ the morning.”
Hey, Johnnie Cope, are ye wauking yet?
Or are your drums a-beating yet?
If ye were waking I would wait
To gang to the coals i’ the morning.

When Charlie look’d the letter upon,
He drew his sword the scabbard from,

“Come follow me, my merry merry men,
And we'll meet Johnnie Cope i' the morning.”
Hey, Johnnie Cope, etc.

Now, Johnnie, be as gude's your word,
Come let us try baith fire and sword,
And dinna rin awa like a frightened bird,
That's chased frae its nest i' the morning.
Hey, Johnnie Cope, etc.

When Johnnie Cope he heard of this,
He thought it wadna be amiss
To hae a horse in readiness,
To flee awa i' the morning.
Hey, Johnnie Cope, etc.

Fy, now, Johnnie, get up and rin ;
The Highland bagpipes make a din,
It's best to sleep in a hale skin,
For 'twill be a bluidie morning.
Hey, Johnnie Cope, etc.

When Johnnie Cope to Dunbar came,
They speer'd at him, “Where's a your men ?”
“The deil confound me gin I ken,
For I left them a' i' the morning.”
Hey, Johnnie Cope, etc.

Now, Johnnie, troth ye were na blate,
To come wi' the news o' your ain defeat,
And leave your men in sic a strait,
So early in the morning.
Hey, Johnnie Cope, etc.

“ I faith,” quo’ Johnnie, “ I got a fleg,
Wi’ their claymores and philabegs ;
If I face them again, deil break my legs !
So I wish you a very gude morning.”
Hey, Johnnie Cope, etc.

TRANENT MUIR.

The engagement with Cope’s army was indiscriminately called the Battle of Prestonpans, of Tranent Muir, and of Gladsmuir, from the names of the neighbouring villages or the field of battle itself.

The Chevalier, being void of fear,
Did march up Birsle brae, man,
And through Tranent, ere he did stent,
As fast as he could gae, man :
While General Cope did taunt and mock,
Wi’ mony a loud huzza, man,*
But ere next morn proclaimed the cock,
We heard another craw, man.

The brave Lochiel, as I heard tell,
Led Camerons on in clouds, man ;
The morning fair, and clear the air,
They loos’d with devilish thuds, man ;
Down guns they threw, and swords they drew,
And soon did chase them aff, man ;
On Seaton-Crafts they buft their chafts,
And gart them rin like daft, man.

* When the royal army saw the Highlanders appear, the soldiers shouted with great vehemence, which was returned by the Highlanders.—*Home’s History of the Rebellion.*

The bluff dragoons swore, blood and oons !
 They'd make the rebels run, man ;*
 And yet they flee when them they see,
 And winna fire a gun, man :
 They turn'd their back, the foot they brake,
 Such terror seized them a', man ;
 Some wet their cheeks, some fyl'd their breeks,
 And some for fear did fa,' man.

The volunteers prick'd up their ears,
 And vow but they were crouse, man !
 Yet when the bairns saw't turn to earn'st,
 They were na worth a louse, man ;
 Maist feck gade hame ; O fy for shame !
 They'd better staid awa', man,
 Than wi' cockade to make parade,
 And do nae good at a', man.

Monteith † the great, when hersel shit,
 Un'wares did ding him o'er, man ;
 Yet wad na stand to bear a hand,
 But aff fu' fast did scour, man ;
 O'er Soutra hill, e'er he stood still,
 Before he tasted meat, man :

* In the march from Haddington to Preston, the officers of the royal army "assured the spectators, of whom no small number attended them, that there would be no battle ; for, as the cavalry and infantry were joined, the Highlanders would not venture to wait the attack of so complete an army. Such was the tone of the army."—*Home*.

† The minister of Longformacus, a volunteer, who happening to come the night before the battle upon a Highlander easing nature at Preston, threw him over, and carried his gun as a trophy to Cope's camp.

Troth, he may brag of his swift nag,
That bore him aff sae fleet, man.

And Simpson,* keelt to clear the een
Of rebels far in wrang, man,
Did never strive wi' pistols five,
But gallop'd with the thrang, man ;
He turn'd his back, and in a crack,
Was cleanly out o' sight, man ;
And thought it best ; it was nae jest,
Wi' Highlanders to fight man.

'Mangst a' the gang nane bade the bang
But twa, and ane was was ta'en, man ;
For Campbell rade, but Myrie† staid,
And sair he paid the kain, man ;
Fell skelps he got, was waur than shot
Frae the sharp-edg'd claymore, man ;
Frae monie a spout came running out
His reeking-het red gore, man.

But Gard'ner‡ brave did still behave
Like to a hero bright, man ;
In courage true, like him were few
That still despised flight, man ;

* Another volunteer Presbyterian minister, who said he would convince the rebels of their error by dint of his pistols having, for that purpose, two in his pockets, two in his holsters, and one in his belts.

† Mr. Myrie was a student of physic, from Jamaica : he entered as a volunteer in Cope's army, and was miserably mangled by the broadswords.

‡ James Gardiner, colonel of a regiment of horse ; being deserted by his troop, he was killed by a Highlander, with a Lochaber axe.

For king and laws, and country's cause,
In honour's bed he lay, man ;
His life, but not his courage, fled,
While he had breath to draw, man.

And Major Bowle, that worthy soul,
Was brought down to the ground, man ;
His horse being shot, it was his lot
For to get monie a wound, man :
Lieutenant Smith, of Irish birth,
Frae whom he call'd for aid, man,
Being full of dread, lap o'er his head,
And wadna be gainsaid, man.

He made sic haste, sae spurr'd his beast,
'Twas little there he saw, man ;
To Berwick rade, and falsely said,
The Scots were rebels a', man :
But let that end, for well 'tis kend
His use and wont's to lie, man ;
The Teague is naught ; he never faught
When he had room to flee, man.*

And Caddel drest, amang the rest,
With gun and good claymore, man,

* Burns relates the following anecdote of Lieutenant Smith, who "came to Haddington after the publication of this song, and sent a challenge to Skirving, the author, to meet him at Haddington, and answer for the unworthy manner in which he had noticed him in his song—'Gang awa back,' said the honest farmer, 'and tell Mr. Smith that I have na leisure to come to Haddington ; but tell him to come here, and I'll tak a look o' him, and if I think I'm fit to fecht him, I'll fecht him ; and if no—I'll just do as he did—I'll rin awa.'"

On gelding grey he rode that day,
With pistols set before, man ;
The cause was good, he'd spend his blood,
Before that he would yield, man ;
But the night before he left the core,
And never fac'd the field, man.

But gallant Roger, like a soger,
Stood and bravely fought, man ;
I'm wae to tell, at last he fell,
But mae down wi' him brought, man :
At point of death, wi' his last breath,
(Some standing round in ring, man)
On's back lying flat, he wav'd his hat,
And cried, " God save the king !" man.

Some Highland rogues, like hungry dogs,
Neglecting to pursue, man,
About they fac'd, and in great haste
Upon the booty flew, man ;
And they, as gain, for all their pain,
Are deck'd wi' spoils o' war, man ;
Fu' bauld can tell how her nainsell
Was ne'er sae praw pefore, man.

At the thorn tree, which you may see
Bewest the Meadow-Mill, man,
There monie slain lay on the plain,
The clans pursuing still, man.
Sic unco hacks, and deadly whacks,
I never saw the like, man ;
Lost hands and heads cost them their deads,
That fell near Preston-dyke, man.

That afternoon, when a' was done,
I gaed to see the fray, man ;
But had I wist what after past,
I'd better staid away, man ;
On Seaton sands, wi' nimble hands,
They pick'd my pockets bare, man ;
But I wish ne'er to dree sick fear,
For a' the sum and mair, man.

GLADSMUIR.

William Hamilton of Bangour, the author of this production, was of an ancient family in Ayrshire. He was liberally educated, and his genius and delicate constitution seemed to mark him out for pacific pursuits alone. But he thought fit to join the standard of Prince Charles in 1745, celebrated the blaze of his success in this song, and finally escaped to France, after much wandering and many hardships in the Highlands. He afterwards made his peace with the Government, and came home to take possession of his paternal estate ; but his health requiring a warmer climate, he returned to the Continent, where he continued to reside till a slow consumption carried him off at Lyons, in his fiftieth year. Hamilton's name will always be entitled to respect for his beautiful ballad "The Braes of Yarrow."

As over Gladsmuir's blood-stain'd field,
Scotia, imperial goddess, flew,
Her lifted spear and radiant shield
Conspicuous blazing to the view ;
Her visage, lately clouded with despair,
Now re-assumed its first majestic air.

Such seen, as oft in battle warm,
She glow'd through many a martial age ;
Or mild to breathe the civil charm,
In pious plans and counsel sage :
For o'er the mingling glories of her face,
A manly greatness heighten'd female grace.

Loud as the trumpet rolls its sound,
Her voice the Power celestial rais'd,
While her victorious sons around,
In silent joy and wonder gaz'd.
The sacred Muses heard th' immortal lay,
And thus to earth the notes of fame convey :

“ 'Tis done, my sons ! 'Tis nobly done !
Victorious over tyrant power :
How quick the race of fame was run !
The work of ages in one hour !
Slow creeps th' oppressive weight of slavish reigns,
One glorious moment rose, and burst your chains.

“ But late, forlorn, dejected, pale,
A prey to each insulting foe,
I sought the grove and gloomy vale,
To vent in solitude my woe.
Now to my hand the balance fair restor'd,
Once more I wield on high th' imperial sword.

“ What arm has this deliverance wrought ?
'Tis he ! The gallant youth appears !
O warm in fields, and cool in thought,
Beyond the slow advance of years,
Haste, let me, rescued now from future harms,
Strain close thy filial virtue in my arms.

“ Early I nurs’d this royal youth,
Ah ! ill detain’d on foreign shores ;
I form’d his mind with love of truth,
With fortitude and wisdom’s stores ;
For when a noble action is decreed,
Heaven forms the hero for the destin’d deed.

“ Nor could the soft seducing charms
Of mild Hesperia’s blooming soil
E’er quench his noble thirst for arms,
Of generous deeds, and honest toil.
Fir’d with the love a country’s love imparts,
He fled their weakness, but admir’d their arts.

“ With him I plough’d the stormy main,
My breath inspir’d th’ auspicious gale :
Reserv’d for Gladsmuir’s glorious plain,
Through dangers wing’d his daring sail ;
Where, firm’d with inborn worth, he durst oppose
His single valour to a host of foes.

“ He came, he spoke, and all around
As swift as heaven’s quick-darted flame,
Shepherds turn’d warriors at the sound,
And every bosom beat for fame :
They caught heroic ardour from his eyes,
And at his side the willing heroes rise.

“ Rouse, England, rouse ! Fame’s noblest son,
In all thy ancient splendour shine !
If I the glorious work begun,
O let the crowning palm be thine !
I bring a prince, for such is Heaven’s decree,
Who overcomes but to forgive and free.

So shall fierce wars and tumults cease,
While Plenty crowns the smiling plain ;
And Industry, fair child of peace,
Shall in each crowded city reign.
So shall these happy realms for ever prove
The sweets of union, liberty, and love."

THE BONNIE HIGHLAND LADDIE.

The first intelligence of Charles's arrival was not credited by the lords of the regency, who even suspected the integrity of those by whom it was conveyed. But they were soon seriously alarmed when they learned that the information was true. A courier was despatched to Holland to hasten the return of King George, who arrived in England at the end of August, and issued a proclamation, offering a reward of £30,000 to any one who should take Prince Charles, either dead or alive. This proclamation was followed by another from Prince Charles, offering the like sum for securing the person of King George ; of which the following is a literal copy :—

" Charles, Prince of Wales, &c., regent of the kingdoms of Scotland, England, France, and Ireland, and the dominions thereunto belonging.

" Whereas we have seen a scandalous and malicious paper, published in the style and form of a proclamation, bearing date the 1st instant, wherein, under the pretence of bringing us to justice, like our royal ancestor King Charles I. of blessed memory, there is a reward of thirty thousand pounds sterling promised to those who shall deliver us into the hands of our enemies, we could not but be moved with a just indignation at so insolent an attempt. And though, from our nature and principles, we abhor and detest a practice so unusual among

Christian princes, we cannot but, out of a just regard to the dignity of our person, promise the like reward of thirty thousand pounds sterling to him or those who shall seize and secure, till our farther orders, the person of the Elector of Hanover, whether landing, or attempting to land, in any part of his majesty's dominions. Should any fatal accident happen from hence, let the blame lie entirely at the door of those who first set the infamous example. "CHARLES, P. R.

"Given in our camp, at Kinlocheill, August the 22d, 1745.

"By his Highness's command,

"JO. MURRAY."

OUR gallant prince is now come hame
 To Scotland, to proclaim his daddie :
 May Heav'n protect the royal name
 Of Stuart, and the tartan plaidie !
 O my bonnie Highland laddie,
 My handsome, charming Highland laddie !
 May Heaven still guard, and him reward,
 Wi's bonnet blue and tartan plaidie !

When first he landed on our strand,
 The gracefu' looks o' that brave laddie
 Made every Highland heart to warm,
 And lang to wear the tartan plaidie.
 O my bonnie, etc.

When Geordie heard the news belyve,
 That he was come before his daddie,
 He thirty thousand pounds would give,
 To catch him in his tartan plaidie.
 O my bonnie, etc.

But Geordie kend the better way,
 To stay at hame wi' his braw lady,

Wha canna fight, he needs must pay,
To ward the glent o' Highland plaidie.
O my bonnie, etc.

He sent John Cope unto the north,
Wi' a' his men for battle ready ;
But Charlie bauldly sallied forth,
Wi' bonnet blue and belted plaidie.
O my bonnie, etc.

Cope rade a race to Inverness,
And fand the prince gane south already,
Like lion bold, all uncontroll'd
Wi' belt and brand, and tartan plaidie.
O my bonnie, etc.

Cope turn'd the chase, and left the place ;
The Lothians was the next land ready ;
And then he swore that at Gladsmuir
He wad disgrace the Highland plaidie.
O my bonnie, etc.

Says he, " My lads, I tell you true,
I'm sorry that they're sae unready ;
Small is the task we have to do,
To catch this rebel in his plaidie." *
O my bonnie, etc.

* Among other boasting speeches ascribed to Cope, the following is said to have been addressed by him to his army the day before the battle, " Gentlemen, you are about to fight with a parcel of rabble, a small number of Highlanders, a parcel of brutes. You can expect no booty from such a poor despicable pack. But I have authority to declare that you shall have eight full hours' plunder and pillage of Edinburgh,

The prince he rose by break of day,
And blithely was he buskit ready.
“Let’s march,” said he; “Cope lang to see
The bonnet blue and belted plaidie.”
O my bonnie, etc.

They were nae slack, nae flinching back;
In rank and file they marched steady;
For they were bent, with one consent,
To fight for him that wore the plaidie.
O my bonnie, etc.

But soon John Cope cried to his men,
“For gudesake turn, ye dogs, and speed ye,
And let each man ’scape as he can.
The deil confound the tartan plaidie!”
O my bonnie, etc.

Some rade on horse, some ran on foot;
Their heels were light, their heads were giddy:
But late or air, they’ll lang nae mair
To meet the lad wi’ the Highland plaidie.
O my bonnie, etc.

Now, where is Cope, wi’ a’ his brag?
Say, is the craven gane already?
O leeze me on my bonnie lad,
His bonnet blue and belted plaidie!
O my bonnie, etc.

Leith, and suburbs (the places which harboured and succoured them), at your discretion with impunity,” The popular belief in Cope’s arrogance, no doubt gave rise to the satirical strain in which everything regarding him was afterwards said or sung.

BY THE SIDE OF A COUNTRY KIRK WALL

This is a parody of the well-known English song by Shenstone, "By the Side of a Murmuring Stream," and a satire on the proceedings of the Rev. Mr. Forbes of Pitney-Cadell, minister of Old Deer. The Scottish clergy looked with no favour on the claims or the person of the Pretender. After the battle of Preston, and while Prince Charles was residing at Holyrood House, some of the Presbyterian ministers continued to preach in the churches of Edinburgh, and publicly prayed for King George, without suffering molestation. One minister in particular, of the name of MacVicar, having been solicited by some Highlanders to pray for their prince, promised to comply with their request, and performed his promise in words to this effect, "And as for the young prince who has come hither in quest of an earthly crown, grant, O Lord, that he may speedily receive a crown of glory!"

By the side of a country kirk wall,
 A sullen Whig minister stood,
 Enclos'd in an old soaken stall,
 Apart from the rest of the crowd.
 His hat was hung high on a pin,
 With the cocks so devoutly display'd ;
 And the cloak that conceal'd ev'ry sin
 On the pulpit was carefully spread.

In pews and in benches below
 The people were variously plac'd ;
 Some attentively gaz'd at the show,
 Some loll'd like blythe friends at a feast.
 With a volley of coughs and of sighs,
 A harsh noisy murmur was made,

While Pitney threw up both his eyes,
And thus he began to his trade :

“ My dearly beloved,” quoth he,
“ Our religion is now at a stand ;
The Pretender’s come over the sea,
And his troops are disturbing our land.
The Papists will sing their old song,
And burn all our Bibles with fire,
And we shall be banish’d ere long ;
’Tis all that the Tories desire.

“ They’ll tell you he’s Protestant bred,
And he’ll guard your religion and laws ;
But believe me whate’er may be said,
He’s a foe to the Whigs and their cause.
May thick darkness as black as the night,
Surround each rebellious pate !
And confusion to all that will fight
In defence of that dastardly brat !

“ Our kirks which we’ve long time enjoy’d,
Will be fill’d with dull rogues in their gowns,
And our stipends will then be employ’d
On fellows that treat us like clowns.
Their bishops, their deans, and the rest
Of the Pope’s antichristian crew
Will be then of our livings possest,
And they’ll lord it o’er us and o’er you.

“ Instead of a sleep in your pews,
You’ll be vexed with repeating the creed ;
You’ll be dunn’d and demurr’d with their news,
If this their damn’d project succeed.

Their mass and their set forms of prayer
Will then in our pulpits take place :
We must kneel till our breeches are bare,
And stand at the glore and the grace.

“ Let us rise like true Whigs in a band,
As our fathers have oft done before,
And slay all the Tories off hand,
And we shall be quiet once more.
But before he accomplish his hopes,
May the thunder and lightning come down :
And though Cope could not vanquish his troops,
May the clouds keep him back from the throne ! ”

Thus when he had ended his task,
With the sigh of a heavenly tone,
The precentor got up in his desk,
And sounded his musical drone.
Now the hat is ta'en down from the pin,
And the cloak o'er the shoulders is cast :
The people throng out with a din,
The devil take him that is last !

TO YOUR ARMS, MY BONNIE HIGHLAND
LADS.

Hogg says he wrote this song from the recitation of “ old Lizzy Lamb,” a cottager at Ladhope, on Yarrow.

To your arms, to your arms, my bonnie Highland
lads !

To your arms, to your arms, at the touk of the
drum !

The battle trumpet sounds, put on your white
cockades,

For Charlie, the great prince regent, is come.

There is not the man in a' our clan,

That would nuckle to the lad that is five feet ten ;
And the tune that we strike on the tabor and pipe
Is "The king shall enjoy his own again."

To your arms, to your arms ! Charlie yet shall be
our king !

To your arms, all ye lads that are loyal and true !
To your arms, to your arms ! His valour nane can
ding,

And he's on to the south wi' a jovial crew,
Good luck to the lads that wear the tartan plaids !
Success to Charlie and a' his train !
The right and the wrang they a' shall ken ere lang,
And the king shall enjoy his own again.

The battle of Gladsmuir it was a noble stour,
And weel do we ken that our young prince wan ;
The gallant Lowland lads, when they saw the tartan
plaids,

Wheel'd round to the right, and away they ran :
For Master Johnnie Cope, being destitute of hope,
Took horse for his life, and left his men ;
In their arms he put no trust, for he knew it was
just
That the king should enjoy his own again.

To your arms, to your arms, my bonnie Highland
lads !

We winna brook the rule o' a German thing.

To your arms, to your arms, wi' your bonnets and
your plaids !

And hey for Charlie and our ain true king !
Good luck shall be the fa' o' the lad that's awa,
The lad whose honour never yet knew stain :
The wrang shall gae down, the king get the crown.
And ilka honest man his own again.

THE MAYOR OF CARLISLE.

Prince Charles having collected about five thousand men, resolved to make an irruption into England, which purpose he carried into effect, and entered by the west border on the 6th day of November. Carlisle was invested, and in less than three days surrendered; the keys were delivered to him at Brampton by the mayor (Pattison) and aldermen on their knees. Here he found a considerable quantity of arms; his father was proclaimed, King of Great Britain, and himself regent, with all due formalities. General Wade, apprised of his progress retreated from Newcastle and advanced across the country as far as Hexham, though the fields were covered with snow, and the roads almost impassable. There he received intelligence that Carlisle was reduced, and forthwith returned to his former station. The principal persons in the Prince's army were, the Duke of Perth, general; Lord George Murray, lieutenant-general; Lord Elcho, son of the Earl of Wemyss, colonel of the life-guards; the Earl of Kilmarnock, colonel of hussars; Lord Pitsligo, general of the horse; the Lords Nairn, Ogilvie, Dundee, and Balmerino; Messrs. Sheridan and Sullivan, Irish gentlemen; General M'Donald, aide-de-camp; and John Murray of Broughton, Esq., his secretary. Prince Charles, on advancing farther into the country, found himself disappointed in his expectations of aid from the Jacobites of England. Except a few of the populace of

Manchester, not a soul appeared in his behalf. He therefore called a council at Derby, in which, after many warm debates, it was at length resolved to measure back the route by which they had advanced, and return to Scotland without delay. This they accomplished in a very masterly manner, though betwixt two hostile armies, the one under the Duke of Cumberland, and the other under General Wade. Notwithstanding the excessive cold, hunger, and fatigue to which they were exposed during such a march in the depth of winter, they left behind no sick, and lost but few stragglers. They retired with deliberation, and carried off their cannon in the face of the enemy. The song is often sung to the English air, a favourite of Charles II., "Oh, London is a fine town, and a gallant city."

YE warlike men, with tongue and pen,
Who boast such loud bravadoes,
And swear you'll tame, with sword and flame,
The Highland desperadoes,
Attend my verse, while I rehearse
Your modern deeds of glory,
And tell how Cope, the nation's hope,
Did beat the rebel Tory.

With sword and targe in dreadful rage,
The mountain lads descended ;
They cut and hack, alack ! alack !
The battle soon was ended,
And happy he who first could flee :
Both soldiers and commanders
Swore, in a fright, they'd rather fight
In Germany or Flanders.

Some lost their wits, some fell in fits,
Some stuck in bogs and ditches ;

Sir John, aghast, like lightning past,
 Degrading sore his breeches.
The blue-cap lads, with belted plaids,
 Syne scamper'd o'er the Border,
And bold Carlisle, in noble style,
 Obey'd their leader's order.

O Pattison ! ochon ! ochon !
 Thou wonder of a mayor !
Thou blest thy lot thou wert no Scot,
 And bluster'd like a player.
What hast thou done with sword or gun
 To baffle the Pretender ?
Of mouldy cheese and bacon grease,
 Thou much more fit defender !

O front of brass, and brain of ass,
 With heart of hare compounded !
How are thy boasts repaid with costs,
 And all thy pride confounded !
Thou need'st not rave, lest Scotland crave
 Thy kindred or thy favour ;
Thy wretched race can give no grace,
 No glory thy behaviour.

THE BATTLE OF FALKIRK MUIR.

After Prince Charles's army had crossed the Border, on its return from England, he directed his march by the way of Dumfries to Glasgow, where he exacted heavy contribu-

tions, on account of the attachment of the citizens to the existing government, for whose service they had raised a regiment of 900 men, under the command of the Earl of Home. He then advanced towards Stirling, when, being joined by Lord John Drummond with considerable reinforcements, he invested the castle commanded by General Blakeney. In their operations here, however, very little progress was made, and it was soon learned that General Hawley, supposed to be an illegitimate son of the King, and who had succeeded Cope in the command of the government forces in Scotland, was approaching from Edinburgh with a view to relieve Stirling Castle. This intelligence was received on the 13th of January, while the Highland army was cantoned about Bannockburn. Next day Hawley's army arrived at Falkirk, and it was instantly resolved by the Prince to attack it. On the 17th, everything was in readiness, and the Highlanders began their march in two columns, and had forded the Carron, within three miles of the English camp, before their intention was discovered. Such was Hawley's obstinacy, self-conceit, or contempt of his enemy, that he slighted the repeated intelligence he had received of their motions and designs, in the firm belief that they durst not hazard an engagement. He was very soon convinced of his mistake. The Highlanders advanced, and attacked with the same impetuosity as at Prestonpans. The royal army, after one irregular discharge, turned their backs, and fled in the utmost consternation. In all probability, few or none of them would have escaped, had not General Huske and Brigadier Cholmondely rallied part of some regiments and made a stand, which favoured the retreat of the rest to Falkirk, from whence they retired in confusion to Edinburgh, leaving possession of the field of battle and part of their tents and artillery to the enemy. The song is ludicrously commemorative of the battle, and is exceedingly severe on General Hawley. By "Highland Geordie" is meant the Lord George Murray, who that day led the Prince's troops to the attack with all his accustomed bravery. The air of the song is obviously the popular one of "*Up and waur them a', Willie.*"

Up and rin awa, Hawley,
Up and rin awa, Hawley ;
The philabegs are coming down
To gie your lugs a claw, Hawley ;
Young Charlie's face at Dunipace,
Has gien your mou' a thraw, Hawley ;
A blasting sight for bastard wight,
The warst that e'er he saw, Hawley.
Up and rin awa, etc.

Gae dight your face, and turn the chase,
For fierce the wind does blaw, Hawley ;
And Highland Geordie's at your tail,
Wi' Drummond, Perth, and a', Hawley.
Had ye but staid wi' lady's maid
An hour, or maybe twa, Hawley,
Your bacon bouk and bastard snout,
Ye might hae sav'd them a', Hawley.
Up and rin awa, etc.

Whene'er you saw the bonnets blue
Down frae the Torwood draw, Hawley,
A wisp in need did you bestead,
Perhaps you needed twa, Hawley.
And General Husk, that battle-busk,
The prince o' warriors a', Hawley,
With whip and spur he cross'd the furr,
As fast as he could ca,' Hawley.
Up and rin awa, etc.

I hae but just ae word to say,
And ye maun hear it a', Hawley ;
We came to charge wi' sword and targe,
And nae to hunt awa, Hawley.

When we came doon aboon the town,
And saw nae faes at a', Hawley,
We couldna, sooth ! believe the truth,
That ye had left us a', Hawley.
Up and rin awa, etc.

Nae man bedeen believ'd his een,
Till your brave back he saw, Hawley,
That bastard brat o' foreign cat
Had neither pluck nor paw, Hawley.
We didna ken but ye were men
Wha fight for foreign law, Hawley.
Gae fill your wame wi' brose at hame,
It fits you best of a', Hawley.
Up and rin awa, etc.

The very frown o' Highland loon,
It gart you drap the jaw, Hawley,
It happ'd the face of a' disgrace,
And sicken'd Southron maw, Hawley.
The very gleam o' Highland flame,
It pat ye in a thaw, Hawley.
Gae back and kiss your daddie's miss ;
Ye're nought but cowards a', Hawley.
Up and scour awa, Hawley,
Up and scour awa, Hawley ;
The Highland dirk is at your doup,
And that's the Highland law, Hawley.

THE HIGHLANDMEN CAME DOWN THE HILL.

The ease with which King George's army was overcome by the Highlanders at Falkirk-muir is well described in this popular song. Although the latter fought with their usual intrepidity, they did not follow up the advantage which the panic of their adversaries afforded them, from a notion that so sudden a flight was only a *ruse de guerre*, and that they should have the brunt of the battle to sustain at the bottom of the field. Under this apprehension they marched on with more caution than they were accustomed to shew on such occasions, and when they reached the camp and found it deserted, they looked at one another with astonishment, often repeating the question in Gaelic, "Where's the men, where the devil have they gone?" All the accounts which have been published of this battle demonstrate that egregious mistakes were committed by the commanders on both sides. Hawley's troops fled without necessity, and continued their flight after they might have rallied, and in all likelihood regained the honour of the field. The Highland commanders, on the other hand, seem to have been bewildered with their own success; and actually did not know that they had gained the battle till it was too late to follow up their advantage.

THE Highlandmen came down the hill,
And owre the knowe wi' right gude will:
Now Geordie's men may brag their fill,
For wow but they were braw, man!
They had three gen'ral's o' the best,
Wi' lairds, and lords, and a' the rest,
Chiels that were bred to stand the test,
And couldna rin awa, man.

The Highlandmen are savage loons,
Wi' barkit houghs and burly crowns;

They canna stand the thunder-stoun's
Of heroes bred wi' care, man—
Of men that are their country's stay,
These Whiggish braggarts of a day.
The Highlandmen came down the brae
The heroes were not there, man.

Says brave Lochiel, "Pray, have we won?
I see no troop, I hear no gun."
Says Drummond, "Faith, the battle's done,
I know not how nor why, man.
But, my good lords, this thing I crave,
Have we defeat these heroes brave?"
Says Murray, "I believe we have:
If not, we're here to try, man."

But tried they up, or tried they down,
There was no foe in Falkirk town,
Nor yet in a' the country roun',
To break a sword at a', man.
They were sae bauld at break o' day,
When tow'rd the west they took their way;
But the Highlandmen came down the brae,
And made the dogs to blaw, man.

A tyke is but a tyke at best,
A coward ne'er will stand the test,
And Whigs at morn wha cock'd the crest,
Or e'en had got a fa,' man.
O wae befa' these northern lads,
Wi' their braidswords and white cockades!
They lend sic hard and heavy blads,
Our Whigs nae mair can crawl, man.

BONNIE CHARLIE

Hogg ascribes this song to Captain Stuart of Invernahoyle.

THOUGH my fireside it be but sma',
 And bare and comfortless witha',
 I'll keep a seat, and maybe twa,
 To welcome bonnie Charlie.
 Although my aumrie and my shiel'
 Are toom as the glen of Earnanhyle,
 I'll keep my hindmost handfu' meal,
 To gie to bonnie Charlie.

Although my lands are fair and wide,
 It's there nae langer I maun bide ;
 Yet my last hoof, and horn, and hide
 I'll gie to bonnie Charlie.
 Although my heart is unco sair,
 And lies fu' lowly in its lair,
 Yet the last drap o' blude that's there
 I'll gie for bonnie Charlie.

CULLODEN DAY.

This is the first of a series of mournful songs on the results of that battle, in which all the hopes of the Stuarts were for ever annihilated. The air bears the same name with the song. The latter is called in the Gaelic, from which it is a translation, "*N'cual sibh mar thackair dhuin.*"

FAIR lady, mourn the memory
Of all our Scottish fame !
Fair lady, mourn the memory
Ev'n of the Scottish name !
How proud were we of our young prince,
And of his native sway !
But all our hopes are past and gone,
Upon Culloden day.

There was no lack of bravery there,
No spare of blood or breath,
For, one to two, our foes we dar'd,
For freedom or for death.
The bitterness of grief is past,
Of terror and dismay :
The die was risk'd, and foully cast,
Upon Culloden day.

And must thou seek a foreign clime,
In poverty to pine,
No friend or clansman by thy side,
No vassal that is thine ?
Leading thy young son by the hand,
And trembling for his life,
As at the name of Cumberland
He grasps his father's knife.

I cannot see thee, lady fair,
Turn'd out on the world wide ;
I cannot see thee, lady fair,
Weep on the bleak hill side.
Before such noble stem should bend
To tyrant's treachery,
I'll lay thee with thy gallant sire,
Beneath the beechen tree.

I'll hide thee in Clan-Ronald's isles,
 Where honour still bears sway ;
 I'll watch the traitor's hovering sails,
 By islet and by bay :
 And ere thy honour shall be stain'd,
 This sword avenge shall thee,
 And lay thee with thy gallant kin,
 Below the beechen tree.

What is there now in thee, Scotland,
 To us can pleasure give ?
 What is there now in thee, Scotland,
 For which we ought to live ?
 Since we have stood, and stood in vain,
 For all that we held dear,
 Still have we left a sacrifice
 To offer on our bier.

A foreign and fanatic sway
 Our Southron foes may gall ;
 The cup is fill'd, they yet shall drink,
 And they deserve it all.
 But there is nought for us or ours,
 In which to hope or trust,
 But hide us in our fathers' graves,
 Amid our fathers' dust.

ON GALLIA'S SHORE WE SAT AND WEPT.

It was probably about the time when the hopes of renewed assistance from France were declining, that Mr. William Hamilton of Bangour wrote the following imitation of the

Scottish version of the 137th Psalm—a composition of much more than his usual energy, and concluding with an almost prophetic malediction.—*R. Chambers.*

ON Gallia's shore we sat and wept,
When Scotland we thought on,
Robbed of her bravest sons, and all
Her ancient spirit gone.

Revenge ! the sons of Gallia said,
Revenge your native land ;
Already your insulting foes
Crowd the Batavian strand.

How shall the sons of freedom e'er
For foreign conquest fight ;
For power, how wield the sword unsheathed,
For liberty and right ?

If thee, oh Scotland, I forget,
Even with my latest breath,
May foul dishonour stain my name,
And bring a coward's death.

May sad remorse of fancied guilt
My future days employ,
If all thy sacred rights are not
Above my chiefest joy.

Remember England's children, Lord,
Who on Drummossie* day,
Deaf to the voice of kindred love,
Raze, raze it quite, did say.

* Drummossie, another name for the Muir of Culloden.

And thou, proud Gallia, faithless friend,
Whose ruin is not far,
Just Heaven, on thy devoted head,
Pour all the woes of war.

When thou thy slaughtered little ones,
And ravished dames shall see,
Such help, such pity, may'st thou have,
As Scotland had from thee.

THE TEARS OF SCOTLAND.

This beautiful lyric, by Dr. Smollett, is worthy of the genius and the patriotism of its author. When reproached by persons in authority with having given vent to what were then called feelings of disaffection to the existing government, the indignant poet only replied by reciting the last stanza. Indeed, in this poem, Smollett only spoke the sentiments of nine-tenths of his countrymen at the time; for, whatever might be the differences that reigned among political parties, there was but one opinion as to the cruel and vindictive character of the measures by which the victory at Culloden was followed up.

MOURN, hapless Caledonia, mourn
Thy banish'd peace, thy laurels torn !
Thy sons, for valour long renown'd,
Lie slaughter'd on their native ground.
Thy hospitable roofs no more
Invite the stranger to the door ;
In smoky ruins sunk they lie,
The monuments of cruelty.

The wretched owner sees afar
His all become the prey of war,
Bethinks him of his babes and wife,
Then smites his breast, and curses life.
Thy swains are famish'd on the rocks,
Where once they fed their wanton flocks ;
Thy ravish'd virgins shriek in vain ;
Thy infants perish on the plain.

What boots it then, in every clime,
Through the wide-spreading waste of time,
Thy martial glory, crown'd with praise,
Still shone with undiminish'd blaze ?
Thy towering spirit now is broke,
Thy neck is bended to the yoke :
What foreign arms could never quell,
By civil rage and rancour fell.

The rural pipe and merry lay
No more shall cheer the happy day ;
No social scenes of gay delight
Beguile the dreary winter night :
No strains but those of sorrow, flow,
And nought is heard but sounds of woe,
While the pale phantoms of the slain
Glide nightly o'er the silent plain.

Oh, baneful cause ! oh, fatal morn,
Accurs'd to ages yet unborn !
The sons against their fathers stood,
The parent shed his children's blood :
Yet, when the rage of battle ceas'd,
The victor's soul was not appeas'd ;
The naked and forlorn must feel
Devouring flames and murdering steel.

The pious mother, doom'd to death,
Forsaken, wanders o'er the heath ;
The bleak wind whistles round her head,
Her helpless orphans cry for bread.
Bereft of shelter, food, and friend,
She views the shades of night descend,
And, stretch'd beneath th' inclement skies,
Weeps o'er her tender babes, and dies.

Whilst the warm blood bedews my veins,
And unimpair'd remembrance reigns,
Resentment of my country's fate
Within my filial breast shall beat ;
And, spite of her insulting foe,
My sympathizing verse shall flow.
Mourn, hapless Caledonia, mourn
Thy banish'd peace, thy laurels torn !

YOU'RE WELCOME, CHARLIE STUART.

The author of this production is unknown ; but the leading topics introduced are such as were of the greatest popular interest after the rebellion in 1745. The air to which it is sung bears the same name, and is to be found in almost every collection of Scottish tunes.

You're welcome, Charlie Stuart,
You're welcome, Charlie Stuart,
You're welcome, Charlie Stuart,
There's none so right as thou art.

Had I the power to my will,
Thy foes to scatter, take, and kill,
I'd make thee famous by my quill,
From Billingsgate to Duart.

Thy sympathizing complaisance
Made thee believe intriguing France ;
But wo is me for thy mischance,
That saddens every true heart !
You're welcome, etc.

Had'st thou Culloden's battle won,
Poor Scotland had not been undone,
Nor butcher'd been with sword and gun,
By Lockhart and such cowards.
You're welcome, etc.

Kind Providence to thee a friend,
A lovely maid,* did timely send,
To save thee from a fearful end,
Thou royal Charlie Stuart.
You're welcome, etc.

Illustrious Prince, we firmly pray,
That she and we may see the day,
When Britons with one voice shall say,
" You're welcome, Charlie Stuart."
You're welcome, etc.

* This verse alludes to the share which the celebrated Flora Macdonald had in enabling Prince Charles to elude the pursuit of his enemies, and finally to effect his escape to France. Miss Flora was the sister of Macdonald of Milton in South Uist.

Whene'er I take a glass of wine,
I drink confusion to the swine,
But health to him that will combine
 To fight for Charlie Stuart.
 You're welcome, etc.

Though Cumberland, the tyrant proud,
Doth thirst and hunger for thy blood,
Just Heaven will preserve the good,
 The gallant Charlie Stuart.
 You're welcome, etc.

The ministry may Scotland maul,
But our brave hearts they'll ne'er enthrall ;
We'll fight like Britons one and all,
 For liberty and Stuart.
 You're welcome, etc.

Then haste, ye Britons, to set on
Your lawful king upon his throne,
And to Hanover drive each one
 Who will not fight for Stuart.
 You're welcome, etc.

TOWNLY'S GHOST.

A parody on the well-known English ballad of "Margaret's Ghost." Colonel Francis Townly led the two hundred Jacobites who joined Prince Charles at Manchester, while on his march to the south. The Colonel and his troop afterwards formed part of the unfortunate garrison that was left to defend Carlisle, when the Highland army returned to Scotland. He was taken prisoner in that town, and executed with the rest.

From the general strain of this song, and the words of the second stanza in particular, it would appear that the terms of the capitulation had not been honourably observed by the victorious party. Smollett says that there was a *sort* of a capitulation entered into for the surrender of Carlisle. Of course, we may conclude that the Duke of Cumberland, as commander-in-chief, would not be very scrupulous in breaking the conditions of it. A *sort* of a capitulation was not likely to bind one who never kept faith with the followers of the Prince. The Duke was above decency in such matters. Hence the innumerable stains on his own memory, and the everlasting discredit sustained by the ministry of that period.

WHEN Sol in shades of night was lost,
And all was fast asleep,
In glided murder'd Townly's ghost,
And stood at William's feet.

"Awake, infernal wretch!" he cried,
"And view this mangled shade,
That in thy perjur'd faith relied,
And basely was betray'd.

"Imbrued in bliss, imbath'd in ease,
Though now thou seem'st to lie,
My injur'd form shall gall thy peace,
And make thee wish to die.

"Fancy no more in pleasant dreams
Shall frisk before thy sight,
But horrid thoughts and dismal screams
Attend thee all the night.

"Think on the hellish acts thou'st done,
The thousands thou'st betray'd :

Nero himself would blush to own
The slaughter thou hast made.

“Nor infants’ cries nor parents’ tears,
Could stay thy bloody hand,
Nor could the ravish’d virgin’s fears
Appease thy dire command.

“But, ah ! what pangs are set apart
In hell, thou’lt quickly see ;
For ev’n the damn’d themselves shall start
To view a fiend like thee.”

In heart affrighted, Willie rose,
And trembling stood, and pale ;
Then to his cruel sire he goes,
And tells the dreadful tale.

“Cheer up, my dear, my darling son,”
The bold usurper said,
“And ne’er repent of what thou’st done,
Nor be at all afraid.

“If we on Scotland’s throne can dwell,
And reign securely here,
Your uncle Satan’s king in hell,
And he’ll secure us there.”

CALLUM-A-GLEN.

Both the song and the air are Gaelic. The latter is to be found in Captain Frazer’s collection. This version of the words is from the pen of the Ettrick Shepherd.

Was ever old warrior of suffering so weary ?
Was ever the wild beast so bay'd in his den ?
The Southron blood-hounds lie in kennel so near me,
That death would be freedom to Callum-a-Glen.
My sons are all slain and my daughters have left me ;
No child to protect me, where once there were
ten :
My chief they have slain, and of stay have bereft
me,
And wo to the grey hairs of Callum-a-Glen !

The homes of my kinsman are blazing to heaven ;
The bright sun of morning has blush'd at the view ;
The moon has stood still on the verge of the even,
To wipe from her pale cheek the tint of the dew :
For the dew it lies red on the vales of Lochaber,
It sprinkles the cot, and it flows in the pen.
The pride of my country is fallen for ever !
Death, hast thou no shaft for old Callum-a-Glen ?

The sun in his glory has look'd on our sorrow ;
The stars have wept blood over hamlet and lea :
O, is there no spring-day for Scotland ? no morrow
Of bright renovations for souls of the free ?
Yes : one above all has beheld our devotion,
Our valour and faith are not hid from his ken.
The day is abiding, of stern retribution,
On all the proud foes of old Callum-a-Glen.

FAREWELL TO GLEN-SHALLOCH.

From the Gaelic by the Ettrick Shepherd. The air is to be found in Captain Frazer's collection, under the title of "*Bodhan an Eassain*."

FAREWELL to Glen-Shalloch,
A farewell for ever !
Farewell to my wee cot,
That stands by the river !
The fall is loud sounding,
In voices that vary,
And the echoes surrounding
Lament with my Mary.

I saw her last night,
'Mid the rocks that enclose them,
With a babe at her knee,
And a babe at her bosom :
I heard her sweet voice
In the depth of my slumber,
And the song that she sung
Was of sorrow and cumber.

"Sleep sound, my sweet babe,
There is nought to alarm thee ;
The sons of the valley
No power have to harm thee.
I'll sing thee to rest
In the balloch untrodden,
With a coronach sad
For the slain of Culloden.

“The brave were betray’d,
And the tyrant is daring
To trample and waste us,
Unpitying, unsparing.
Thy mother no voice has,
No feeling that changes,
No word, sign, or song,
But the lesson of vengeance.

“I’ll tell thee, my son,
How our laurels are withering :
I’ll gird on thy sword
When the clansmen are gathering ;
I’ll bid thee go forth
In the cause of true honour,
And never return
Till thy country hath won her.

“Our tower of devotion
Is the home of the reaver ;
The pride of the ocean
Is fallen for ever ;
The pine of the forest,
That time could not weaken,
Is trod in the dust,
And its honours are shaken.

“Rise, spirits of yore,
Ever dauntless in danger !
For the land that was yours
Is the land of the stranger.
O come from your caverns,
All bloodless and hoary,
And these fiends of the valley
Shall tremble before ye !”

THE FRASERS IN THE CORREL.

Translated from the Gaelic by the Ettrick Shepherd.
The air, which bears the same name, is to be found in Captain Frazer's collection.

“WHERE is your daddy gane, my little May?
Where has our lady been a' the lang day?
Saw you the red-coats rank on the hall green?
Or heard ye the horn on the mountain yestreen?”
“Ye auld carle greybeard, spier na at me;
Gae spier at the maiden that sits by the sea.
The red-coats were here, and it wasna for good,
And the raven's turn'd hoarse wi' the waughting
o' blood.

“O listen, auld carle, how roopit his note!
The blood of the Fraser's too hot for his throat,
I trow the black traitor's of Sassenach breed;
They prey on the living, and he on the dead.
When I was a baby, we ca'd him in joke,
The harper of Errick, the priest of the rock;
But now he's our mountain companion no more,
The slave of the Saxon, the quaffer of gore.”

“Sweet little maiden, why talk you of death?
The raven's our friend, and he's croaking in
wrath:

He will not pick up from a bonnetted head,
Nor mar the brave form by the tartan that's clad.
But point me the cliff where the Fraser abides,
Where Foyers, Culduthil, and Gorthaly hides.

There's danger at hand, I must speak with them
soon,
And seek them alone by the light of the moon."

"Auld carle greybeard, a friend you should be,
For the truth's on your lip, and the tear i' your
e'e;
Then seek in the correi that sounds on the brae,
And sings to the rock when the breeze is away.
I sought them last night with the haunch of the
deer,
And far in yon cave they were hiding in fear:
There, at the last crow of the brown heather-cock,
They pray'd for their prince, kneel'd, and slept on
the rock.

"O tell me, auld carle, what will be the fate
Of those who are killing the gallant and great?
Who force our brave chiefs to the correi to go,
And hunt their own prince like the deer or the
roe?"

"My sweet little maiden, beyond yon red sun
Dwells one who beholds all the deeds that are
done:
Their crimes on the tyrants one day he'll repay,
And the names of the brave shall not perish for
aye."

THE HIGHLAND WIDOW'S LAMENT.

This is a well-known song, partly ancient and partly modern. The popularity of the air, doubtless, recommended

it to Burns, who added the fifth, sixth, and seventh verses. The eighth, ninth, and tenth are by Allan Cunningham; and the last is from the pen of the Ettrick Shepherd.

OH! I am come to the low countrie!
Ochon, ochon, ochrie!
Without ae penny in my purse,
To buy a meal to me.

It wasna sae in the Highland hills,
Ochon, ochon, ochrie!
Nae woman in the country wide
Sae happy was as me:

For then I had a score of kye,
Ochon, ochon, ochrie!
Feeding on yon hill sae high,
And giving milk to me!

And there I had three score o' yowes,
Ochon, ochon, ochrie!
Skipping on yon bonnie knowes,
And casting woo to me.

I was the happiest o' the clan:
Sair, sair may I repine;
For Donald was the bravest man,
And Donald he was mine.

Till Charlie he came ower at last,
Sae far, to set us free:
My Donald's arm it wanted was
For Scotland and for me.

Their waefu' fate what need I tell ?
Right to the wrang did yield ;
My Donald and his country fell
Upon Culloden field.

I hae nocht left me now ava,
Ochon, ochon, ochrie !
But bonnie orphan lad-weans twa,
To seek their bread wi' me.

But I hae yet a tocher-band,
Ochon, ochon, ochrie !
My winsome Donald's durk and brand,
Into their hands to gie.

And still ae blink o' hope is left,
To lighten my auld e'e ;
To see my bairns gie bluidy crowns
To them gart Donald die.*

Ochon, ochon, oh, Donald, oh !
Ochon, ochon, ochrie !
Nae woman in the warld wide
Sae wretched now as me !

* Though slow and deliberate in civil pursuits, the Highlander is remarkably quick, active, and even furious in war. One of a clan, at the battle of Culloden, being singled out and wounded, set his back against a wall, and with his targe and claymore, bore singly the onset of a party of dragoons. Driven to desperation, he made resistless strokes at his enemies, who crowded and encumbered themselves to have each the glory of slaying him. "Save that brave fellow," was the unregarded cry of one of the officers. *Gillies Macbane* was cut to pieces, but thirteen of his enemies lay dead around him.

THE CURSES.

This is a bitter explosion of Jacobite fury, and was probably written immediately after the passing of the Act of Union. The sentiments, however, were applicable to all the periods of insurrection and excitement; of course, as a song, it was constantly in use and highly popular. The Union was a deadly blow to the cause of the Stuarts, and hence the soreness betrayed on account of that event by their followers.

SCOTLAND and England must be now
United in a nation,
And we must all perjure and vow,
And take the abjuration.
The Stuarts' ancient freeborn race,
Now we must all give over;
And we must take into their place
The bastards of Hanover.

Curs'd be the Papists who withdrew
The king to their persuasion:
Curs'd be that covenanting crew,
Who gave the first occasion.
Curs'd be the wretch who seiz'd the throne,
And marr'd our constitution;
And curs'd be they who helped on
That wicked revolution.

Curs'd be those traitorous traitors who,
By their perfidious knavery,
Have brought our nation now into
An everlasting slavery.

Curs'd be the Parliament, that day,
Who gave their confirmation ;
And curs'd be every whining Whig,
For they have damn'd the nation.

THE EXILE'S LAMENT.

This and the song immediately following are old compositions, but they were popular even till the extinction of the Stuart family. The first is taken from Johnson's museum ; both the words and air are affectingly simple. The second was procured by the Ettrick Shepherd from a set of old manuscript songs belonging to the Honourable Miss Rollo.

FRAE the friends and land I love,
Driven by fortune's felly spite ;
Frae my best belov'd I rove,
Never mair to taste delight :
Never mair maun hope to find
Ease frae toil, relief frae care.
When remembrance racks the mind,
Pleasure but unveils despair.

Brightest climes shall mirk appear,
Desert ilka blooming shore,
Till the fates, nae mair severe,
Friendship, love, and peace restore ;
Till revenge, wi' laurell'd head,
Bring our banish'd hame again,
And ilka loyal bonny lad
Cross the seas and win his ain.

THE JACOBITE'S PLEDGE

Allan Ramsay altered the original of this fragment into a love song, for the sake of preserving the old chorus. He took the same liberty with many more of our Jacobite productions ; but we must find an apology for the bad taste of such management in the peculiar circumstances of the times. To have published any of the Jacobite songs at that period, in their original state, would have been tantamount to putting his neck into a halter.

HERE's a health to them that's away,
Here's a health to them that's away,
Here's a health to him that was here yestreen,
But durstna bide till day.
O wha winna drink it dry ?
O wha winna drink it dry ?
Wha winna drink to the lad that's gane,
Is nane o' our company.

Let him be swung on a tree,
Let him be swung on a tree ;
Wha winna drink to the lad that's gane,
Can ne'er be the man for me.
It's good to be merry and wise,
It's good to be honest and true,
It's good to be aff wi' the auld king,
Afore we be on wi' the new.

PRINCE CHARLES.

The strain of this production denotes it to be one of the panegyrical effusions which abounded when Prince Charles

first arrived in Scotland. In *Hogg's Relics* it is set to a fine air by Oswald.

O how shall I venture or dare to reveal,
Too nice for expression, too good to conceal,
The graces and virtues that illustriously shine
In the Prince that's descended from Stuart's great
line ?

O could I extol as I love the great name,
Or sound my low strain to my Prince's great fame,
In verses immortal his glory should live,
And to ages unborn his merit survive.

O thou great hero, true heir to the crown,
The world in amazement admires thy renown :
Thy princely deportment sets forth thy great praise,
In trophies more lasting than ages can raise.

Thy valour in war, thy conduct in peace,
Shall be sung and admir'd when division shall cease.
Thy foes in confusion shall yield to thy sway.
And those that now rule shall be glad to obey.

May the heavens protect him, and his person rescue
From the plots and the snares of the dangerous
crew ;
May they still crown his arms with triumph in fight.
And restore him again to the crown that's his right.

Then George and his breed shall be banish'd our land,
To his paltry Hanover and German command ;
Then freedom and peace shall return to our shore,
And Britons be bless'd with a Stuart once more.

THE HIGHLANDER'S LAMENT.

In most of the versions of this song the stanzas which reprobate certain Highland chiefs are omitted. They are generally understood to refer to two chiefs of Skye, who stood aloof, either from apprehension of the consequences, or from the persuasions of Argyle. Their refusal to join the standard of the Prince was imputed to them as a monstrous political sin by all those who embarked in his enterprise. According to Hogg, the song seems to have been the production of a sennachie of Appin, the old inveterate foe of the Campbells, whose prevailing power, however, finally crushed and ruined him.

A SOLDIER, for gallant achievements renown'd,
Revolv'd in despair the campaigns of his youth ;
Then beating his bosom, and sighing profound,
That malice itself might have melted to ruth,
"Are these," he exclaim'd, "the results of my toil,
In want and obscurity thus to retire ?
For this did compassion restrain me from spoil,
When earth was all carnage, and heav'n was on
fire ?

"My country is ravag'd, my kinsmen are slain,
My prince is in exile, and treated with scorn,
My chief is no more—he hath suffer'd in vain—
And why should I live on the mountain forlorn ?
O wo to Macconnal, the selfish, the proud,
Disgrace of a name for its loyalty fam'd !
The curses of heaven shall fall on the head
Of Callum and Torquil, no more to be nam'd.

"For had they but join'd with the just and the brave,
The Campbell had fallen, and Scotland been free ;

That traitor, of vile usurpation the slave,
The foe of the Highlands, of mine, and of me.
The great they are gone, the destroyer is come,
The smoke of Lochaber has reddened the sky :
The war-note of freedom for ever is dumb ;
For that have I stood, and with that I will die.

“The sun’s bright effulgence, the fragrance of air,
The varied horizon henceforth I abhor.
Give me death, the sole boon of a wretch in despair,
Which fortune can offer, or nature implore.”
To madness impell’d by his griefs as he spoke,
And darting around him a look of disdain,
Down headlong he leapt from a heaven-towering
rock,
And sleeps where the wretched forbear to com-
plain.

OH ! HE’S BEEN LANG O’ COMING.

This song was recovered from tradition by that indefatigable, but very easily satisfied and careless collector, Mr. Peter Buchan, and inserted in the Appendix to the Wanderings of Prince Charles. It is a spirited, and appears to be a genuine song of the ’45.

THE youth that should hae been our king,
Was dress’d in yellow, red, and green,
A braver lad ye wadna seen,
Than our brave royal Charlie.
Oh ! he’s been lang o’ coming,
Lang, lang, lang, o’ coming,
Oh ! he’s been lang o’ coming,
Welcome royal Charlie.

At Falkirk, and at Prestonpans,
Supported by the Highland clans,
They broke the Hanoverian bands,
For our brave royal Charlie.
Oh ! he's been lang, etc.

The valiant chief, the brave Lochiel,
He met Prince Charlie on the dale ;
Then, O ! what kindness did prevail,
Between the Chief and Charlie.
Oh ! he's been lang, etc.

O come and quaff along wi' me,
And drink a bumper, three times three,
To him that's come to set us free,
Huzy ! rejoice for Charlie.
Oh ! he's been lang, etc.

We darena brew a peck o' maut,
But Geordie says it is a faut ;
And to our kail cannot get saut,
For want of royal Charlie.
Oh ! he's been lang, etc.

Now our good king abroad is gone,
A German whelp now fills the throne,
And whelps it is denied by none,
Are brutes compared to Charlie.
Oh ! he's been lang, etc.

Now our good king is turn'd awa',
A German whelp now rules us a' ;
And tho' we're forc'd against our law,
The right belongs to Charlie.
Oh ! he's been lang, etc.

If we had but our Charlie back,
We wadna fear the German's crack ;
Wi' a' his thieving hungry pack,
The right belongs to Charlie.
Oh ! he's been lang, etc.

O, Charlie come and lead the way,
No German whelp shall bear the sway,
Tho' ilka dog maun hae his day ;
The right belongs to Charlie.
Oh ! he's been lang, etc.

THE EARL OF KILMARNOCK'S LAMENT.

From Peter Buchan's MS. Collection of the Songs and Ballads of the North of Scotland.

FAREWELL to my Eppie,
My wish be wi' Eppie,
Too soon will my Eppie receive my adieu :
My sentence is past,
To-morrow's my last,
And I'll never win hame to my Eppie, I trow.

Oh Eppie, my dearest,
Oh Eppie, my fairest,
Sae mony sweet days I have spent wi' you ;
Now could are my hands
In these iron bands,
And I'll never mair stretch them, dear Eppie, to
you.

But though I maun die,
 I boldly defy
 My foes to declare that my crime I do rue ;
 Nor need my proud kin
 Be ashamed of my sin,
 But sad is the heart of my Eppie, I trow.

Good angels be keeping
 Her while she is sleeping,
 Lest dreams should present my sad fate to her
 view ;
 And when I am dead,
 Support her widowed head,
 For sad will the heart o' my Eppie be now.

OH, HOW WOULD BE YOUNG CHARLIE THEN.

From P. Buchan's MS. Collection of the Songs and Ballads
 of the North of Scotland.

OH, how would be Young Charlie then,
 Bonnie laddie, etc.,
 Among ten thousand Highland men,
 Bonnie laddie, etc.

Oh, Charlie is a bonnie lad,
 Bonnie laddie, etc.,
 He wears the broad and white cockade,
 Bonnie laddie, etc.

His bonnet's o' the velvet blue,
Bonnie laddie, etc.,
Well waited round wi' ribbon new,
Bonnie laddie, etc.

His finger's white, his body's tall,
Bonnie laddie, etc.,
His hair in ringlets down doth fall,
Bonnie laddie, etc.

His cheeks are like the roses red,
Bonnie laddie, etc.
His lips are like two draps o' bluid,
Bonnie laddie, etc.

His een are like the crystal stone,
Bonnie laddie, etc.,
His teeth are like the ivory bone,
Bonnie laddie, etc.

Oh, had ye been in Inverness,
Bonnie laddie, etc.,
And seen him in his Highland dress,
Bonnie laddie, etc.

Oh, what a joy it was to see,
Bonnie laddie, etc.,
Him and a' his companie,
Bonnie laddie, etc.

I love him in his Highland weed,
Bonnie laddie, etc.,
Better than a lord indeed,
Bonnie laddie, etc.

Tho' a' my friends should frown on me,
Bonnie laddie, etc.,
I'll follow him by land and sea,
Bonnie laddie, etc.

MACLEOD'S DEFEAT AT INVERURY.

This ballad is extracted from the Appendix to "The Interesting and Faithful Narrative of the Wanderings of Prince Charles Stuart and Flora Macdonald, after the Battle of Culloden," by Alexander Macdonald, one of their attendants ; and edited by Peter Buchan.

Come, countrymen, and sit a while,
And listen to my sang, man,
I'll gi'e my aith, 'twill gar you smile ;
And winna keep you lang, man.

How godless Whigs, wi' their intrigues,
Together did convene, man,
At Inverury, on the rigs,
On Thursday afternoon, man.

MacLeod came down frae Inverness,
Wi' a' his clan, and mair, man,
The royal Gordons to suppress,
And turn their hurdies bare, man.

The second chieftain of Munro,*
Came cross the Moray Firth, man ;
But ye shall know before ye go,
The Gordons marred their mirth, man.

* Munro of Culcairn.

The loyalists made brisk attack,
 Led on by Cuthbert brave, man,
 And Major Hale he was no slack,
 He good example gave, man.

Lord Lewis for the royal cause,
 He fought wi' courage keen, man ;
 His clan behaved as in the raws,
 On Tuesday afternoon, man.*

Blelock wi' his trusty blade†,
 A heart as stout as steel, man,
 He lion-like about him laid,
 And gar'd the rebels reel, man.

The Angus hero, Ferrier,‡
 The rebels did oppose, man,
 He proved himsell a warrior,
 When he was at Montrose, man.

The Trignetts bold the field did grace ;§
 Macderman deck'd the slaughter,
 Had you seen him take the race,
 You'd rive your shafts wi' laughter.

Brave Avochy the water wade,||
 While Crichton kept them down, man,

* Lord Lewis Gordon, brother to the Duke. After Cuthbert he was hid in the house of Balbithan eight or ten weeks, shipped at Peterhead, and went to France.

† Charles Gordon of Blelock.

‡ Mr. Ferrier lived near Montrose, and was very active in taking the Hazard sloop of war.

§ M'Dermont. He commanded some French and English at Montrose.

|| Gordon Avochy.

Monaltrie and Stoneywood,*
Drave them out of the town, man.

Macleod that night got sic a fright,
Made off ere brake o' day, man,
He lost his bridle in the fight,
Made off wi' ane o' strae, man.

Culcairn, though a man o' weir,
Just like his brither-coward, man,
He took his heels and ran for fear,
When he saw Captain Howard, man.

Chalmers, too, the Logic scholar,†
Was there to shew his zeal, man;
But frightened wi' a hempen collar,
His terian phiz grew pale, man.

Them mair than ten times sax,
Were brought to Bon Accord, man,
Which did perplex, and greatly vex,
The people of the land, man.

Sir James Kinloch he marched them on
To Perth that stands on Tay, man,
Where I shall leave them to bemoan
The day they crossed the Spey, man.

The loyalists the baggage got,
Was tint upon the field man,
A highland dirk, wi' a shack purse,
Wi' auld Macleod's crest, man.

* Farquharson of Monaltrie. Moir of Stoneywood.

† Chalmers, Principal of King's College.

Pitrichie hid himself fu' snug,
Among a heap o' dung, man ;
Mang ither things Macleod forgot
His lucky daddy's shield, man.

A gude claymore wi' siller hilt,
Was found among the rest, man,
Between the Praws an' Aberdeen,
The stragglers she did meet, man.

Nineteen o' them she did disarm,
Wi' her lang jock-te-leg, man ;
And let them gae frae farther harm,
As mercy they did beg, man.

GENERAL COPE'S TRAVELS.

This genuine Aberdonian ballad upon the well-worn subject of General Cope's defeat at Prestonpans—a subject which never lost its favour or flavour among the Jacobites—is taken from P. Buchan's Wanderings of Prince Charles. It seems to have been unknown to the Ettrick Shepherd.

GENERAL COPE is now come down,
And all his men in order ;
For to fight our noble Prince,
Upon the Highland border.
But when he to the Highlands came,
He wearied with the ground, man ;
And when he heard the Prince was there,
He took his heels and ran, man.

From Inverness to Lochabers,
And there he staid a while, man,
From Lochabers to Turriff went,
For he was 'fraid to fight, man.
From Turriff to Old Meldrum,
And since to Aberdeen, man,
And staid a while in Aberdeen,
Encamp'd on Windmill Brae, man.

Syne took shipping, sailed to sea,
Upon a Sabbath-day, man,
And at Dunbar was forced to land,
For there he ran away, man.
With all his force baith men and horse,
Went up to Prestonpans, man ;
There they thought that they were men,
But they proved to be nane, man.

THE HILL OF LOCHIEL.

Paraphrased from the Gaelic by the Ettrick Shepherd.

LONG have I pined for thee ;
Land of my infancy,
Now will I kneel on thee.
Hill of Lochiel,
Hill of the sturdy steer,
Hill of the roe and deer,
Hill of the streamlet clear,
I love thee well.

When in my youthful prime,
Correi and crag to climb,
Or towering cliff sublime
 Was my delight.
Scaling the eagle's nest,
Wounding the raven's breast,
Skimming the mountain's crest,
 Gladsome and light.

When, at the break of morn,
Proud o'er thy temples borne,
Rythed the red-deer's horn,
 How my heart beat.
Then, when with stunned leap,
Roll'd he adown the steep,
Never did hero reap
 Conquest so great.

Then rose a bolder game,
Young Charlie Stuart came,
Cameron, that loyal name
 Foremost must be.
Hard then our warrior meed,
Glorious our warrior deed,
Still we were doom'd to bleed
 By treachery.

Then did the red blood stream,
Then was the broadsword's gleam,
Quench'd in fair freedom's beam,
 No more to shine.
Then was the morning's brow,
Red with the fiery glow,
Fell hall and hamlet low,
 All that were mine.

Then was our maiden young,
 First aye in battle strong,
 Fir'd at her prince's wrong,
 Forced to give way.
 Broke was the golden cup ;
 Gone Caledonia's hope,
 Faithful and true men drop,
 Fast in the clay.

Fair in a hostile land,
 Stretch'd on a foreign strand,
 Oft has the tear drop bland,
 Scorch'd as it fell
 Once was I spurn'd from thee,
 Long have I mourn'd for thee,
 Now I'm return'd to thee,
 Hill of Lochiel.

THAT MUSHROOM THING CALLED CUMBERLAND.

This song—apparently unknown to Hogg and other collectors—appears among the Jacobite ballads in Peter Buchan's Appendix to the Wanders of Prince Charles Stuart and Flora M'Donald. It affords another specimen of the hatred inspired by the victor of Culloden. The chorus is a favourite one in Aberdeenshire.

THAT mushroom thing, called Cumberland,
 Has lately pass'd the Forth, sir ;
 But he's commenced plunderland,
 Since he gaed to the north, sir.

Sing, audlie, ilti, audlie, ilti, auldie, ilti,
lara, lara,
Sing, audlie, ilti, audlie, ilti, auldie, ilti,
lara, lara.

He is the first of all the line,
Called Protestant, I swear, sir,
That ever kissed our ladies fine,
Or breath'd in Scottish air, sir.
Sing, audlie, etc.

Our priests he has incarcerate,
And burned our altars down, sir,
The godless Whigs rejoice at that,
And bless the fire-brand loon, sir.
Sing, audlie, etc.

But when our tartan lads come back,
And Messieurs land at Dover,
We'll singe the lousy German pack,
And drive them to Hanover.
Sing, audlie, etc.

Then all the brood o'erwhelm'd with dool,
I'll pledge my faith and troth, sir,
Instead of tarts and pies at Yule,
They'll slab their turnip broth, sir.
Sing, audlie, etc.

COCK UP YOUR BEAVER.

The first stanza of this song is older than the days of the Jacobites, and the tune has been traced back to Playford's

Collection in 1657. There are various versions of it in existence. Both Burns and Hogg seem to have tried their hands at mending and adding to it, and it is probable that the greater portion of it, as it now appears, is due to the Ettrick Shepherd. He does not claim it, however, but calls it a "clever old song."

WHEN first my brave Johnnie lad came to this town,
He had a blue bonnet that wanted the crown ;
But now he has gotten a hat and a feather,
Hey, brave Johnnie lad, cock up your beaver,
Cock up your beaver, and cock it fu' sprush,
We'll over the Border and gie them a brush,
There's somebody there we'll teach better behaviour,
Hey, brave Johnnie lad, cock up your beaver.

Cock it up right, and fauld it nae down,
And cock the white rose on the band o' the crown,
Cock it o' the right side, no on the wrang,
And yese be at Carlisle or it be lang ;
There's somebody there that likes slinking and
 slavery,
Somebody there that likes knapping and knavery ;
But somebody's coming will make them to waver,
Hey, brave Johnnie lad, cock up your beaver.

Sawney was bred wi' a broker o' wigs,
But now he's gaun southward to lather the Whigs ;
And he's to set up as their shopman and shaver,
Hey, brave Johnnie lad, cock up your beaver.
Jockie was bred for a tanner, ye ken,
But now he's gaun southward to curry goodmen,
With Andrew Ferrara for barker and cleaver,
Hey, brave Johnnie lad, cock up your beaver.

Donald was bred for a lifter o' kye,
A stealer o' deer, and a drover forbye,
But now he's gaun over the Border a blink,
And he's to get red gowd to bundle and chink ;
There's Donald the drover, and Duncan the caird,
And Sawney the slaver, and Logie the laird,
These are the lads that will flinch frae you never,
Hey, brave Johnnie lad, cock up your beaver.

LAMENT OF OLD DUNCAN SKENE OF CLAN-DONOCHIE.

From the Gaelic.

This ballad appears in the second series of Hogg's Jacobite Relics, under the signature of T. G.

O, Scotland, my country, far, far have I rang'd,
Since last I took farewell of thee ;
Thy beauties are over, how much art thou chang'd
From what thou wert once wont to be ;
This is the green valley, and yonder's the spot
Where once rose the smoke from my sire's little
cot ;
My friends are no more, and their dwelling is not ;
Still greater's the change upon me.

I was young and my hopes and my courage were high,
For freedom I freely drew glaive ;
But ruin soon came, and the spoiler was nigh,
No home there remained for the brave.

I have roamed on the world's wide wilderness cast,
Unfriended, exposed to the bitterest blast
Of misfortune, and now I have sought thee at last,
To sleep in my forefather's grave.

As clear as before runs thy burn o'er its bed,
As sweet thy wild heath flowerets grow ;
But thy glory is past and thy honours are fled,
Since freedom no more thou can'st know.
Thy sons were disloyal, unmanly, unjust,
The heroes were few that stood firm to their trust,
Thy thistle's dishonour'd and trampled in dust
By the friends of thy deadliest foe.

The smoke of the cottage arose to the sky,
The babe dipt its finger in gore,
And smil'd, for it knew not the bright crimson dye
Was the life's blood of her that it bore.
Thy foes they were many, and ruthless their wrath,
Thy glens they defaced with ravage and death,
Thy children were hunted and slain on the heath,
And the best of thy sons are no more.

Thy hills are majestic, thy valleys are fair,
But ah ! they're possessed by a foe ;
Thy glens are the same, but a stranger is there,
There is none that will weep for thy woe.
On my thoughts hangs a heavy, a dark cheerless
gloom,
And far from thee long have I mourned o'er thy
doom ;
And again I have sought thee to find me a tomb,
'Tis all thou hast now to bestow.

I'll wander away to that ill-fated heath,
Where Scotland for freedom last stood,
Where fought the last remnant for glory or death,
And sealed the true cause with their blood.
And there will I mourn for the honour that's fled,
And dig a new grave 'mong the bones of the dead,
Then proudly lay down my gray weary head,
With the last of the loyal and good.

THE LAMENT OF FLORA M'DONALD.

The Ettrick Shepherd composed this song from some rude verses translated from the Gaelic, which were communicated to him by Neil Gow, the famous performer on the violin. Neil wished to publish them on a single sheet for the sake of the old air, but found them too vulgar for publication. "Accordingly," says the Shepherd, "I undertook to versify them anew, and think I have made them a great deal better without altering one sentiment." The original Highland poet has taken the usual license of representing Flora as bewailing a lost lover in the exiled Prince. Miss M'Donald's attachment to Charles, and the services she rendered him, however, were founded on sympathy and humanity, not love. Neither did the Prince seem to view her in any other light than that of a devoted and zealous friend. At their final parting, after having run a thousand risks together, and suffered many hardships, the Prince jestingly remarked, "Well, Miss Flora, I hope we shall yet be in a good coach and six before we die, though we be now a-foot;" and then bade her adieu. They never met again.

FAR over yon hills of the heather so green,
And down by the correi that sings to the sea,

The bonnie young Flora sat sighing her lane,
The dew on her plaid and the tear in her e'e.
She look'd at a boat which the breezes had swung
Away on the wave, like a bird of the main ;
And aye as it lessen'd, she sigh'd and she sung,
" Farewell to the lad I shall ne'er see again !
Farewell to my hero, the gallant and young !
Farewell to the lad I shall ne'er see again !

" The moorcock that crows on the top of Ben-
Connal,
He kens o' his bed in a sweet mossy hame ;
The eagle that soars o'er the cliffs of Clan Ronald,
Unaw'd and unhunted, his eiry can claim ;
The solan can sleep on his shelve of the shore ;
The cormorant roost on his rock of the sea :
But, oh ! there is ane whose hard fate I deplore ;
Nor house, ha', nor hame, in his country has he.
The conflict is past, and our name is no more :
There's nought left but sorrow for Scotland and
me.

" The target is torn from the arm of the just,
The helmet is cleft on the brow of the brave,
The claymore for ever in darkness must rust,
But red is the sword of the stranger and slave ;
The hoof of the horse, and the foot of the proud,
Have trod o'er the plumes in the bonnet of blue.
Why slept the red bolt in the breast of the cloud,
When tyranny revell'd in blood of the true ?
Farewell, my young hero, the gallant and good !
The crown of thy fathers is torn from thy brow."

FLORA'S LAMENT FOR CHARLIE.

In this production the author has taken a still more unwarrantable liberty with the reputation of Flora M'Donald than the Gaelic bard of the song preceding, for he makes his heroine avow a licentious passion, and accuse the Prince of leaving her in despair. However convenient this may have been for the purpose of the ballad-mongers, it is proper to state that in every instance where Flora M'Donald and the Prince are the theme of our song writers, the license they assume is totally at variance with the truth of history. The enlisting of this lady in the Prince's cause was entirely accidental, and happened while she was on a visit to her brother the laird of Milton, in the island of South Uist, where Charles had been some time in concealment. The narrative of their adventures, from the moment she embarked in the enterprise, till his escape was finally effected, exhibits her as a woman of sense, courage, and discretion; who, though exposed to much obloquy and a thousand inconveniences, yet was willing to run all hazards, for the sake of humanity and honour, and what she conscientiously considered to be her duty. In this light, too, the Prince seems to have viewed her during the whole period of their intercourse, for he constantly treated her with all the ceremony of polished etiquette. At Mr. M'Donald of Kingsborough's, for instance, he uniformly rose up whenever she entered the room, and at meals he always insisted on her sitting at his right hand. It was the same from beginning to end of their journey; and whenever an opportunity offered, he proved by the most punctilious respect, and the most delicate attentions, not only the gratitude he felt for her exertions, but the sense he entertained of her worth, her character, and her station in society.

WHY, my Charlie, dost thou leave me,
Dost thou flee thy Flora's arms?

Were thy vows but to deceive me,
Valiant o'er my yielding charms !
All I bore for thee, sweet Charlie,
Want of sleep, fatigue, and care ;
Brav'd the ocean late and early,
Left my friends, for thou wast fair.

Sleep, ye winds that waft him from me ;
Blow, ye western breezes, blow—
Swell the sail ; for I love Charlie.—
Ah ! they whisper, Flora, no.
Cold she sinks beneath the billow,
Dash'd from yonder rocky shore ;
Flora, pride and flower of Isla,
Ne'er to meet her Charlie more.

Dark the night, the tempest howling,
Bleak along the western sky ;
Hear the dreadful thunders rolling,
See the forked lightning fly.
No more we'll hear the maid of Isla,
Pensive o'er the rocky steep ;
Her last sigh was breathed for Charlie !
As she sunk into the deep.

THE HIGHLANDER'S FAREWELL.

From the Gaelic.

O WHERE shall I gae seek my bread ?
O where shall I gae wander ?

O where shall I gae hide my head ?
For here I'll bide nae langer.
The seas may row, the winds may blow,
And swathe me round in danger ;
My native land I must forego,
And roam a lonely stranger.

The glen that was my father's own,
Must be by his forsaken ;
The house that was my father's home
Is levell'd with the bracken.
Ochon ! ochon ! our glory's o'er,
Stolen by a mean deceiver !
Our hands are on the broad claymore ;
But the might is broke for ever.

And thou, my prince, my injur'd prince,
Thy people have disown'd thee,
Have hunted and have driven thee hence,
With ruin'd chiefs around thee.
Though hard beset, when I forget
Thy fate, young helpless rover,
This broken heart shall cease to beat,
And all its griefs be over.

Farewell, farewell, dear Caledon,
Land of the Gael no longer !
A stranger fills thy ancient throne,
In guile and treachery stronger.
Thy brave and just fall in the dust,
On ruin's brink they quiver :
Heaven's pitying e'e is clos'd on thee,
Adieu ! adieu for ever !

LENACHAN'S FAREWELL.

The Gaelic original of this song is said to be exceedingly beautiful. The air is also very fine, and in Frazer's collection bears nearly the name, "*Ho cha neil mulad oirn.*"

FARE thee well, my native cot,
Bothy o' the birken tree !
Sair the heart and hard the lot
O' the lad that parts wi' thee.
Thee, my grandsires fondly rear'd,
Then thy wicker-work was full :
Mony a Campbell's glen he clear'd,
Hit the buck and hough'd the bull.

In thy green and grassy crook
Mair lies hid than crusted stanes ;
In thy bien and weirdly nook
Lie some stout Clan-Gillian banes.
Thou wert aye the kinsman's hame,
Routh and welcome was his fare ;
But if serf or Saxon came,
He cross'd Murich's hirst nae mair.

Never hand in thee yet bred
Kendna how the sword to wield ;
Never heart of thine had dread
Of the foray or the field :
Ne'er on straw, mat, bulk, or bed,
Son of thine lay down to die ;
Every lad within thee bred,
Died 'neath heaven's open eye.

Charlie Stuart he came here,
For our king, as right became :
Wha could shun the Bruce's heir ?
Wha could tine our royal name ?
Firm to stand, and free to fa',
Forth he marched right valiantlie.
Gane is Scotland's king and law !
Woe to the Highlands and to me !

Freeman yet, I'll scorn to fret,
Here nae langer I maun stay ;
But when I my hame forget,
May my heart forget to play !
Fare thee well, my father's cot,
Bothy o' the birken tree !
Sair the heart and hard the lot
O' the lad that parts wi' thee.

WILL HE NO COME BACK AGAIN ?

The imputation on the loyalty of the men of the Isles, in this song, is somewhat too general, for even those gentlemen who refused, upon principle, to join the standard of Charles, had no wish that he should be captured. On the contrary, many of them afterwards secretly lent themselves to favour his escape. If suspicion rested upon any one, it was only on the Laird of M'Leod, who wrote to Macdonald of Kingsborough, desiring him, if the Prince fell in his way, to deliver him up, and saying that he would thereby do a service to his country. But Kingsborough acted a very different part ; for he lodged the Prince hospitably in his house, and did not leave him till he saw him safe out of the reach of

his enemies. For this he was afterwards arrested and imprisoned in Fort Augustus, where being examined by Sir Everard Falkner, he was put in mind how noble an opportunity he had lost of making the fortune of himself and his family for ever. To which Kingsborough indignantly replied, "No, Sir Everard, death would have been preferable to such dishonour. But at any rate, had I gold and silver, piled heaps on heaps, to the bulk of yon huge mountain, the vast mass could not afford me half the satisfaction I find in my own breast, from doing what I have done." This gentleman was afterwards removed to Edinburgh Castle, where he was kept close prisoner for a year. When the act of grace was passed he was discharged.

ROYAL Charlie's now awa,
Safely owre the friendly main ;
Mony a heart will break in twa,
Should he ne'er come back again.
Will you no come back again ?
Will you no come back again ?
Better lo'ed you'll never be,
And will you no come back again.

Mony a traitor 'mang the isles
Brak the band o' nature's law ;
Mony a traitor, wi' his wiles,
Sought to wear his life awa.
Will he no come back again ?
Will he no come back again ?
Better lo'ed he'll never be,
And will he no come back again ?

The hills he trode were a' his ain,
And bed beneath the birken tree ;

The bush that hid him on the plain,
There's none on earth can claim but he.
Will he no come back again, etc.

Whene'er I hear the blackbird sing,
Unto the e'ening sinking down,
Or merle that makes the woods to ring,
To me they hae nae ither soun',
Than, will he ne'er come back again, etc.

Mony a gallant sodger fought,
Mony a gallant chief did fa' ;
Death itself were dearly bought,
A' for Scotland's king and law.
Will he no come back again, etc.

Sweet the lavrock's note and lang,
Lilting wildly up the glen ;
And aye the o'ercome o' the sang
Is, " Will he no come back again ?"
Will he no come back again, etc.

GEORDIE SITS IN CHARLIE'S CHAIR.

There have been innumerable versions of this song, and its extreme popularity has always proved that not only was there much sympathy entertained even by the friends of the reigning family for the fate of the Chevalier and his followers, after their defeat, but that the measures of severity with which the Duke of Cumberland thought it necessary to follow up his victory were held in general detestation.

GEORDIE sits in Charlie's chair,
Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie ;
Deil tak' him gin he bide there,
My bonnie laddie, Highland laddie :
Charlie yet shall mount the throne,
Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie ;
Weel ye ken it is his own,
My bonnie laddie, Highland laddie.

Weary fa' the Lawland loon,
Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie,
Wha took frae him the British crown,
My bonnie laddie, Highland laddie.
But leeze me on the kilted clans,
Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie,
That fought for him at Prestonpans,
My bonnie laddie, Highland laddie.

Ken ye the news I hae to tell,
Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie !
Cumberland's awa to hell,
My bonnie laddie, Highland laddie.
When he came to the Stygian shore,
Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie,
The deil himsel' wi' fright did roar,
My bonnie laddie, Highland laddie.

When Charon grim came out to him,
Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie.
"Ye're welcome here, ye devil's limb !"
My bonnie laddie, Highland laddie.
They pat on him a philabeg,
Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie.

And up his doup they ca'd a peg,
My bonnie laddie, Highland laddie.

How he did skip and he did roar,
Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie !
The deils ne'er saw sic sport before,
My bonnie laddie, Highland laddie.
They took him neist to Satan's ha',
Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie,
To lilt it wi' his grandpapa,
My bonnie laddie, Highland laddie.

The deil sat girnin in the neuk,
Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie,
Riving sticks to roast the duke,
My bonnie laddie, Highland laddie.
They pat him neist upon a spit,
Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie,
And roasted him baith head and feet,
My bonnie laddie, Highland laddie.

Wi' scalding brunstane and wi' fat,
Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie,
They flamm'd his carcase weel wi' that,
Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie.
They ate him up baith stoop and roop,
Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie ;
And that's the gate they serv'd the duke,
My bonnie laddie, Highland laddie.

ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF MUSSEL-MOU'D CHARLIE.

Sir Walter Scott, in his "Introductory Remarks on Popular Poetry," mentions a small volume of ballads edited by Mr. G. R. Kinloch of Edinburgh, of which the contents are announced as containing the budget, or stock-in-trade, of Mussel-mou'd Charlie, an old Aberdeenshire minstrel, the very last probably of the race who, according to Percy's definition of the profession, sung his own compositions, and those of others through the capital of the county and other towns. The man's name was Charles Leslie, but he was known more generally by the nick-name of Mussel-mou'd Charlie, from a singular projection of his under-lip. His death was thus announced in the newspapers for October (1782);—"Died at Old Rain, Aberdeenshire, aged 105 years, Charles Leslie, a hawker or ballad-singer, well known in that country by the name of Mussel-mou'd Charlie. He followed his occupation till within a few weeks of his death." Charlie was a devoted Jacobite, and so popular in Aberdeen, that he enjoyed in that city a sort of monopoly of the minstrel calling, no other person being allowed, under any pretence, to chaunt ballads on the causeway or plainstones of the burgh. Most of Mussel-mou'd Charlie's songs were of a jocose character. He was a natural son of Leslie of Pitcaple, in the Garioch, an old family on Uryside. He was a remarkably thin man, about 5 feet 10 inches high, had small fiery eyes, a long chin, reddish hair, and carried a long pike-staff a good deal longer than himself, with a large harden bag slung over his shoulder before him, to hold his ballads, and a small pocket covered bible, with a long string attached to it. When he knew of any one about to be hanged at Edinburgh, after the '45, he was sure to be there, to hear their last speech and dying words. He was a well-known man south and north, and could have given the genealogies of most of the old families between Dee and Don. A Mr. James Troup, who knew the

minstrel personally, stated, in a letter which was published in Peter Buchan's Wanderings of Prince Charles Stuart, "that Mussel-mou'd Charlie was in Aberdeen jail when the accounts of M'Leod's defeat came to town, together with a great many more townsmen. The jail was so full that it would hold no more. Mr. Alexander M'Donald, merchant, Broadgate; Mr. Francis Rose, in the Green, and a good many more, were put into the guard-house. Mr. Rose was put in for lending Troup, the dancing-master, a pair of pistols, to go to Inverury. However, next day the accounts came of the defeat, and they were all liberated, and the prisoners from Inverury put in. Charlie was no sooner at the cross, than he began to sing—'Come, countrymen,' etc. This I had from an old lass, when I was 'prentice in town. She was a servant in a gentleman's house—I believe Mr. Turner of Turnerhall, who sent her every day with victuals, etc., to Charlie, who sung the whole day-time to plenty of company, and she and Charlie had the pleasure of standing in the crowd, and saw some gentlemen and Provost James Morison mount the cross, and caused him take off his hat and drink a glass of red wine to the Prince's health, and proclaim him Prince Regent." Mussel-mou'd Charlie was sixty-eight years of age at the battle of Culloden, and survived that event thirty-seven years—living to be the last, as he was the staunchest, of the Jacobites.

Dolefu' rings the bell of Rain,
Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie;
Charlie ne'er will sing again,
My bonnie Highland laddie.

Death has closed his mussel-mou,
Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie,
To be a warning bell to you,
My bonnie Highland laddie.

Had I the power o' parson Wesley,
Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie,
I would pray for Charlie Leslie,
My bonnie Highland laddie.

And how he went to Crookie Den,
Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie,
To see Prince Charlie and his men,
My bonnie Highland laddie.

When his strength and songs did fail,
Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie,
He spake of witchcraft and its spell,
My bonnie Highland laddie.

Death at last has closed his eyes,
Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie,
And at Auld Rain entomb'd he lies,
My bonnie Highland laddie.

THE SONG OF M'RIMMON GLASH.

This song, which is said to be a translation from the Gaelic, was communicated to the Ettrick Shepherd anonymously, and appears in his collection under the signature of T. G.

O SWEET was the cot of my father,
That stood in the wood up the glen,
And sweet was the red-blooming heather
And the river that flow'd from the Ben;
And dear was the little bird singing
From morning till e'en on the thorn,

And the daisies and violets springing
So fair on the bank of the burn.

I rose at the dawn of the morning,
And rang'd through the woods at my will ;
And often till evening's returning
I loitered my time on the hill.
Well known was each dell in the wild wood,
Each flower spot and green grassy lea ;
O sweet were the days of my childhood,
And dear the remembrance to me !

But sorrows came sudden and early,
Such joys I may ne'er know again,
I followed the gallant Prince Charlie,
To fight for his rights and my ain.
No home has he now to protect him
From the bitterest tempest that blows ;
No friend, save his God, to direct him,
While watched and surrounded by foes.

I have stood to the last with the heroes,
That thought Scotland's right to have saved ;
No danger that threatened could fear us,
But we fell 'neath the blast that we braved.
My chief wanders lone and forsaken,
'Mong the hills where his stay wont to be ;
His clansmen are slaughtered or taken,
For, like him, they all fought to be free.

The sons of the mighty have perished,
And freedom with them fled away ;
The hopes that so long we have cherished,
Have left us for ever and aye.

As we hie on the brae 'mong the bracken,
We hear our hames crash as they burn,
O God, when shall vengeance awaken
And the day of our glory return ?

BANNOCKS OF BARLEY.

Parodied after the battle of Culloden, from a much older song with the same title.

BANNOCKS o' bear meal, bannocks o' barley,
Here's to the Highlandman's bannocks o' barley !
Wha in a brulzie will first cry "a parley ;"
Never the lads wi' the bannocks o' barley !
Bannocks o' bear meal, bannocks o' barley,
Here's to the Highlandman's bannocks o' barley.

Wha diew the gude claymore for Charlie ?
Wha cow'd the louns o' England rarely ?
And claw'd their backs at Falkirk fairly ?—
Wha but the lads wi' the bannocks o' barley !
Bannocks o' bearmeal, etc.

Wha when hope was blasted fairly,
Stood in ruin wi' bonnie Prince Charlie ?
And 'neath the Duke's bluidy paws dreed fu'
sairly ?
Wha but the lads wi' the bannocks o' barley !
Bannocks o' bearmeal, etc.

CUMBERLAND AND MURRAY'S DESCENT
INTO HELL

Though the language and expression of this song are offensively vulgar, yet it exhibits throughout a combination of the ludicrous and the horrible that make it a powerful piece of satire. The chief object of the author's denunciation is the famous Secretary Murray, who, on being taken prisoner and carried to London, betrayed some secrets that caused great trouble to several families who might otherwise have escaped. The Duke of Cumberland also comes in for a due share of indignant castigation.

KEN ye whar cleekie Murray's gane ?
He's gane to dwall in his lang hame.
The beddle clapt him on the doup,
" O hard I've earn'd my gray groat.
Lie thou there and sleep thou soun' ;
Heav'n winna wauken sic a loon."

Whare's his gowd, and whare's his gain,
He rakit out 'neath Satan's wame ?
He hasna what'll pay his shot,
Nor caulk the keel o' Charon's boat.
Be there gowd whare he's to beek,
He'll rake it out o' brunstane smeek.

He's in a' Satan's frything pans,
Scouth'ring the blude frae aff his han's ;
He's washing them in brunstane lowe ;
His kintra's blude it winna thow :
The hettest soap-suds o' perdition
Canna out thae stains be washing.

Ae deevil roar'd, till hearse and roopit,
" He's pyking the gowd frae Satan's pu'pit !"
Anither roar'd, wi' eldritch yell,
" He's howking the keystone out o' hell,
To damn us mair wi' bless'd day-light !"
Syne doukit i' the cauldrons out o' sight.

He stole auld Satan's brunstane leister,
Till his waukit loofs were in a blister ;
He stole his Whig spunks, tipt wi' brunstane,
And stole his scalping whittle's whunstane ;
And out o' its red-hot kist he stole
The very charter rights of hell.

Satan, tent weel the pilfering villain ;
He'll scrimp your revenue by stealing.
Th' infernal boots in which you stand in,
With which your worship tramps the damn'd in,
He'll wile them aff your cloven cloods,
And wade through hell-fire in your boots.

Auld Satan cleekit him by the spaul,
And stappit him i' the dub o' hell,
The foulest fiend there doughtna bide him,
The damn'd they wadna fry beside him,
Till the bluidy duke came trysting hither,
And the ae fat butcher fried the tither.

Ae deevil sat splitting brunstane matches ;
Ane roasting the Whigs like bakers' batches ;
Ane wi' fat a Whig was basting,
Spent wi' frequent prayer and fasting.
A' ceas'd when thae twin butchers roar'd,
And hell's grim hangman stopt and glow'd.

“Fy, gar bake a pie in haste,
Knead it of infernal paste,”
Quo Satan; and in his mitten’d hand
He hynt up bluidy Cumberland,
And whittled him down like bow-kail castock,
And in his hettest furnace roasted.

Now hell’s black tableclaith was spread,
Th’ infernal grace was reverend said;
Yap stood the hungry fiends a’ owre it,
Their grim jaws gaping to devour it,
When Satan cried out, fit to scunner,
“Owre rank a judgment’s sic a dinner!”

Hell’s black bitch mastiff lapt the broo,
And slipt her collar and gat gae,
And, maddening wi’ perdition’s porridge,
Gamph’d to and fro for wholesome forage.
Unguarded was the hallan gate,
And Whigs pour’d in like Nith in spate.

The worm of hell, which never dies,
In wintled coil writhes up and fries.
Whilst the porter bitch the broo did lap,
Her blind whaips bursted at the pap.
Even hell’s grim sultan, red wud glowrin’,
Dreaded that Whigs would usurp o’er him.

UP AND RIN AWA, WILLIE.

This song is from the MSS. of Mr. Hardie of Glasgow.
The predictions of another rising of the clans, after Culloden.

were a little too bold for the occasion : but they breathe the real spirit of Jacobitism.

Up and rin awa, Willie,
Up and rin awa, Willie ;
The Highland clans will rise again,
And chase you far awa, Willie.
Prince Charles he'll be down again,
With clans both great and sma,' Willie,
To play your king a bonny spring,
And make you pay for a', Willie.
Up and rin awa, etc.

Therefore give o'er to burn and slay,
And ruin send on a', Willie,
Or you may get your butcher horns
Your own dirge for to blaw, Willie,
Up and rin awa, etc.

For had the clans been in your way,
As they were far awa, Willie,
They'd chas'd you faster aff the field
Than ever wind'did blaw, Willie.
Up and rin awa, etc.

You may thank God for evermore,
That deil a clan you saw, Willie,
Wi' pistol, durk, or edge claymore,
Your loggerhead to claw, Willie.
Up and rin awa, etc.

Then take my last and best advice,
Pack bag and baggage a', Willie,
To Hanover, if you be wise,
Take Feck and George and a', Willie.
Up and rin awa, etc.

There's one thing I'd almost forgot,
Perhaps there may be twa, Willie;
Be sure to write us back again,
How they receiv'd you a,' Willie.
Up and rin awa, etc.

CLAN-RONALD'S MEN.

This song, on account of the air to which it is usually sung, and its own lively and vigorous expression, is a general favourite. The conduct of Clan-Ronald's men, however, was not always such as to justify the chorus; since there can be no doubt that their punctilious or rather superstitious folly lost the day at Culloden. After the army had been drawn up in order of battle, and was about to engage with the enemy, they refused to advance, because, forsooth, they had been posted on the left, instead of the right. As an excuse for such absurd conduct, they alleged that from the battle of Bannockburn till that day, they had been allowed the post of honour on the right, and they considered their being placed upon the left as a *bad omen*. The author of *Clan-Ronald's Men* doubtless wrote it to cloak the disgrace of the Macdonalds, whose conduct at Culloden excited universal indignation among the Jacobites.

THERE's news ! news ! gallant news !
That carle dinna ken, joe ;
There's gallant news of tartan trews,
And Red Clan-Ronald's men, joe.
There has been blinking on the bent,
And flashing on the fell, joe ;
The red-coat sparks ha'e got their yerks,
But carle darena tell, joe.
There's news ! news ! etc.

The big dragoons, they swore by 'zoons,
The rebels' hides to tan, joe;
But when they fand the Highland brand,
They funk it and they ran, joe.
There's news! news! etc.

Had English might stood by the right,
As they did vaunt full vain, joe;
Or play'd the parts of Highland hearts,
The day was a' our ain, joe.
There had been news! etc.

O wad the frumpy froward Duke,
Wi' a' his brags o' weir, joe,
But meet our Charlie hand to hand,
In a' his Highland gear, joe,
There wad be news! etc.

We darena say the right's the right,
Though weel the right we ken, joe;
But we dare think, and take a drink,
To Red Clan-Ronald's men, joe.
And tell the news! etc.

Afore I saw the back of ane
Turn'd on his daddy's ha', joe,
I'd rather see his towers a waste,
His bonnet, bends, an' a', joe.
But yet there's news! etc.

Afore I saw our rightful prince
From foreign foggies flee, joe,
I'd lend a hand to Cumberland
To row him in the sea, joe.
But still there's news! etc.

Come fill your cup, and fill it up,
 We'll drink the toast you ken, joe;
 And add beside, the Highland plaid,
 And Red Clan-Ronald's men, joe.
 And cry our news, etc.

We'll drink to Athol's bonny lord;
 To Cluny of the glen, joe;
 To Donald Blue, and Appin true,
 And Red Clan-Ronald's men, joe;
 And cry our news! our gallant news!
 That carle disna ken, joe;
 Our gallant news, of tartan trews,
 And Red Clan-Ronald's men, joe!

OH! CAULD IN THE MOOLS.

This is usually sung to the tune of Hey! Johnny Cope!
 but is ill adapted to that lively air.

OH! cauld in the mools sleep the chiefs o' the
 North,
 Scotia's tint her Stuarts a' fairly;
 Though cauld i' the mools, and far frae the
 North,
 We maun think on Prince Charlie.
 Oh! cauld, etc.

When we the tartan dearest see,
 A sigh unkent we'll breathe for thee,
 And dash the heart drap frae our e'e,
 And mourn for our Prince Charlie.
 Oh! cauld, etc.

When cares combine, and but a few
Of sacred friends prove firm and true,
Even then our hearts shall throb for you,
Ye elect of Prince Charlie.
Oh ! cauld, etc.

Though 'mid the Highland hills we roam,
A wanderer poor, without a home.
We'll draw our stool where'er we come,
For they were kind to Charlie !
Oh ! cauld, etc.

We'll pu' a posie ilka year,
O' heather bloom, a symbol dear,
And dew it wi' a silent tear,
For thy ain sake, dear Charlie.
Oh ! cauld, etc.

Let other bards thy cause disown,
We'll tune our moorland harps alone,
And sit upon thy royal stone,
And mourn for our Prince Charlie.
Oh ! cauld, etc.

PRINCE CHARLES AND FLORA MAC- DONALD'S WELCOME TO SKYE.

A translation from the Gaelic. According to Hogg, the English version was taken down verbatim from the mouth of Mrs. Betty Cameron of Lochaber, well known for her great store of Jacobite songs, and her attachment to Prince Charles and the chiefs that suffered for him, of whom she never spoke without tears.

THERE are twa bonny maidens,
And three bonny maidens,
Come over the Minch,
And come over the main,
Wi' the wind for their way,
And the correi for their hame :
Let us welcome them bravely
Unto Skye again.
Come along, come along,
Wi' your boatie and your song,
You twa bonny maidens,
And three bonny maidens ;
For the night it is dark.
And the red-coat is gone,
And you're bravely welcome
To Skye again.

There is Flora, my honey,
So dear and so bonny,
And one that is tall,
And comely withal ;
Put the one as my king,
And the other as my queen,
They're welcome unto
The Isle of Skye again.
Come along, come along,
Wi' your boatie and your song.
You twa bonnie maidens,
And three bonny maidens ;
For the lady of Macoulain
She lieth her lane,
And you're bravely welcome
To Skye again.

Her arm it is strong,
And her petticoat is long,
My one bonny maiden,
And twa bonny maidens ;
But their bed shall be clean,
On the heather mast crain ;
And they're welcome unto
The Isle of Skye again.
Come along, come along,
Wi' your boatie and your song,
You one bonny maiden,
And twa bonny maidens.
By the sea-moullit's nest
I will watch o'er the main ;
And you're dearly welcome
To Skye again.

There's a wind on the tree,
And a ship on the sea,
My twa bonny maidens,
My three bonny maidens :
On the lea of the rock
Your cradle I shall rock ;
And you're welcome unto
The Isle of Skye again.
Come along, come along,
Wi' your boatie and your song,
My twa bonny maidens,
And three bonny maidens :
More sound shall you sleep,
When you rock on the deep ;
And you'll aye be welcome
To Skye again.

LANGSYNE.

A BALLAD FOR THOSE WHOSE HONOUR IS SOUND,
WHO CANNOT BE NAMED, AND MUST NOT BE FOUND.

In the original manuscript of this song, in the possession of Mr. Hardie of Glasgow, it is said to have been written by "*A Sculker in the year 1746 ;*" and if we compare its sentiments and allusions with the facts of that period, it is evidently a true description of the feelings of the beaten and unfortunate Jacobites. Under all their misfortunes they seem never to have lost hope of the triumph of their cause, and a day of retribution for their enemies the Whigs.

SHOULD old gay mirth and cheerfulness
Be dash'd for evermore,
Since late success in wickedness
Made Whigs insult and soar ?
O no : their execrable pranks
Oblige us to divine,
We'll soon have ground of joy and thanks,
As we had langsyne.

Though our dear native prince be toss'd
From this oppressive land,
And foreign tyrants rule the roast,
With high and barbarous hand ;
Yet he who did proud Pharaoh crush,
To save old Jacob's line,
Our Charles will visit in the bush,
Like Moses langsyne.

Though God spares long the raging set
Which on rebellion doat,
Yet his perfection ne'er will let
His justice be forgot.
If we, with patient faith, our cause
To's providence resign,
He'll sure restore our king and laws,
As he did langsyne.

Our valiant prince will shortly land,
With twenty thousand stout,
And these, join'd by each loyal clan,
Shall kick the German out.
Then upright men, whom rogues attaint,
Shall bruik their own again,
And we'll have a free Parliament,
As we had langsyne.

Rejoice then ye, with all your might,
Who will for justice stand,
And would give Caesar his true right,
As Heaven gave command ;
While terror must all those annoy
Who horridly combine
The vineyard's true heir to destroy
Like Judas langsyne.

A health to those fam'd Gladsmuir gain'd,
And circled Derby's cross ;
Who won Falkirk, and boldly strain'd
To win Culloden moss.
Health to all those who'll do't again,
And no just cause decline.
May Charles soon vanquish, and James reign,
As they did langsyne.

HERE'S HIS HEALTH IN WATER.

A favourite song among the Jacobites, and written with much terseness and vigour.

ALTHOUGH his back be at the wa',
Another was the fau'tor ;
Although his back be at the wa',
Yet here's his health in water.
He gat the skaith, he gat the scorn,
I lo'e him yet the better ;
Though in the muir I hide forlorn,
I'll drink his health in water.
Although his back be at the wa',
Yet here's his health in water.

I'll maybe live to see the day
That hunds shall get the halter,
And drink his health in usquebae,
As I do now in water.
I yet may stand as I hae stood,
Wi' him through rout and slaughter,
And bathe my hands in scoundrel blood,
As I do now in water.
Although his back be at the wa',
Yet here's his health in water.

THE BATTLE OF VAL.

The fate of the house of Stuart being sealed by the victory gained at Culloden, the Duke of Cumberland, after reducing the Highlands, embarked for Flanders, and about January

1747 joined the allied Powers in their war against France. The forces of the Confederates, amounting to 120,000 men, were allowed to lie inactive in their camps for six weeks, exposed to the inclemency of the weather, and almost destitute of forage and provisions; while the French, commanded by Marshal Saxe, Counts Lowendahl and De Clermont, were comfortably lodged in cantonments at Bruges, Brussels, and Antwerp,—Marshal Saxe declaring, “that when the allied forces had been reduced by sickness and mortality, he would convince Cumberland that the first duty of a general was to provide for the health and preservation of his troops.”

On the 20th June both armies took the field, when a most sanguinary conflict took place at the village of *Val*, three miles west from Maestricht, which terminated in the defeat of Cumberland, and his retreat to the latter place, having sustained a loss of 6000 men, sixteen pieces of cannon, etc. During the whole of this campaign, Count Lowendahl was eminently successful in defeating the plans of Cumberland; and the French king, who visited his army in person the same year, was so pleased with the exertions of the Count that he promoted him to the rank of a Mareschal of France, and at the same time appointed Marshal Saxe governor of the conquered Netherlands.

Up and rin awa, Willie,
 Up and rin awa, Willie;
 Culloden's laurels you have lost,
 Your puff'd-up looks, and a', Willie.
 This check o' conscience for your sins,
 It stings you to the saul, Willie,
 And breaks your measures this campaign,
 As much as Lowendahl, Willie.
 Up and rin awa, etc.

Whene'er great Saxe your troops attack'd,
 About the village Val, Willie,

To scour awa ye wasna slack,
For fear you'd get a ball, Willie.
Up and rin awa, etc.

In just reward for their misdeeds,
Your butchers got a fa', Willie;
And a' that lived ran aff wi' speed
To Maestricht's strang wa', Willie.
Up and rin awa, etc.

Baith Scott and Lockhart's sent to hell,
For to acquaint mamma, Willie,
That shortly you'll be there yourself,
To roast ayont them a', Willie.
Up and rin awa, etc.

The Maese you cross'd just like a thief,
To feed on turnips raw, Willie,
In place of our good Highland beef,
With which you gorg'd your maw, Willie.
Up and rin awa, etc.

To Hanover I pray begone,
Your daddie's dirty sta', Willie,
And look on that as your ain hame,
And come hae here at a', Willie.
It's best to bide awa, Willie,
It's best to bide awa, Willie,
For our brave prince will soon be back,
Your loggerhead to claw, Willie.

HERE'S A HEALTH TO THE KING.

The Jacobites, during many years after the insurrection of 1745, were obliged to be exceedingly guarded in their expressions, for fear of exciting the jealousy or the resentment of Government. The *Toast* is a good specimen of the sort of equivoque to which they resorted.

HERE's a health to the King whom the crown doth
belong to ;

Confusion to those who the right king would wrong
so ;

I do not here mention either old king or new king ;
But here is a health, boys—a health to the true king.

Here's a health to the clergy, true sons of the
church,

Who never left king, queen, nor prince in the lurch ;
I do not here mention either old church or new
church ;

But here is a health, boys—a health to the true
church.

ROYAL CHARLIE.

As stated in a previous note, it was remarked emphatically by Lord President Forbes that men's swords did less for the cause of Prince Charles than the tongues of his fair country-

women. His Lordship in his official correspondence repeatedly refers to it as a matter to be feared as well as regretted. It is difficult to account for the balance of zeal thus displayed by the female sex, unless we are to find a cause for it in their having been less capable of appreciating the probable consequences. In their light and airy visions of futurity, nothing, of course, would arise but the splendour of returning loyalty, and all the glittering advantages of Court honours and royal smiles. The men, on the other hand, had to calculate not only on success, but on defeat. They might, no doubt, acquire promotion and fame, and wealth and honour ; but they had also to look to the chance of forfeited lands, ruined families, and the fearful possibility of the halter, the block, and the headsman's axe. As remarked by Allan Cunningham, the ladies of 1745 resembled Mause Headrigg, crying out, "*Testify with your hands as we testify with our tongues, and they will never be able to harl the blessed youth into captivity.*"

THE wind comes frae the land I love,
It moves the flood fu' rarely ;
Look for the lily on the lea,
And look for royal Charlie.

Ten thousand swords shall leave their sheaths,
And smite fu' sharp and sairly ;
And Gordon's might, and Erskine's pride,
Shall live and die wi' Charlie.

The sun shines out—wide smiles the sea,
The lily blossoms rarely ;
O yonder comes his gallant ship,
Thrice welcome, royal Charlie !

"Yes, yon's a good and gallant ship,
Wi' banners flaunting fairly ;

But should it meet your darling Prince,
 'T will feast the fish wi' Charlie."

Wide rustled she with silks in state,
 And waved her white hand proudlie,
 And drew a bright sword from the sheath,
 And answered high and loudlie :—

"I had three sons and a good lord,
 Wha sold their lives fu' dearlie ;
 And wi' their dust I'd mingle mine,
 For love of gallant Charlie.

"It wad hae made a hail heart sair,
 To see our horsemen flying ;
 And my three bairns, and my good lord,
 Among the dead and dying :

"I snatched a banner—led them back—
 The white rose flourish'd rarely :
 The deed I did for royal James
 I'd do again for Charlie."

ODE ON THE BIRTH-DAY OF PRINCE
 CHARLES EDWARD STUART,
 THE 20TH OF DECEMBER 1746.

The original manuscript of this composition remained for three-fourths of a century in the possession of a distinguished

family in Somersetshire, to whose Jacobite ancestor it had been presented by its author, the Rev. Dr. Isaacs, of Exeter.

A WHILE forget the scene of woe,
Forbid awhile the tear to flow,
The pitying sigh to rise ;
Turn from the axe the thoughts away,
'Tis Charles that bids us crown the day,
And end the night in joys.

So, when black clouds and beating rain,
With storms the face of nature stain,
And all in gloom appears ;
If Phœbus deigns a short-lived smile,
The face of Nature charms awhile,
Awhile the prospect clears :

Come then, and whilst we largely pour
Libations to the genial hour,
That gave our hero birth ;
Let us invoke the tuneful Nine,
To sing a theme, like them, divine,
To sing his race on earth !

How in his tender infant years,
The guardian hand of heaven appears
To watch its chosen care ;
Estranged from ev'ry foe to truth,
Virtuous affliction form'd his youth,
Instructive though severe.

No sinful court its poison lent,
An early bane his life to taint,
And blast his young renown :

His father's virtues fire his heart—
 His father's sufferings truth impart,
 To form him for a throne.

How, at an age, when pleasure's charms
 Allure the stripling to her arms,
 He formed the great design,
 To assert his injured father's cause,
 Restore his suffering country's laws,
 And prove his right divine.

How, when on Scotia's beach he stood,
 The wondering throng around him crowd,
 To bend the obedient knee ;
 Then, thinking on their country chain'd,
 They wept at worth so long detained
 By Fate's severe decree.

How, when he moved, in sweet amaze,
 All ranks in transport on him gaze,
 E'en grief forgets to pine ;
 The wisest sage, or chastest fair,
 Applaud his sense, or praise his air,
 Thus form'd with grace divine.

How great in all the soldier's art,
 With judgment calm, with fire of heart,
 He bade the battle glow :
 Yet greater on the conquer'd plain,
 He felt each wounded captive's pain,
 More like a friend than foe.

By good unmoved, in ills resigned,
 No change of fortune changed his mind,
 Tenacious of its aim ;

In vain the gales propitious blew,
Affliction's dart as vainly flew,
His mind was still the same.

Check'd in his glory's full career,
He felt no weak desponding fear,
Amidst distresses great ;
By every want and danger prest,
No care perplex'd his manly breast,
But for his country's fate.

For oh ! the woes by Britain felt,
Had not atoned for Britain's guilt,
So will'd offended heaven ;
That yet awhile the usurping hand,
With iron rod should rule the land,
The rod for vengeance given.

But in its vengeance heaven is just,
And soon Britannia from the dust
Shall rear her head again ;
Soon shall give way the usurping chain,
And peace and plenty once again
Proclaim a Stuart's reign.

What joys for happy Britain wait,
When Charles shall rule the British state,
Her sullied fame restore ;
When in full tide of transport tost,
E'en memory of her wrongs be lost,
Nor Brunswick heard of more.

The nations round with wondering eyes
Shall see Britannia awful rise,
As she was wont of yore.

And when she holds the balanced scale,
Oppression shall no more prevail,
But fly her happy shore.

Corruption, vice, on every hand,
No more shall lord it o'er the land,
With their Protector fled :
Old English virtues in their place,
With all their hospitable race,
Shall rear their decent head.

In peaceful shades the happy swain,
With open heart and honest strain,
Shall hail his long wish'd Lord,
Nor find a tale so fit to move
His listening fair one's heart to love,
As that of Charles restored.

Though distant, let the prospect charm,
And every gallant bosom warm,
Forbear each tear and sigh !
Turn from the one the thought away
'Tis Charles that bids us crown the day,
And end the night in joy.

JEMMY DAWSON.

This ballad, usually attributed to Shenstone, and only to be admitted among the Jacobite songs of Scotland on account of its great popularity in, and adoption by that country, is commemorative of the melancholy fate of a youthful victim who was sacrificed to the unrelenting policy of the Govern-

ment, in 1746. He was the son of a gentleman of Lancashire of the name of Dawson, and, while pursuing his studies at Cambridge, he heard the news of the insurrection in Scotland, and the progress of the insurgents. At that moment he had committed some youthful excesses, which induced him to run away from his college. Either from caprice or enthusiasm, he proceeded to the north and joined the Prince's army, which had just entered England. He was made an officer in Colonel Townly's Manchester regiment, and afterwards surrendered with it at Carlisle. Eighteen of that corps were the first victims selected for trial, and among these was young Dawson. They were all found guilty, and nine were ordered for immediate execution, as having been most actively and conspicuously guilty. Kensington Common was the place appointed for the last scene of their punishment, and, as the spectacle was to be attended with all the horrid barbarities inflicted by the British law of treason, a vast mob from London assembled to witness it. The prisoners beheld the gallows, the block, and the fire into which their hearts were to be thrown, without any dismay, and seemed to brave their fate on the scaffold with the same courage that had prompted them to risk their lives in the field of battle. They also justified their principles to the last; for, with the ropes about their necks, they delivered written declarations to the sheriff that they died in a just cause, that they did not repent of what they had done, and that they doubted not but their deaths would be afterwards avenged. After being suspended for three minutes from the gallows, their bodies were stripped naked and cut down, in order to undergo the operation of beheading and embowelling. Two circumstances contributed to increase the public sympathy on this occasion, and caused it to be more generally expressed. The first was the appearance at the place of execution of a youthful brother of one of the culprits of the name of Deacon, himself a culprit, and under sentence of death for the same crime; but who had been permitted to attend this last scene of his brother's life, in a coach along with a guard. The other was the fact of a young and beautiful female, to

whom Mr. Dawson had been betrothed, actually attending to witness his execution, as commemorated in the ballad. This singular fact is narrated as follows in most of the journals of that period :—

“A young lady, of a good family and handsome fortune, had for some time extremely loved, and been equally beloved by Mr. James Dawson, one of those unfortunate gentlemen who suffered at Kensington Common for high treason; and had he been acquitted, or, after condemnation, found the royal mercy, the day of his enlargement was to have been that of their marriage.

“Not all the persuasions of her kindred could prevent her from going to the place of execution; she was determined to see the last of a person so dear to her; and, accordingly, followed the sledges in a hackney-coach, accompanied by a gentleman nearly related to her, and one female friend. She got near enough to see the fire kindled which was to consume that heart she knew was so much devoted to her, and all the other dreadful preparations for his fate, without being guilty of any of those extravagances her friends had apprehended. But when all was over, and that she found he was no more, she drew her head back into the coach, and, crying out, *My dear, I follow thee; Sweet Jesus, receive both our souls together*, fell on the neck of her companion, and expired in the very moment she was speaking.

“That excess of grief, which the force of her resolution had kept smothered within her breast, it is thought, put a stop to the vital motion, and suffocated, at once, all the animal spirits.”

COME, listen to my mournful tale,

Ye tender hearts, and lovers dear;
Nor will you scorn to heave a sigh,
Nor need you blush to shed a tear.

And thou, dear Kitty, peerless maid,
Do thou a pensive ear incline:

For thou canst weep at ev'ry woe,
And pity ev'ry plaint—but mine.

Young Dawson was a gallant boy,
A brighter never trod the plain ;
And well he lov'd one charming maid,
And dearly was he lov'd again.

One tender maid, she lov'd him dear,
Of gentle blood the damsel came ;
And faultless was her beauteous form,
And spotless was her virgin fame.

But curse on party's hateful strife,
That led the favour'd youth astray ;
The day the rebel clans appear'd,—
O had he never seen that day !

Their colours and their sash he wore,
And in the fatal dress was found ;
And now he must that death endure,
Which gives the brave their keenest wound.

How pale was then his true-love's checks,
When Jemmy's sentence reach'd her ear !
For never yet did Alpine snows,
So pale, or yet so chill, appear.

With falt'ring voice, she weeping said,
“ Oh, Dawson ! monarch of my heart,
Think not thy death shall end our loves,
For thou and I will never part.

“ Yet might sweet mercy find a place,
And bring relief to Jemmy's woes ;
O, George ! without a prayer for thee,
My orisons would never close.

“ The gracious prince that gave him life,
Would crown a never-dying flame ;
And every tender babe I bore
Should learn to lisp the giver's name.

“ But though he should be dragg'd in scorn
To yonder ignominious tree,
He shall not want one constant friend
To share the cruel fates' decree.”

O, then her mourning coach was call'd ;
The sledge mov'd slowly on before ;
Though borne in a triumphal car,
She had not lov'd her fav'rite more.

She follow'd him, prepar'd to view
The terrible behests of law ;
And the last scene of Jemmy's woes
With calm and stedfast eyes she saw.

Distorted was that blooming face
Which she had fondly lov'd so long ;
And stifled was that tuneful breath
Which in her praise had sweetly sung.

Ah ! sever'd was that beauteous neck,
Round which her arms had fondly clos'd ;
And mangled was that beauteous breast,
On which her love-sick head repos'd.

And ravish'd was that constant heart
She did to every heart prefer ;
For though it could its king forget,
'T was true and loyal still to her.

Amid those unrelenting flames,
She bore this constant heart to see ;
But when 't was moulder'd into dust,
" Yet, yet," she cried, " I follow thee.

" My death, my death alone can shew
The pure, the lasting love I bore ;
Accept, O Heaven ! of woes like ours,
And let us, let us weep no more."

The dismal scene was o'er, and past,
The lover's mournful hearse retir'd ;
The maid drew back her languid head,
And sighing forth his name—expir'd !

Though justice ever must prevail,
The tear my Kitty sheds is due ;
For seldom shall she hear a tale,
So sad, so tender, yet so true.

O WAD YE KEN WHARE SHE COMES
FRAE.

The author of this ballad has adapted the Highland prejudice as to Lord George Murray's supposed treachery. The

fourth stanza evidently refers to that now exploded notion. Lord George did all that a brave and skilful commander could, under the peculiar and unexpected circumstances which occurred at the battle of Culloden.

O WAD ye ken whare she comes frae,
 Her hame was in the north, man,
 But och, wae's me, she was sae puir,
 She had to cross the Forth, man ;
 She didna like their boats ava,
 She came by Stirling brig, man ;
 And now she's singing her ain sang,
 Amang the Lawland Whig, man.

Although hersel be auld and gray,
 She was a sodger ance, man,
 When Struan raised her clans sae bauld,
 For justice and her Prince, man.
 Hersel she had a gude claymore,
 She used it wi' gude will, man,—
 Some English lads could witness that.
 If they had liv'd to tell, man.

Hersel she fought at Falkirk muir,
 She fought at Prestonpans, man,
 Where the English loons will ne'er forget
 Their meeting wi' the clans, man.
 O had the Lowlands join'd us then—
 Had they but been the thing, man,
 Hersel had been a Highland laird,
 And Charlie been her king, man.

But ah, wae's me ! the Highland sword,
 The Highland heart abint it,

Could na ward aff the traitor's blow,
Our fate ye could na stint it :
Selt by a loon we thought was true,
By ane we thought our ain, man,
Our country's freedom got a fa',
Nae mair to rise again, man.

Ochon ! ochon ! the fatal day,
The day o' dark despair, man ;
Aye when her ainsel thinks upon't,
It maks her heart right sair, man :
The flower o' a' the Highland clans—
The like we'll never see, man—
Lay streekit in their bluidie plaids,
Cauld on Culloden lee, man.

O, is there ane amang ye a',
Ae lad o' Scottish name, man,
Wha'll say 'twas wrang your fathers did,
Or that they were to blame, man ;
To fight for puir auld Scotland's rights,
To bring her back her ain, man.
O were the deed to do the day,
She'd do it o'er again, man.

But ah, wae's me ! the time is past,
The day's for ever gane, man,
And gane's the Prince she lo'ed sae weel—
The chieftain's match'd by nane, man.
Yet o'er their graves she'll drap a tear,
She caresna wha observe it,
And wish they'd gat a better fate,
For weel they did deserve it.

Yet aye she has her country yet ;
An inch she'll never yield o't ;
And tho' her arm be auld and stiff,
Her sword she weel can wield it :
And should the French but e'er come here,
O, gin she meet them fairly,
She'll mak the rascals rue the day
They cheated her puir Charlie.

THE EMIGRANT.

The severities of Government during the suppression of the insurrection compelled vast numbers to seek for safety abroad. Those who escaped to France were chiefly of the better ranks, and they were consoled for the loss of their property and the ruin of their families, by escaping a tragical death on the scaffold, and by experiencing both the protection and humanity of the French Government. A sum was set apart for their subsistence, and most of them received an annual pension out of it. To the eternal disgrace of the Dutch Government, however, it yielded to a requisition from the English resident in Holland, to deliver up twenty Scotsmen who had emigrated thither. One of them only was so unfortunate as to be arrested. The others fled, and escaped into other countries. Nothing proves more strongly the persevering vengeance of the British Cabinet against the unhappy fugitives than the fact that at the distance of thirteen years, the Chevalier Johnstone did not think himself safe in Canada, and had serious apprehensions of being seized and sent home for trial.

May morning had shed her first streamers on high,
O'er Canada, opening all pale on the sky !

Still dazzling and white was the robe that she wore,
Except where the mountain wave lash'd on the shore.

Far heaved the young sun, like a lamp on the wave.
And loud screamed the gull o'er his foam-beaten
cave,

When an old lyart swain on a headland stood high,
With the staff in his hand, and the tear in his eye.

His old tartan plaid, and his bonnet so blue,
Declared from what country his lineage he drew ;
His visage so wan, and his accents so low,
Announced the companion of sorrow and woe.

“ Ah, welcome thou sun, to thy canopy grand,
And to me, for thou com'st from my dear native land !
Again dost thou leave that sweet isle of the sea,
To beam on these winter-bound valleys and me !

“ How sweet in my own native valley to roam,
Each face was a friend's, and each house was a home ;
To drag our live thousands from river or bay,
Or chase the dun deer o'er the mountain so gray.

“ Now forced from my home and my blithe halls
away,
The son of the stranger has made them a prey :
My family and friends to extremity driven,
Contending for life both with earth and with heaven.

“ My country,” they said,—“ but they told me a lie,
Her valleys were barren, inclement her sky ;
Even now in the glens, 'mong her mountains so blue,
The primrose and daisy are blooming in dew.

“How could she expel from those mountains of
heath,
The clans who maintained them in danger and death ;
Who ever were ready the broad sword to draw,
In defence of her honour, her freedom, and law.

“We stood by our Stuart, till one fatal blow
Loosed ruin triumphant, and valour laid low ;
The lords whom we trusted, and lived but to please,
Then turned us adrift to the storms and the seas.

“O gratitude ! where didst thou linger the while ?
What region afar is illumed with thy smile ?
That orb of the sky for a home will I crave,
When yon sun rises red on the Emigrant’s grave !

THE BONNY MOORHEN.

The enigmatical mode of expressing the sentiment in this song denotes it to have reference to one or other of the periods of active rebellion, but whether in 1715 or 1745 is doubtful. The colours are supposed to allude to those in the tartans of the Clan Stuart. The original air bears the same name as the song.

My bonny moorhen, my boony moorhen,
Up in the gray hill, down in the glen ;
It’s when ye gang butt the house, when ye gang
ben,
Aye drink a health to my bonny moorhen.
My bonny moorhen’s gane over the main,
And it will be simmer ere she come again ;

But when she comes back again, some folk will
ken :

Joy be wi' thee, my bonny moorhen !

My bonny moorhen has feathers anew,
She's a' fine colours, but nane o' them blue ;
She's red, and she's white, and she's green, and
she's gray ;

My bonny moorhen, come hither away :
Come up by Glenduich, and down by Glendee.
And round by Kinclaven, and hither to me ;
For Ronald and Donald are out on the fen,
To break the wing o' my bonny moorhen.

MY LADDIE.

The Ettrick Shepherd transcribed this song from Sir Walter Scott's manuscript collection, and afterwards collated it with another copy which he found in Dalguise's collection.

My laddie can fight, my laddie can sing,
He's fierce as the north wind, and soft as the spring,
His soul was design'd for no less than a king,

Such greatness shines in my dear laddie.
With soft down of thistles I'll make him a bed,
With lilies and roses I'll pillow his head,
And with my tun'd harp I will gently lead
To sweet and soft slumbers my laddie.

Let thunderbolts rattle on mountains of snow,
And hurricanes over cold Caucasus blow ;

Let care be confin'd to the regions below,
Since I have got home my dear laddie.
Let Sol curb his coursers, and stretch out the day,
That time may not hinder carousing and play ;
And whilst we are hearty be every thing gay
Upon the birth-day of my laddie.

He from the fair forest has driven the deer,
And broke the curs'd antler the creature did wear,
That tore up the bonniest flowers of the year,
That bloom'd on the hills of my laddie.
Unlock all my cellars, and deal out my wine,
Let brave Britons toast it till their noses shine,
And a curse on each face that would seem to decline
To drink a good health to my laddie.

TURNIMSPIKE.

To the air of Clout the Caudron. By Dougald Graham, bellman in Glasgow; and author of a metrical account of the Rebellion of '45. Dougald was born about the year 1724, and died in 1779. Turnimspike or "Turnpike," is ludicrously descriptive of the agonies of a real Highlander, at the introduction of toll-gates, and other paraphernalia of modern civilization, into the remote mountain fastnesses of his native land. Long after the suppression of the Rebellion, great consternation was excited in Ross-shire, by the fact that a sheriff's officer had actually served a writ in Tain. "Lord preserve us," said one highlandman to his neighbour, "what'll come next? The law has reached Tain!"

HERSELL pe Highland shentleman,
Pe auld as Pothwell Prig, man ;
And many alterations seen
Amang te Lawland Whig, man.
Fa a dra, diddle diddle dee, etc.

First when she to te Lawlands came
Nainsell was driving cows, man,
There was nae laws about him's nerse,
About te preeks or trews, man.

Nainsell did wear te philabeg,
Te plaid prick'd on her shouder ;
Te gude claymore hung py her pelt ;
Her pistol sharged with powder.

But for whereas these cursed preeks,
Wherewith her legs pe lockit ;
Ohon that ere she saw the day !
For a' her houghs pe prokit.

Every thing in te Highlands now
Pe turn'd to alteration ;
Te sodger dwall at our door cheek,
And tat pe great vexation.

Scotland pe turn'd a Ningland now,
The laws pring in te caudger ;
Nainsell wad dirk him for his deeds,
But, oh ! she fears'te sodger.

Anither law came after tat,
Me never saw the like, man,
They mak' a lang road on te crund,
And ca' him turnimspike, man.

And wow she pe a ponny road,
Like London corn riggs, man,
Where twa carts may gang on her,
And no break ither's legs, man.

They charge a penny for ilka horse.
In troth she'll no pe sheaper,
For nought but gaun upon the ground,
And they gie her a paper.

They take the horse then py te head,
And there they make him stand, man ;
She tell them she had seen the day
They had nae sic command, man.

Nae doubt nainsell maun draw her purse ;
And pay him what him like, man,
She'll see a shudgement on his toor,
That filthy turnimspike, man.

But she'll awa to ta Highland hills,
Where deil a ane dare turn her,
And no come near te turnimspike,
Unless it pe to purn her.

APPENDIX

OF

MODERN JACOBITE SONGS AND BALLADS.

THERE LIVED A LASS IN INVERNESS.

By Allan Cunningham. From Cromek's Remains of Nithsdale and Galloway Song.

THERE liv'd a lass in Inverness,
She was the pride of a' the town ;
Blith as the lark on gowan tass,
When frae the nest it's newly flown.
At kirk she wan the auld folks' love,
At dance she wan the laddies' een ;
She was the blithest o' the blith
At wooster trystes or Hallowe'en.

As I came in by Inverness,
The simmer sun was sinking down,
O there I saw the weel-faur'd lass,
And she was greeting through the town.
The gray hair'd men were a' i' the streets,
And auld dames crying (sad to see) :
The flower o' the lads o' Inverness
Lie bluidy on Culloden lea.

She tore her haffet links o' gowd,
And dighted aye her comely e'e.
My father lies at bluidy Carlisle,
At Preston sleep my brethren three ;
I thought my heart could haud nae mair,
Mae tears could never blind my e'e ;
But the fa' o' ane has burst my heart—
A dearer ane there ne'er could be.

He trysted me o' love yestreen,
O' love tokens he gave me three ;
But he's faulded i' the arms of weir,
O, ne'er again to think o' me.
The forest flowers shall be my bed,
My food shall be the wild berrie,
The fa'ing leaves shall hap me ower,
And wauken'd again I winna be.

O weep, O weep, ye Scottish dames,
Weep till ye blind a mither's e'e ;
Nae reeking ha' in fifty miles,
But naked corses, sad to see.
O spring is blithesome to the year,
Trees sprout, flowers bud, and birds sing hie ;
But O, what spring can raise them up
Whose bluidy weir has seal'd the e'e.

The hand of God hung heavy here,
And lightly touch'd foul tyrannie ;
It strack the righteous to the ground,
And lifted the destroyer hie.
But there's a day, quo' my God in prayer,
When righteousness shall bear the gree ;
I'll rake the wicked low i' the dust,
And wauken, in bliss, the gude man's e'e.

THE LOVELY LASS O' INVERNESS.

By Robert Burns.

THE lovely lass o' Inverness,
 Nae joy nor pleasure she can see ;
 For e'en and morn she cries, alas !
 And aye the saut tear blinds her e'e.
 Drum Mossie moor ! Drum Mossie day,
 A waefu' day it was to me ;
 For there I lost my father dear,
 My father dear and brethren three.

Their winding sheet's the bluidy lay,
 Their graves are growing green to see,
 And by them lies the dearest lad
 That ever blest a woman's e'e.
 Now wae to thee, thou cruel lord,
 A bluidy man I trow thou be ;
 For monie a heart thou hast made sair,
 That ne'er did wrang to thine or thee.

DERWENTWATER.

(A FRAGMENT.)

In Crome's Remains this song is said to have been taken from the recitation of a young girl, in the parish of Kirkbean in Galloway ; but it bears internal evidence of the handiwork of Allan Cunningham. Radcliff, Earl of Derwentwater, suffered on the same morning with Viscount Kenmure. "Previous to his death," says Crome, "he delivered a paper to the Sheriffs, in which he expressed his regret for pleading guilty at his trial, acknowledged 'King James the Third as his lawful and rightful Sovereign,' and wished 'that the laying down of his life might contribute to the service of his King and country, and the re-establishment of the ancient and fundamental constitution of the kingdom, without which no lasting peace or true happiness could attend them,' etc. Afterwards turning to the block, he viewed it close, and find-

ing in it a rough place that might offend his neck, he bade the executioner chip it off; then preparing himself for the blow, by pulling off his coat and waistcoat, he lay down to try if the block fitted his head, telling the executioner, that the sign he should give him was, ‘Lord Jesus, receive my soul,’ and at the third time of repeating it he was to do his office; which he did accordingly at one blow.” Smollet observes of him, “that he was an amiable youth—brave, open, generous, hospitable, and humane. His fate drew tears from the spectators, and was a great misfortune to the country in which he lived. He gave bread to multitudes of people, whom he employed on his estates;—the poor, the widow, and the orphan, rejoiced in his bounty.” This is an amiable character, and though smirched with the foulness of rebellion, sweetly smells of heaven.—*Cromek’s Remains*.

O DERWENTWATER’S a bonny lord,
 He wears gowd in his hair,
 And glenting is his hawking e’e,
 Wi’ kind love dwelling there.
 Yestreen he came to our lord’s yett,
 And loud loud could he ca,’
 “Rise up, rise up for good King James,
 And buckle, and come awa.”

Our laddie held by our gude lord,
 Wi’ weel love-locket hands;
 But when young Derwentwater came,
 She loos’d the snawy bands.
 And when young Derwentwater kneel’d,
 “My gentle fair ladie,”
 The tears gave way to the glow o’ luve
 In our gude ladie’s e’e.

* * * *

“I will think me on this bonny ring,
 And on this snawy hand,
 When on the helmy ridge o’ weir
 Comes down my burly brand.

And I will think on thae links o' gowd
Which ring thy bonny blue een,
When I wipe awa the gore o' weir,
And owre my braid sword lean."

O never a word our ladie spake,
As he press'd her snawy hand,
And never a word our ladie spake,
As her jimpy waist he spanned ;
But, " Oh, my Derwentwater !" she sigh'd,
When his glowing lips she fand.

He has drapp'd frae his hand the tassel o' gowd
Which knots his gude weir-glove,
And he has drapp'd a spark frae his een,
Which gars our ladie love.
" Come down, come down," our gude lord says,
" Come down, my fair ladie,
O dinna young Lord Derwent stop,
The morning sun is hie."

And high high raise the morning sun,
Wi' front o' ruddie blude :
" Thy harlot front frae thy white curtain
Betokens naething gude."

* * * *

Our ladie look'd frae the turret top,
As lang as she could see,
And for every sigh for her gude lord,
For Derwent there were three.

WELCOME, CHARLIE, O'ER THE MAIN.

From the Scots Magazine for February 1817, where it appears with the signature—F. C. *Banks of Clyde*.

AROUSE, arouse, each kilted clan !
Let Highland hearts lead on the van,
And forward wi' their dirks in han'
To fight for Royal Charlie.
Welcome, Charlie, o'er the main,
Our Highland hills are a' your ain,
Welcome to our Isle again ;
O welcome, Royal Charlie !

Auld Scotia's sons, 'mang heather hills
Can nobly brave the face of ills,
For kindred fire ilk bosom fills,
At sight of Royal Charlie.
Welcome, Charlie, o'er the main, etc.

Her ancient thistle wags her pow,
And proudly waves o'er dale and knowe
To hear the oath and sacred vow—
We'll live or die for Charlie !
Welcome, Charlie, o'er the main, etc.

Rejoic'd to think nae foreign weed,
Shall trample on our hardy seed ;
For weel she kens her sons will bleed,
Or fix his throne right fairly.
Welcome, Charlie, o'er the main, etc.

Amang the wilds o' Caledon,
Breathes there a base degenerate son
Wha wadna to his standard run,
And rally round Prince Charlie?
Welcome, Charlie, o'er the main, etc.

Then let the flowing quaich go round,
And loudly let the pibroch sound,
Till every glen and rock resound
The name o' Royal Charlie.
Welcome, Charlie, o'er the main,

TURN THE BLUE BONNET WHA CAN.

By the Ettrick Shepherd.

Now up wi' Donald, my ain brave Donald,
It's up wi' Donald and a' his clan ;
He's aff right early, awa wi' Charlie,
Now turn the blue bonnet wha can, wha can.

His arm is ready, his heart is steady,
And that they'll find when his claymore's drawn ;
They'll flee frae its dint like the fire frae flint,
Then turn the blue bonnet wha can, wha can.

The tartan plaid it is waving wide,
The pibroch's sounding up the glen,
And I will tarry at Auchnacarry,
To see my Donald and a' his men,

And there I saw the king o' them a',
Was marching bonnily in the van ;

And aye the spell o' the bagpipe's yell
Was, Turn the blue bonnet wha can, wha can.

There's some will fight for siller and gowd,
And march to countries far awa ;
They'll pierce the waefu' stranger's heart,
And never dream of honour or law.

Gie me the plaid and the tartan trews,
A plea that's just, a chief in the van,
To blink wi' his e'e, and cry "On wi' me !"
Deils, turn the blue bonnet wha can, wha can !

DONALD—*loquitur*.

Hersel pe neiter slack nor slow,
Nor fear te face of Southron loon ;
She ne'er pe stan' to fleech nor fawn,
Nor parley at a' wi' hims plack tragoon.

She just pe traw her trusty plade,
Like pettermost Highland shentleman ;
And as she's platterin town te prae,
Tamn ! turn her plue ponnet fa can, fa can !

WAE'S ME FOR PRINCE CHARLIE.

By William Glen ; written to the air of "Johnny Faa or the Gipsy Laddie." The author, a native of Glasgow, died in 1824.

"While at Taymouth Castle, the Marquis of Breadalbane had engaged Mr. Wilson, the celebrated vocalist, to sing before her Majesty (Queen Victoria). A list of the songs Mr. Wilson was in the habit of singing was submitted to the

Queen, that she might signify her pleasure as to those which she would wish to hear, when her Majesty immediately fixed upon the following: Lochaber no More, The Flowers of the Forest, The Lass o' Gowrie, John Anderson my Jo, Cam ye by Athol, and the Laird o' Cockpen; the present song was not in Mr. Wilson's list, but her Majesty herself asked if he could sing, Wae's me for Prince Charlie, which, fortunately, he was able to do."—*Whitelaw's Scottish Songs*.

A WEE bird came to our ha' door,
He warbled sweet and clearly,
And aye the o'ercome o' his sang
Was "Wae's me for Prince Charlie!"
Oh! when I heard the bonnie bonnie bird,
The tears came drapping rarely,
I took my bannet aff my head,
For weel I lo'ed Prince Charlie.

Quo' I, "My bird, my bonnie bonnie bird,
Is that a tale ye borrow?
Or is't some words ye've learnt by rote,
Or a lilt o' dool and sorrow?"
"Oh! no, no, no!" the wee bird sang,
"I've flown sin morning early;
But sic a day o' wind and rain!—
Oh! wae's me for Prince Charlie!

"On hills that are by right his ain,
He roams a lonely stranger;
On ilka hand he's press'd by want,
On ilka side by danger.
Yestreen I met him in a glen,
My heart near bursted fairly,
For sadly chang'd indeed was he.—
Oh! wae's me for Prince Charlie!

“ Dark night came on, the tempest howl’d
Out owre the hills and valleys ;
And whare was’t that your prince lay down,
Whase hame should been a palace ?
He row’d him in a Highland plaid,
Which cover’d him but sparely,
And slept beneath a bush o’ broom.—
Oh ! wae’s me for Prince Charlie !”

But now the bird saw some redcoats,
And he shook his wings wi’ anger :
“ O this is no a land for me,
I’ll tarry here nae langer.”
A while he hover’d on the wing,
Ere he departed fairly :
But weel I mind the fareweel strain ;
’Twas “ Wae’s me for Prince Charlie !”

LAMENT FOR THE LORD MAXWELL

This ballad is alleged by Cromek in his remains of Nithsdale and Galloway song, to have been written on the imprisonment of the Earl of Nithsdale, for the part he took with the English Jacobites who rose simultaneously with the Earl of Mar ; but it bears too evidently the marks of Allan Cunningham’s hand, to be accepted as contemporaneous with the event which it deploras.

MAKE mane, my ain Nithsdale, thy leaf’s i’ the fa’,
The lealest o’ thy bairns are a’ drapping awa ;

The rose i' thy bonnet, whilk flourish'd aye sae braw,
Is laigh i' the mools, since Lord Maxwell's awa'.
O wae be 'mang ye Southrons, ye traitor loons a' !
Ye haud him ay down, wha's back's at the wa' :
I' the eerie field o' Preston your swords ye wadna draw ;
He lies i' cauld iron wha wad swappit ye a'.

O wae be to the hand whilk drew nae the glaive,
And cowed nae the rose frae the cap o' the brave !
To hae thriv'n 'mang the Southrons as Scotsmen aye
 thrive,
Or taen a bloody nievefu' o' fame to the grave.
The glaive for my country I doughtna then wield,
Or I'd cock'd up my bonnet wi' the best o' the field ;
The crousest sud been cowpit owre i' death's gory
 fauld,
Or the leal heart o' some i' the swaird sud been
 cauld.

Fu' aughty simmer shoots o' the forest hae I seen,
To the saddle-laps in blude i' the battle hae I been,
But I never kend o' dule till I kend it yestreen.
O that I were laid where the sods are growing green !
I tint half mysel when my gude lord I did tine :
A heart half sae brave a braid belt will never bin',
Nor the grassy sods e'er cover a bosom half sae kin' ;
He's a drap o' dearest blude in this auld heart o' mine !

O merry was the lilting amang our ladies a',
They danc'd i' the parlour, and sang i' the ha',
O Jamie he's come o'er, and he'll put the Whigs awa ;
But they canna dight their tears now, sae fast do
 they fa'.

Our ladie dow does nought now but wipe aye her een,
Her heart's like to loup the gowd lace o' her gown !
She has buskit on her gay cleedin', an's aff for
 London town,
And has wi' her a' the hearts o' the countrie roun'.

By the bud o' the leaf, by the rising o' the flower,
'Side the sang o' the birds, where some burn tottles
 owre,
I'll wander awa there, and big a wee bit bower,
For to keep my gray head frae the drap o' the
 shower :
And aye I'll sit and mane, till my blude stops wi' eild,
For Nithsdale's bonny lord, wha was bauldest i' the
 field.
O that I were wi' him i' death's gory fauld !
O had I but the iron on, whilk hauds him sae cauld !

THE WAES OF SCOTLAND.

By Allan Cunningham ; to the air of " The Siller Crown."

WHEN I left thee, bonny Scotland,
 O thou wert fair to see !
Fresh as a bonny bride in the morn,
 When she maun wedded be.
When I came back to thee, Scotland,
 Upon a May morn fair,
A bonny lass sat at our town end,
 Kaming her yellow hair.

“ Oh hey ! oh hey ! ” sung the bonny lass,
“ Oh hey ! and wae is me !
There’s siccan sorrow in Scotland,
As een did never see.
Oh hey ! oh hey ! for my father auld !
Oh hey ! for my mither dear !
And my heart will burst for the bonny lad
Wha left me lanesome here.”

I had gane in my ain Scotland
Mae miles than twa or three,
When I saw the head o’ my ain father
Coming up the gate to me.
“ A traitor’s head ! ” and “ a traitor’s head ! ”
Loud bawl’d a bloody loon ;
But I drew frae the sheath my glave o’ weir,
And strack the reaver down.

I hied me hame to my father’s ha’,
My dear auld mither to see ;
But she lay ’mang the black eizels,
Wi’ the death-tear in her e’e,
“ O wha has wrought this bloody wark ?
Had I the reaver here,
I’d wash his sark in his ain heart’s blood,
And gie’t to his dame to wear.”

I hadna gane frae my ain dear hame
But twa short miles and three,
Till up came a captain o’ the Whigs
Says, “ Traitor, bide ye me ! ”
I grippit him by the belt sae braid,
It birsted i’ my hand,
But I threw him frae his weir-saddle,
And drew my burly brand.

“Shaw mercy on me !” quo’ the loon,
And low he knelt on knee :
But by his thigh was my father’s glaive
Whilk gude King Bruce did gie ;
And buckled round him was the broider’d belt
Whilk my mither’s hands did weave.
My tears they mingled wi’ his heart’s blood,
And reek’d upon my glaive.

I wander a’ night ’mang the lands I own’d,
When a’ folk are asleep,
And I lie o’er my father and mither’s grave
An hour or twa to weep.
O, fatherless and mitherless,
Without a ha’ or hame,
I maun wander through dear Scotland,
And bide a traitor’s blame.

DONALD MACGILLAVRY.

By the Ettrick Shepherd ; but dishonestly described by him
“as a capital old song, and very popular.” The Edinburgh
Review, in an article highly disparaging of the Jacobite
cause, and particularly of the Jacobite Minstrelsy, quoted
“Donald Macgillavry” as one of the best songs in Hogg’s col-
lection. Hogg afterwards avowed the fraud, and gloried in it.

DONALD’s gane up the hill hard and hungry ;
Donald comes down the hill wild and angry ;
Donald will clear the gouk’s nest cleverly.
Here’s to the king and Donald Macgillavry.

Come like a weigh-bauk, Donald Macgillavry,
Come like a weigh-bauk, Donald Macgillavry ;
Balance them fair, and balance them cleverly :
Off wi' the counterfeit, Donald Macgillavry.

Donald's run o'er the hill but his tether, man,
As he were wud, or stung wi' an ether, man ;
When he comes back, there are some will look
merrily :

Here's to King James, and Donald Macgillavry.
Come like a weaver, Donald Macgillavry,
Come like a weaver, Donald Macgillavry,
Pack on your back, and elwand sae cleverly :
Gie him full measure, my Donald Macgillavry.

Donald has foughten wi' reif and roguery ;
Donald has dinner'd wi' banes and beggary :
Better it were for Whigs and Whiggery
Meeting the devil than Donald Macgillavry.
Come like a tailor, Donald Macgillavry,
Come like a tailor, Donald Macgillavry :
Push about, in and out, thimble them cleverly,
Here's to King James, and Donald Macgillavry !

Donald's the callan that brooks nae tangleness ;
Whigging, and prigging, and a' newfangleness,
They maun be gane : he winna be baukit, man ;
He maun hae justice, or faith he'll tak' it, man.
Come like a cobbler, Donald Macgillavry,
Come like a cobbler, Donald Macgillavry,
Beat them, and bore them, and lingel them
cleverly.
Up wi' King James, and Donald Macgillavry !

Donald was mumpit wi' mirds and mockery ;
Donald was blinded wi' blads o' property ;
Arles ran high, but makings were naething, man :
Lord, how Donald is flyting and fretting, man !
Come like the devil, Donald Macgillavry,
Come like the devil, Donald Macgillavry,
Skelp them and scaud them that prov'd sae
unbritherly.
Up wi' King James, and Donald Macgillavry !

LOCHIEL'S WARNING.

By Thomas Campbell. The memory of Lochiel is still fondly cherished among the Highlanders, by the appellation of the "gentle Lochiel," for he was famed for his social virtues as much as for his martial and magnanimous (though mistaken) loyalty. His influence was so important among the Highland chiefs, that it depended on his joining with his clan whether the standard of Charles should be raised or not in 1745. Lochiel was himself too wise a man to be blind to the consequences of so hopeless an enterprise, but his sensibility to the point of honour overruled his wisdom. Charles appealed to his loyalty, and he could not brook the reproaches of his Prince. When Charles landed at Borradale, Lochiel went to meet him, but, on his way, called at his brother's house (Cameron o' Fassavern), and told him on what errand he was going; adding, however, that he meant to dissuade the Prince from his enterprise. Fassavern advised him in that case to communicate his mind by letter to Charles. "No," said Lochiel, "I think it due to my Prince to give him my reason in person for refusing to join his standard." "Brother," replied Fassavern, "I know you better than you know yourself; if the Prince once sets his eyes on you, he will make you do what he pleases." The interview accordingly took place, and Lochiel, with

many arguments, pressed the Pretender to return to France, and reserve himself and his friends for a more favourable occasion, as he had come, by his own acknowledgment, without arms, or money, or adherents; or, at all events, to remain concealed till his friends should meet and deliberate what was best to be done. Charles, whose mind was wound up to a pitch of the utmost impatience, paid no regard to this proposal, but answered, "that he was determined to put all to the hazard." "In a few days," said he, "I will erect the royal standard, and proclaim to the people of Great Britain, that Charles Stuart is come over to claim the crown of his ancestors, and to win it or perish in the attempt. Lochiel, who (my father has often told me) was our firmest friend, may stay at home, and learn from the newspapers the fate of his Prince." "No," said Lochiel, "I will share the fate of my Prince, and so shall every man over whom nature or fortune hath given me any power."

WIZARD.

LOCHIEL ! Lochiel, beware of the day
When the Lowlands shall meet thee in battle array !
For a field of the dead rushes red on my sight,
And the clans of Culloden are scattered in fight :
They rally, they bleed, for their kingdom and crown :
Woe, woe to the riders that trample them down !
Proud Cumberland prances, insulting the slain,
And their hoof-beaten bosoms are trod to the plain,
But hark ! through the fast-flashing lightning of war,
What steed to the desert flies frantic and far ?
'Tis thine, oh Glenullin ! whose bride shall await,
Like a love-lighted watch-fire, all night at the gate.
A steed comes at morning : no rider is there ;
But its bridle is red with the sign of despair.
Weep, Albyn ! to death and captivity led !
Oh weep ! but thy tears cannot number the dead :

For a merciless sword on Culloden shall wave,
Culloden ! that reeks with the blood of the brave.

LOCHIEL.

Go, preach to the coward, thou death-telling seer !
Or, if gory Culloden so dreadful appear,
Draw, dotard, around thy old wavering sight !
This mantle, to cover the phantoms of fright.

WIZARD.

Ha ! laugh'st thou, Lochiel, my vision to scorn ?
Proud bird of the mountain, thy plume shall be
 torn !
Say, rush'd the bold eagle exultingly forth,
From his home, in the dark rolling clouds of the
 north ?
Lo ! the death-shot of foemen outspeeding, he rode,
Companionless, bearing destruction abroad ;
But down let him stoop from his havoc on high !
Ah ! home let him speed—for the spoiler is nigh.
Why flames the far summit ? Why shoot to the
 blast,
Those embers, like stars from the firmament cast ?
'Tis the fire shower of ruin, all dreadfully driven,
From his eyrie, that beacons the darkness of heaven.
Oh, crested Lochiel ! the peerless in might,
Whose banners arise on the battlements' height,
Heaven's fire is around thee, to blast and to burn ;
Return to thy dwelling ! all lonely return !
For the blackness of ashes shall mark where it stood,
And a wild mother scream o'er her famishing brood.

LOCHIEL.

False Wizard, avaunt ! I have marshalled my clan :
Their swords are a thousand, their bosoms are one !
They are true to the last of their blood and their
breath,

And like reapers descend to the harvest of death.
Then welcome be Cumberland's steed to the shock !
Let him dash his proud foam like a wave on the
rock !

But woe to his kindred, and woe to his cause,
When Albyn her claymore indignantly draws :
When her bonneted chieftains to victory crowd,
Claunomald the dauntless, and Moray the proud ;
All plaided and plumed in their tartan array——

WIZARD.

——Lochiel, Lochiel, beware of the day ?
For, dark and despairing, my sight I may seal,
But man cannot cover what God would reveal :
'Tis the sunset of life gives me mystical lore,
And coming events cast their shadows before.
I tell thee, Culloden's dread echoes shall ring
With the blood-hounds, that bark for thy fugitive
king.

Lo ! anointed by heaven with the vials of wrath,
Behold, where he flies on his desolate path !
Now, in darkness and billows, he sweeps from my
sight :
Rise ! rise ! ye wild tempests, and cover his flight !
'Tis finished. Their thunders are hushed on the
moors ;

Culloden is lost; and my country deplores ;

But where is the iron-bound prisoner ? Where ?
For the red eye of battle is shut in despair.
Say, mounts he the ocean-wave, banished, forlorn,
Like a limb from his country cast bleeding and torn ?
Ah no ! for a darker departure is near ;
The war drum is muffled, and black is the bier ;
His death-bell is tolling ; oh ! mercy, dispel
Yon sight, that it freezes my spirit to tell !
Life flutters convulsed in his quivering limbs,
And his bloom-streaming nostril in agony swims.
Accursed be the faggots that blaze at his feet,
Where his heart shall be thrown, ere it ceases to beat,
With the smoke of its ashes to poison the gale—

LOCHIEL.

——Down, soothless insulter ! I trust not the tale ;
For never shall Albyn a destiny meet.
So black with dishonour, so foul with retreat.
Though my perishing ranks should be strewed in
 their gore,
Like ocean-weeds heaped on the surf-beaten shore,
Lochiel, untainted by flight or by chains,
While the kindling of life in his bosom remains,
Shall victor exult, or in death be laid low,
With his back to the field, and his feet to the foe !
And leaving in battle no blot on his name,
Look proudly to heaven from the death-bed of fame.

THE HEATH COCK.

By W. Nicholson ; to the air of "Hey Johnny Cope."

THE heath-cock craw'd o'er muir an' dale ;
Red rose the sun o'er distant vale,
Our Northern clans, wi' dinsome yell,
 Around their chiefs were gath'ring.
 "O, Duncan, are ye ready yet ?
 M'Donald, are ye ready yet ?
 O, Fraser, are ye ready yet ?
 To join the clans in the morning.

"Nae mair we'll chase the fleet, fleet roe,
O'er downie glen or mountain brow,
But rush like tempest on the foe,
 Wi' sword an' targe this morning.
 O, Duncan," etc.

"The Prince has come to claim his ain,
A stem o' Stuart's glorious name ;
What Highlander his sword wad hain.
 For Charlie's cause this morning.
 O, Duncan," etc.

"On yonder hills our clans appear,
The sun back frae their spears shines clear ;
The Southron trumps fall on my ear,
 'Twill be an awfu' morning.
 O, Duncan," etc.

The contest lasted sair an' lang,
The pipers blew, the echoes rang,

The cannon roar'd the clans amang,
Culloden's awfu' morning.
Duncan now nae mair seems keen,
He's lost his dirk an' tartan sheen,
His bannet's stain'd that ance was clean ;
Foul fa' that awfu' morning.

But Scotland lang shall rue the day,
She saw her flag sae fiercely flee ;
Culloden hills were hills o' wae,
It was an awfu' morning.
Duncan now, etc.

Fair Flora's gane her love to seek,
The midnight dew fa's on her cheek ;
What Scottish heart that will not weep,
For Charlie's fate that morning ?
Duncan now, etc.

LOCHIEL'S FAREWELL

By John Grieve.

CULLODEN, on thy swarthy brow
Spring no wild flowers nor verdure fair :
Thou feel'st not summer's genial glow,
More than the freezing wintry air ;
For once thou drank'st the hero's blood,
And war's unhallo'd footsteps bore.

The deeds unholy nature view'd,
Then fled, and curs'd thee evermore.

From Beauly's wild and woodland 'glens,
How proudly Lovat's banners soar !
How fierce the plaided Highland clans
Rush onward with the broad claymore !
Those hearts that high with honour heaved,
The volleying thunder then laid low !
Or scatter'd like the forest leaves,
When wintry winds begin to blow !

Where now thy honours, brave Lochiel !
The braided plume's torn from thy brow,
What must thy haughty spirit feel,
When skulking like the mountain roe !
While wild-birds chant from Lochy's bowers,
On April eve, their loves and joys ;
The Lord of Lochy's loftiest towers,
To foreign lands an exile flies.

To his blue hills that rose in view,
As o'er the deep his galley bore,
We often looked, and cried, " Adieu !
I'll never see Lochaber more !
Though now thy wounds I cannot heal,
My dear, my injured native land !
In other climes thy foe shall feel
The weight of Cameron's deadly brand.

" Land of proud hearts and mountains gray !
Where Fingal fought and Ossian sung !
Mourn dark Culloden's fateful day,
That from thy chiefs the laurel wrung.

Where once they ruled and roam'd at will
Free as their own dark mountain game ;
Their sons are slaves, yet keenly feel
A longing for their father's fame.

“Shades of the mighty and the brave,
Who, faithful to your Stuart, fell ;
No trophies mark your common grave,
Nor dirges to your mem'ry swell !
But generous hearts will weep your fate,
When far has roll'd the tide of time ;
And bards unborn shall renovate
Your fading fame in loftiest rhyme !”

THE FATE OF CHARLIE.

This song is said by the Ettrick Shepherd to be the composition of William Nicholson, author of “The Heath Cock,” —a Galloway packman, and “a man of considerable genius.” In the last stanza, the author adopts the notion, which was for some time prevalent among the Highlanders, after their defeat at Culloden, that Lord George Murray had betrayed their cause in that battle, and, consequently, ruined the Prince's affairs. A party among the clans, no doubt, had violent suspicions of that nobleman's political integrity, and even published articles of impeachment against him ; but these were most satisfactorily answered in a counter publication, published in Lord George's vindication. There is but one opinion at the present day on the subject, which is, that Lord George was altogether blameless. The obloquy which he incurred may be laid to the account of his arbitrary manner, which the Highland officers could ill brook in a commander ; and not a little, perhaps, was owing to the high offence which he gave

to the pride of the Macdonalds at Culloden, by changing their position from the right to the left of the line. This insult was never forgotten by that clan, and it is still urged by the race as an apology for their besotted conduct, in refusing to advance with the brave Keppoch, their chief, and seeing him sacrificed before their eyes, without drawing a sword in his defence.

LOCHIEL, Lochiel, my brave Lochiel,
Beware o' Cumberland, my dearie !
Culloden field this day will seal
The fate o' Scotland's ain Prince Charlie.

The Highland clans nae mair are seen,
To fight for him wha ne'er was eerie.
They fallen are on yon red field,
An' trampled down for liking Charlie.

He was our Prince—nane dare say no,
The truth o' this we a' ken fairly ;
Then wha would no joined hand in hand,
To've kept frae skaith our ain Prince Charlie ?

Glenullen's bride stood at the yett,
Her lover's steed arrived right early ;
His rider's gane, his bridle's wet,
Wi' blude o' him wha fell for Charlie !

O weep, fair maids o' Scotia's isle,
Weep loud, fair lady o' sweet Airlie ;
Culloden reeks wi' purple gore,
O' those wha bled for Scotia's Charlie.

Repent, repent, black Murray's race,
Ye were the cause o' this foul ferlie,
And shaw to George wha fills his shoon,
That ye'll no sell him like puir Charlie.

DRUMMOSSIE MUIR.

By the Ettrick Shepherd ; written in early youth.

“ WERE ye at Drummossie muir,
Bonny laddie, Highland laddie ?
Saw ye the Duke the clans o’erpower,
My bonny laddie, Highland laddie ? ”

“ My bosom bleeds, as well it may,
Bonny laddie, Highland laddie :
Lang may Scotland rue the day,
My bonny laddie, Highland laddie.

“ Many a lord of high degree,
Bonny laddie, Highland laddie,
Shall never more his mountains see,
My bonny laddie, Highland laddie.
Many a chief of birth and fame,
Bonny laddie, Highland laddie,
Is hunted down like savage game,
My bonny laddie, Highland laddie.

“ Few, but brave, the clansmen were,
Bonny laddie, Highland laddie ;
But heavenly mercy was not there,
My bonny laddie, Highland laddie.
Posterity will ne’er us blame,
Bonny laddie, Highland laddie,
But brand with blood the Brunswick name,
My bonny laddie, Highland laddie.

“ Can it prove for Scotland’s good,
Bonny laddie, Highland laddie,

Thus to drench our glens with blood,
 My bonny laddie, Highland laddie?
 Duke William nam'd, on yonder muir,
 Bonny laddie, Highland laddie,
 Will fire our blood for evermore,
 My bonny laddie, Highland laddie."

STRATHALLAN'S LAMENT.

This song, and the air to which it is sung, owe their birth to the enthusiasm of Robert Burns and Allan Masterton, schoolmaster in Edinburgh. Both were keen Jacobites of the modern school; and on this, as well as on some other occasions, they agreed to dedicate a joint composition to the cause. Burns wrote the poetry, and Masterton the melody. In one of his letters Burns asserts that Masterton "was the worthiest and best hearted man living." The subject of the song is supposed to be James, Viscount Strathallan, whose father, Viscount William, was killed at Culloden.

THICKEST night o'erhangs my dwelling?
 Howling tempests o'er me rave!
 Turbid torrents, wintry swelling,
 Still surround my lonely cave!

Crystal streamlets gently flowing,
 Busy haunts of base mankind,
 Western breezes, softly blowing,
 Suit not my distracted mind.

In the cause of right engaged,
 Wrongs injurious to redress,
 Honour's war we strongly waged,
 But the heavens denied success.

Ruin's wheel has driven o'er us,
Not a hope that dare attend ;
The wide world is all before us,
But a world without a friend.

PRINCE CHARLES'S LAMENT.

Ascribed to Mr. Daniel Weir of Greenock. Independently of its poetical merit, this song is accurately descriptive of the Prince's wretched condition, while at the fastness in the fir-wood of Auchnacary, where he was concealed a few days when proceeding to join his friend Lochiel in Badenoch, after eluding his pursuers in the islands. So beset with dangers was the route by which he had to travel to this meeting, and so intersected was the country at every point with military patrols, guarding the passes to prevent his escape, that the Highlanders themselves thought it would be next to a miracle if he should finally accomplish it. Mr. Chambers' narrative of his wanderings on this occasion rivals any thing in romance. At one time, after being eight-and-forty hours without food, he was obliged to throw himself upon the honour of a gang of thieves, whose only refuge and shelter was a rocky cave upon the side of the hill of Corambian. The thieves, however, proved in this instance to be humane and honourable men ; for though they knew the Prince the moment he was introduced to them, and were aware of the immense price set upon his head, they faithfully kept his secret.

THE storm is raging o'er the Kyle,
And o'er thy glen, dark Auchnacary,
Your Prince has travell'd many a mile,
And knows not where to go or tarry.
He sees, far in the vale below,
The wounded soldier home returning ;

And those who wrought this day of woe,
Are round yon watchfire dimly burning.

O Scotland lang shall rue the day
She saw Culloden drench'd and gory ;
The sword the bravest hearts may stay,
But some will tell the mournful story.
Amidst those hills that are mine ain,
I wander here a houseless stranger ;
With nought to shield me from the rain,
And every hour beset with danger.

Howl on, ye winds, the hills are dark,
There shrouded in a gloomy covering ;
Then haste thee o'er the sea, my bark,
For bloodhounds are around me hov'ring.
O Scotland, Scotland, fare thee well,
Farewell ye hills, I dare not tarry ;
Let hist'ry's page my sufferings tell,
Farewell ! Clanronald and Glengary.

THE EXILE TO HIS COUNTRY.

With all the enthusiasm of a poet, and in a strain of indignant nationality, the author of this beautiful song enters into the feeling of hatred and prejudice with which the Union with England was so long and almost universally considered in Scotland. Even after the lapse of half a century, the minds of the Scottish people were by no means reconciled to that measure ; and many intelligent, well educated men were known to have favoured the insurrection in 1745, less from attachment to the family of the Stuarts, than from a hope that their restoration would lead to a repeal of what was

called the detested Union; a measure in which they saw nothing but degradation and ruin—the decay of the nobles—the beggary of the people—with the utter extinction of their country's name and rank as a nation. How much these well-meaning but mistaken patriots deceived themselves, was signally verified in the course of another half century; and never, perhaps, since the beginning of time, was there a case in which the actual political results were opposite to those anticipated. Instead of the decay and ruin which prognosticated, Scotland saw trade and commerce revive, manufactures increase and flourish, wealth and population extend, the luxuries as well as comforts of life abound; and, to crown all, she discovered that while she thus grew in all the essentials of prosperity, there was in reality no diminution of her political fame and influence. Her sons filled at least a due share of all the offices of Government, and whether in the cabinet or in the field, they continued to sustain the honour and perpetuate the renown of their country.

Tho' rugged and rough be the land of my birth,
To the eye of my heart 'tis the Eden of earth.
Far, far have I sought, but no land could I see,
Half so fair as the land of my fathers to me.

And what though the days of her greatness be o'er,
Though her nobles be few, though her kings are no
more,
Not a hope from her thralldom that time may deliver,
Though the sun of her glory hath left her for ever!

Dark, dark are the shades that encompass her round,
But still 'mid those glooms may a radiance be found,
As the flush through the clouds of the evening is
seen,
To tell what the blaze of the noontide hath been.

With a proud swelling heart I will dwell on her
story,
I will tell to my children the tale of her glory ;
When nations contended her friendship to know,
When tyrants were trembling to find her their foe.

Let him hear of that story, and where is the Scot,
Whose heart will not swell when he thinks of her
lot ;
Swell with pride for her power, in the times that
are o'er,
And with grief that the days of her might are no
more !

Unmanned be his heart, and be speechless his tongue,
Who forgets how she fought, who forgets how she
sung ;
Ere her blood through black treason was swelling
her rills,
Ere the voice of the stranger was heard on her hills !

How base his ambition, how poor is his pride,
Who would lay the high name of a Scotsman aside ;
Would whisper his country with shame and with
fear,
Lest the Southrons should hear it, and taunt as they
hear.

Go tell them, thou fool, that the time erst hath been,
When the Southrons would blench if a Scot were
but seen ;
When to keep and to castle in terror they fled,
As the loud Border echoes resounded his tread.

Shall thy name, O my country ! no longer be heard ;
Once the boast of the hero, the theme of the bard ;
Alas ! how the days of thy greatness are gone,
For the name of proud England is echoed alone !

What a pang to my heart, how my soul is on flame,
To hear that vain rival in arrogance claim,
As the meed of their own, what thy children hath
 won,
And *their* deeds pass for deeds which the English
 have done.

Accursed be the lips that would sweep from the
 earth,
The land of my fathers, the land of my birth ;
No more 'mid the nations her place to be seen,
Nor her name left to tell where her glory had been !

I sooner would see thee, my dear native land,
As barren, as bare as the rocks on thy strand,
Than the wealth of the world that thy children
 should boast,
And the heart-thrilling name of old Scotia be lost.

O Scotia ! my country, dear land of my birth,
Thou home of my fathers, thou Eden of earth,
Through the world have I sought, but no land could
 I see,
Half so fair as thy heaths and thy mountains to me !

HAME, HAME, HAME.

By Allan Cunningham, from Cromek's Remains of Nithsdale and Galloway song.

HAME, hame, hame, Hame fain wad I be,
O hame, hame, hame to my ain countrie !
There's an eye that ever weeps, and a fair face will
 be fain,
As I pass through Annan Water with my bonnie
 bands again.
When the flower is i' the bud and the leaf upon the
 tree,
The lark shall sing me hame in my ain countrie ;

Hame, hame, hame, Hame fain wad I be,
O hame, hame, hame to my ain countrie !
The green leaf o' loyalty's beginning for to fa',
The bonny white rose it is withering an a' ;
But I'll water't wi' the blude of usurping tyrannie,
An' green it will grow in my ain countrie.

Hame, hame, hame, Hame fain wad I be,
O hame, hame, hame to my ain countrie !
There's nought now frae ruin my countrie can save,
But the keys of kind heaven to open the grave,
That a' the noble martyrs wha died for loyalte,
May rise again and fight for their ain countrie.

Hame, hame, hame, Hame fain wad I be,
O hame, hame, hame to my ain countrie !
The great now are gane, a' who ventured to save,
The new grass is growing aboon their bloody grave ;

But the sun through the mirk, blinks blithe in my
e'e—

“ I'll shine on ye yet in your ain countrie.”

SCOTLAND AND CHARLIE.

Anonymous. Music by R. A. Smith.

O WHA's for Scotland and Charlie?

O wha's for Scotland and Charlie?

He's come o'er the sea

To his ain countrie;

Now wha's for Scotland and Charlie?

Awa', awa', auld carlie,

Awa', awa', auld carlie,

Gi'e Charlie his crown,

And let him sit down,

Whare ye've been sae lang, auld carlie.

It's up in the morning early,

It's up in the morning early,

The bonnie white rose;

The plaid and the hose,

Are on for Scotland and Charlie.

The swords are drawn now fairly,

The swords are drawn now fairly,

The swords they are drawn,

And the pipes they ha'e blawn

A pibroch for Scotland and Charlie.

The flags are fleein' fu' rarely,

The flags are fleein' fu' rarely,

And Charlie's awa'
To see his ain ha,'
And to bang his faes right sairly.
Then wha's for Scotland and Charlie?
O wha's for Scotland and Charlie?
He's come o'er the sea
To his ain countrie;
Then wha's for Scotland and Charlie?

THE BRAES OF MAR.

By Alexander Laing of Brechin, from the "Scottish Minstrel," edited by R. A. Smith, 1824.

THE standard on the braes o' Mar,
Is up and streaming rarely;
The gath'ring pipe on Loch-na-gar,
Is sounding lang and sairly.
The Highlandmen
Frae hill and glen,
In martial hue,
With bonnets blue,
With belted plaids
And burnish'd blades,
Are coming late and early.

Wha wadna join our noble chief,
The Drummond and Glengarry,
Macgregor, Murray, Rollo, Keith,
Panmure, and gallant Harry?

Macdonald's men,
Clan-Ranald's men,
Mackenzie's men,
Macgillavry's men,
Strathallan's men,
The Lowlan' men,
Of Callander and Airly.

Fy ! Donald, up and let's awa',
We canna langer parley,
When Jamie's back is at the wa',
The lad we lo'e sae dearly.
We'll go—we'll go
And meet the foe
And fling the plaid,
And swing the blade,
And forward dash,
And hack and slash—
And fleg the German Carlie.

LORD NITHSDALE'S DREAM IN THE TOWER OF LONDON.

From Legends of the Isles, by Charles Mackay.

In the notes to Cromeek's Remains of Nithsdale and Galloway Song will be found the full particulars of Lord Nithsdale's escape narrated in the simple and touching language of Winifred, Lady Nithsdale, in a letter to her sister.

“FAREWELL to thee, Winifred, dearest and best ;
Farewell to thee, wife of a courage so high ;
Come hither and nestle again in my breast,
Come hither and kiss me again ere I die.

And when I am laid bleeding and low in the dust
And yield my last breath at a tyrant's decree,
Look up—be resign'd—and the god of the just
Will shelter thy fatherless children and thee."

She wept on his breast, but, ashamed of her fears,
She dash'd off the drops that ran warm down her
cheeks ;—

"Be sorrow for those who have leisure for tears,
Oh pardon thy wife, that her soul was so weak !
There is hope for us still, and I will not despair,
Though cowards and traitors exult at thy fate
I'll shew the oppressors what woman can dare,
I'll shew them that love can be stronger than hate."

Lip to lip—heart to heart—and their fond arms
entwined,

He has clasp'd her again, and again, and again ;
"Farewell to thee, Winifred, pride of thy kind ;
Sole ray in my darkness, sole joy in my pain !"
She has gone ; he has heard the last sound of her
tread,

He has caught the last glimpse of her robes at the
door !

She has gone, and the joy that her presence had
shed

Will cheer the sad heart of Lord Nithsdale no
more !

The prisoner pray'd in his dungeon alone,
And thought of the morn and its dreadful array,
Then rested his head on his pillow of stone,
And slumber'd an hour ere the dawning of day.
Oh, balm of the weary : oh, soother of pain,
That still to the sad givest pity and dole,

How gently, O sleep, lay thy wings on his brain,
How sweet were thy dreams to his desolate soul !

Once more on his green native braes of the Nith,
He plucked the wild breckan a frolicsome boy ;
He sported his limbs in the waves of the frith,
He trod the green heather in gladness and joy ;
On his gallant grey steed to the hunting he rode,
In his bonnet a plume, on his bosom a star ;—
He chased the red deer to its mountain abode,
And tracked the wild roe to its covert afar.

The vision has changed ; in a midsummer night,
He roam'd with his Winifred blooming and young ;
He gazed on her face by the moon's mellow light,
And loving and warm were the words on his
tongue.

Through good and through evil he swore to be true,
And love through all fortune his Winnie alone ;
And he saw the red blush o'er her cheek as it flew,
And heard her sweet voice that replied to his own.

Once more it has changed. In his martial array,
Lo ! he rode at the head of his gallant young men,
For the pibroch was heard on the hills far away,
And the clans were all gathered from mountain
and glen.

For the darling of Scotland, their exile adored,
They raised the loud slogan—they rushed to the
strife ;

Unfurl'd was the banner, unsheathed was the sword,
For the cause of their heart, that was dearer than
life.

Again ;—and the vision was lost to his sight ;—
But the phantom that followed was darksome and
dread ;
The morn of his doom had succeeded the night,
And a priest by his side said the prayers for the
dead.
He heard the dull sound of the slow muffled drum,
And the hoarse, sullen boom of the death-tolling
bell ;
The block was prepared, and the headsman had come,
And the victim, bareheaded, walked forth from his
cell ;—

No ! no ! 'twas but fancy—his hour was not yet ;
And, waking, he turned on his pallet of straw,
And a form by his side he could never forget,
By the pale misty light of a taper he saw ;
“ 'Tis I, 'tis thy Winifred ! ” softly she said—
“ Arouse thee and follow, be bold, never fear,
There was danger abroad, but my errand has sped,
I promised to save thee, and lo ! I am here ! ”

He rose at the summons ;—but little they spoke ;
The gear of a lady she placed on his head,
She covered his limbs with a womanly cloak,
And painted his cheeks of a maidenly red ;—
“ One kiss, my dear love—and begone and beware !—
Walk softly ;—I follow ! O, guide us and save
From the open assault, from the intricate snare,
Thou Providence, friend of the suffering brave ! ”

They passed unsuspected the guard at the cell,
And the sentinels weary that watched at the gate :

One danger remained, but they conquer'd it well ;—
Another ;—and Love triumphed still over Hate.
And long ere the morning their ship was at sea,
Sailing down with fair winds far away from the
shore,
To the land of the Gaul where their hearts might
be free,
And the quarrels of monarchs disturb them no
more.

BONNIE DUNDEE.

By Sir Walter Scott.

To the Lords of Convention 'twas Claverhouse
spoke,
“ Ere the king's crown go down there are crowns to
be broke,
So each cavalier who loves honour and me,
Let him follow the bonnet of Bonnie Dundee.
Come, fill up my cup, come, fill up my can,
Come, saddle my horses, and call out my men,
Come, open the West Port, and let me gae frae,
And it's room for the bonnets of Bonnie Dundee.”

Dundee he is mounted, he rides up the street,
The bells are rung backward, the drums they are
beat,
But the provost, douce man, said, just e'en let him
be,
The toun is well quit of that deil of Dundee.
Come, fill up, etc.

As he rode down the sanctified bends of the Bow,
 Each earlin was flyting and shaking her pow ;
 But some young plants of grace, they looked couthie
 and slee,
 Thinking—Luck to thy bonnet, thou bonnie Dundee !
 Come, fill up, etc.

With sour-featured saints the Grassmarket was
 panged,
 As if half of the west had set tryste to be hanged ;
 There was spite in each face, there was fear in each
 e'e,
 As they watched for the bonnet of bonnie Dundee.
 Come, fill up, etc.

The cowls of Kilmarnock had spits and had spears,
 And lang-hafted gullies to kill cavaliers ;
 But they shrunk to close-heads, and the causeway
 left free,
 At a toss of the bonnet of Bonnie Dundee.
 Come, fill up, etc.

He spurred to the foot of the high castle rock,
 And to the gay Gordon he gallantly spoke ;
 "Let Mons Meg and her marrows three volleys let flee,
 For love of the bonnets of bonnie Dundee."
 Come, fill up, etc.

The Gordon has asked him whither he goes ;—
 "Wheresoever shall guide me the soul of Montrose,
 Your grace in short space shall have tidings of me,
 Or that low lies the bonnet of bonnie Dundee.
 Come, fill up, etc.

“There are hills beyond Pentland, and streams
beyond Forth ;
If there’s lords in the Southland, there’s chiefs in
the North,
There are wild dunniewassals three thousand times
three,
Will cry *Hoigh!* for the bonnet of bonnie Dundee.
Come, fill up, etc.

“Away to the hills, to the woods, to the rocks,
Ere I own a usurper, I’ll crouch with the fox,
And tremble, false Whigs, though triumphant ye be,
You have not seen the last of my bonnet and me.
Come, fill up,” etc.

He waved his proud arm, and the trumpets were
blown,
The kettle-drums clashed, and the horsemen rode on,
Till on Ravelston crags, and on Clermiston lee,
Died away the wild war notes of bonnie Dundee.
Come, fill up my cup, come, fill up my can,
Come, saddle my horses, and call up my men,
Fling all your gates open, and let me gae free,
Sae ’tis up with the bonnets of Bonnie Dundee.

HURRAH FOR THE BONNETS OF BLUE

Robert Burns, as Allan Ramsay had done before him, altered and extended the well known fragment, “Here’s a health to them that’s awa.” The composition was found in M.S., among the poet’s papers after his death, and first published in 1818. But the “Charlie,” of whom he sings, was not the Pretender, but Charles James Fox. The following

which continued to be highly popular, was abridged by a modern, but anonymous hand, and restored to the Jacobitism which originally inspired it.

HERE's a health to them that's awa,
Here's a health to them that's awa,
And wha winna wish guid luck to our cause,
May never guid luck be their fa'.
It's guid to be merry and wise,
It's guid to be honest and true,
It's guid to support Caledonia's cause,
And bide by the bonnets of blue.

Here's a health to them that's awa,
Here's a health to them that's awa,
Here's a health to Charlie, the chief o' the clan,
Although that his band be sae sma.
Hurrah for the bonnets of blue,
Hurrah for the bonnets of blue,
It is guid to support Caledonia's cause,
And bide by the bonnets of blue.

Here's freedom to him that would read,
Here's freedom to him that would write,
There's nane ever fear'd that the truth should
 be heard,
But they who the truth would indite.
Hurrah for the bonnets of blue,
Hurrah for the bonnets of blue,
It's guid to be wise, to be honest and true,
And bide by the bonnets of blue.

THE GATHERING OF THE CLANS.

By Sir Walter Scott.

THERE is mist on the mountain, and night on the
vale ;

But more dark is the sleep of the sons of the Gael,
A stranger commanded, it sunk on the land ;
It has frozen each heart, and benumb'd ev'ry hand,
The dirk and the target lie sordid with dust,
The bloodless claymore is but redden'd with rust ;
On the hill or the glen, if a gun should appear,
It is only to war with the heath-cock or deer.

The deeds of our sires, if our bards should rehearse,
Let a blush or a blow be the meed of their verse,
Be mute every string, and be hush'd ev'ry tone,
That shall bid us remember the fame that is flown ;
But the dark hours of night and of slumber are
past,

The morn on our mountains is dawning at last ;
Glenaladale's peaks are illumed with the rays,
And the streams of Glenfinnan leap bright in the
blaze,

O high-minded Moray ! the exiled, the dear,
In the blush of the dawning the STANDARD uprear ;
Wide, wide on the winds of the north let it fly,
Like the sun's latest flash when the tempest is nigh !
Ye sons of the strong, when that dawning shall break,
Need the harp of the aged remind you to wake ?
That dawn never beam'd on your forefathers' eye,
But it rous'd each high chieftain to vanquish or die.

O sprung from the kings who in Islay kept state,
Proud chiefs of Clan-Ranald, Glengary, and Sleat;
Combine like three streams from one mountain of
 snow,
And, resistless in union, rush down on the foe.
True sons of Sir Evan, undaunted Lochiel,
Place thy targe on thy shoulder, and burnish thy
 steel!
Rough Keppoch, give breath to thy bugles' bold
 swell,
Till far Coryarrick resound to the knell.

Stern son of Lord Kenneth, high chief of Kintail,
Let the stag in thy standard bound wild in the gale,
May the race of Clan-Gillean, the fearless and free,
Remember Glenlivat, Harlaw, and Dundee.
Let the clan of Gray Fingon, whose offspring has
 driven
Such heroes to earth, and such martyrs to heaven,
Unite with the race of renowned Rorie More,
To launch the long galley, and stretch to the oar.

How Mac-Shimei will joy when their chief shall
 display
The yew-crested bonnet o'er tresses of gray!
How the race of wronged Alpine, and murdered
 Glencoe,
Shall shout for revenge when they pour on the foe!
Ye sons of brown Dermid, who slew the wild
 boar,
Resume the pure faith of the great Callum More;
MacNeill of the islands, and Moy of the lake,
For honour, for freedom, for vengeance, awake!

Awake on your hills, on your islands awake,
Brave sons of the mountain, the firth, and the lake !
'Tis the bugle—but not for the chase is the call,
'Tis the pibroch's shrill summons—but not to the
hall.

'Tis the summons of heroes for conquest or death,
When the banners are blazing on mountain and
heath ;
They call to the dirk, the claymore, and the targe,
To the march, and the muster, the line, and the
charge.

Be the brand of each chieftain like Fin's in his ire !
May the blood through his veins flow like currents
of fire !

Burst the base foreign yoke as your sires did of yore,
Or die like your sires, and endure it no more.
Awake on your hills, on your islands awake,
Brave sons of the mountain, the firth, and the lake ;
'Tis the bugle—but not for the chase is the call,
'Tis the pibroch's shrill summons—but not to the
hall !

THE CHEVALIER'S LAMENT.

By Robert Burns.

Tune—Captain O'Kain.

THE small birds rejoice in the green leaves returning,
The murmuring streamlet runs clear through the
vale,
The hawthorn trees blow in the dews of the morning,
And wild scattered cowslips bedeck the green dale.

But what can give pleasure, or what can seem fair,
 When the lingering moments are numbered by care,
 No flowers gaily springing,
 Or birds sweetly singing,
 Can soothe the sad bosom of joyless despair.

The deed that I dared could it merit their malice,
 A king and a father to place on his throne ;
 His right are those hills, and his right are these
 valleys,
 Where the wild beasts find shelter, but I can find
 none.
 But 'tis not my sufferings, thus wretched, forlorn,
 My brave gallant friends, 'tis your ruin I mourn.
 Your deeds proved so loyal,
 In hot bloody trial,
 Alas ! can I make it no better return.

WHA'LL BE KING BUT CHARLIE ?

This is one of the best of the modern imitations of the old Jacobite songs, and has achieved for itself a popularity as great as any of its more genuine predecessors.

THE news frae Moidart cam' yestreen
 Will soon gar mony ferlie ;
 That ships o' war hae just come in,
 And landed royal Charlie.
 Come through the heather, around him gather,
 Ye're a' the welcomer early ;
 Around him cling, wi' a' your kin,
 For wha'll be king but Charlie ?

Come through the heather, around him gather,
Come Ronald, come Donald, come a' thegither,
And crown your rightfu' lawful king,
For wha'll be king but Charlie ?

The Highland clans, wi' sword in hand,
Frae John o' Groats to Airly,
Hae to a man declar'd to stand
Or fa' wi' royal Charlie.
Come through the heather, etc.

The Lowlands a', baith great and sma',
Wi' mony a lord and laird, hae
Declar'd for Scotia's king an' law,
And spier ye wha but Charlie ?
Come through the heather, etc.

There's ne'er a lass in a' the land
But vows baith late and early,
To man she'll ne'er gie heart or hand,
Wha wadna fecht for Charlie.
Come through the heather, etc.

Then here's a health to Charlie's cause,
And be't complete and early ;
His very name my heart's blood warms
To arms for royal Charlie !
Come through the heather, etc.

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